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HYMNS CHANTS AND ANTHEMS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

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ERRATA.

Hymn 252, close of the fourth verse, for a comma, put a full stop.

Hymn 327, third verse, third line, for *unf*olded, read *en*folded.

..

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HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

1. L. M.

- 1 Lo ! God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before His face :
Let all within us feel His power ;
Let all within us seek His grace.
- 2 Lo ! God is here ! Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing :
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill ;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will !
- 4 More of Thy presence, Lord, impart !
More of Thy image let us bear :
Erect Thy throne within our heart.
And reign without a rival there !

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

2. L. M.

- 1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues His glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 't is He alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are His work, and not our own,
The sheep that on His pastures live.
- 3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

3. L. M.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

INTRODUCTORY.

4. L. M.

- 1 Let one loud song of praise arise
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows ;
Who dwells enthroned beyond the skies,
And life and breath on all bestows.
- 2 Let all of good this bosom fires,
To Him, sole good, give praises due ;
Let all the truth Himself inspires
Unite to sing Him only true.
- 3 In ardent adoration joined,
Obedient to Thy holy will,
Let all my faculties combined
Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.
- 4 And may my song, with solemn sound,
Like incense rise before the throne
Where Thou, whose glory knows no bound,
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone.

5. 10s M.

- 1 O Thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides !
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides !
On darkling man, in pure effulgence, shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine !
- 2 'Tis Thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest ;
From Thee, great God, we spring, to Thee we tend ;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end !

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

6. L. M.

- 1 O Lord ! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And going, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

7. C. M.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
" In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To shew His milder face.
- 3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

8. 8 & 7s M.

- 1 Praise to Thee, thou great Creator !
Praise be Thine from every tongue !
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
Father, Source of all compassion !
Free, unbounded grace is Thine :
Hail the God of our salvation !
Praise Him for His love divine.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound His praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

9. S. M.

- 1 Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Far be Thine honour spread,
And long Thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more !

10. C. M.

- 1 The Heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet He in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The Heaven of God is there.
- 3 His presence there is spread abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seeks the mercies of his God
Is ever near His throne.

11. C. M.

- 1 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of my soul.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 Sleep, sleep for ever, guilty thoughts !
Let fires of vengeance die ;
And, purged from sin, may I behold
A God of purity !

12. L. M.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?
- 4 We 'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command ;
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move !

13. 7s M.

- 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be Thy glorious named adored ;
Lord ! Thy mercies never fail :
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear !
Yet our hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around Thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way ;
Then on high we 'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.
- 4 Lord ! Thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !
Holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be Thy glorious named adored.

14. L. M.

- 1 Eternal Source of light and thought !
Be all beneath Thyself forgot,
Whilst Thee, great parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round Thy throne.
- 2 Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of Thee some faint reflected ray,
They wondering to their Father rise ;
His power how vast ! His thoughts how wise !

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 O may we live before Thy face,
The willing subjects of Thy grace ;
And through each path of duty move,
With filial awe, and filial love !

15. L. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 By influence of the light divine,
Let thine own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design to do or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite. .
- 5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake !

16. 78 M.

- 1 Children of the heavenly King !
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Maker's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways !
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Fear not, brethren ; lo ! we stand
On the borders of our land :
Jesus, from its summit won,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 4 Lord ! obediently we 'll go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

17. C. M.

- 1 Eternal Source of life and light !
Supremely good and wise !
To Thee we bring our grateful vows,
To Thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine,
With Truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 Conduct us safely by Thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road ;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
In Heaven, Thy blest abode.

18. 78 M.

- 1 Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven !
- 2 Favoured mortals ! raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong :
Hearts o'erflowing with His praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise !
- 3 Call the tribes of beings round,
From creation's utmost bound ;
Where the Godhead stands confessed,
There be solemn praise addressed.
- 4 Mark the wonders of His hand !
Power, no empire can withstand ;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 5 Awful Being ! from Thy throne
Send Thy promised blessings down :
Let Thy light, Thy truth, Thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease !

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

19. C. M.

- 1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun, which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

20. L. M.

- 1 When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his maker, God,
What rites, what honours shall he pay ?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad ?
- 2 From marble domes, and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise ?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice ?

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 Vain, sinful man ! Creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare ;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find,
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

21. P. M.

- 1 Praise the Lord ! Ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, angels in the height,
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light !
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed :
Laws which never can be broken
For their guidance He hath made.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious,
Never shall His promise fail :
He hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail :
Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high ! His power proclaim ;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation !
Praise and magnify His name !

22. C. M.

- 1 With sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal Love.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of Heaven's almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And grateful anthems sing.
- 3 O Lord, while in Thy house we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear!
- 4 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from Thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring!

23. P. M.

- 1 Ye works of God, on Him alone,
In earth His footstool, heaven His throne,
Be all your praise bestowed;
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finished work surveyed,
And saw that all was good.
- 2 Ye sons of men, His praise display,
Who stamped His image on your clay,
And gave it power to move;
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of His love.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the blest abode,
To heavenly mansions soar ;
O let your songs His praise display,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more.
- 4 Praise Him, ye meek and humble train,
Who shall those heavenly joys obtain
Prepared for souls sincere ;
O praise Him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

24. L. M.

- 1 Another six-days' work is done ;
Another sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day which God hath blest.
- 2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies !
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows !
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

25. S. M.

- 1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come !
The God of peace shall meet thee there ;
He makes that house His home.
- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
Your knees together bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt His love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before His throne
Your cheerful anthems raise ;
Nor let your hearts His praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;

INTRODUCTORY.

- 6 Up to Thy dwelling-place
 Bear our frail spirits on,
 Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
 And heaven on earth be won !

26. S. M.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround His throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from this place ;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.
- 3 The mighty God is ours,
 Our Father and our love ;
 He shall send down His heavenly powers,
 To carry us above.
- 4 There shall we see His face,
 And never, never sin ;
 There, from the rivers of His grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

27. C. M.

- 1 Father divine, Thy piercing eye
Shoots through the darkest night;
In deep retirement Thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O may Thine own celestial fire
The incense still inflame,
While my warm vows to Thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name!
- 4 So shall the visits of Thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt Thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

28. L. M.

- 1 God of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise:
The song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the silent hours of night.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast.
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O ! when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !
- 5 The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

29. L. M.

- 1 O King of earth, and air, and sea !
The hungry ravens cry to Thee :
And thou hast taught us, Lord ! to pray
For daily bread from day to day !
- 2 Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness ;
Then grant Thy servants, Lord ! we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

- 3 And, Lord ! when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home ;
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow ;
- 4 Do thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live ;
And grant Thy servants, Lord ! we pray,
The bread of life from day to day !

30. P. M.

- 1 Father of our feeble race,
Wise, beneficent, and kind !
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows Thy goodness unconfined :
Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace Thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.
- 2 Lord ! what offering shall we bring,
At Thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow :
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 Willing hands, to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King !
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee, and all mankind.

31. L. M.

- 1 O Father ! though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here ;
All shall be Thine at least to-day.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at Thy sacred shrine ;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple wholly Thine.
- 3 O Father ! God below, above !
Man's noblest work is praising Thee ;
Thy spirit o'er our hearts shall move,
And tune them all to harmony.

32. C. M.

- 1 Shine on our souls, eternal God !
With rays of beauty shine ;
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.
- 3 With Thee let every week begin ;
With Thee each day be spent ;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through the desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

33. L. M.

- 1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !

INTRODUCTORY.

- 4 Lord ! I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Sin shall break my peace again.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

34. P. M.

- 1 O sing to the Lord a new song,
Let the universe join in the strain,
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, His glory maintain.
Let gratitude bless the kind power
From whom our salvation descends ;
How great is the God we adore !
How rich are the blessings He sends !
- 2 In the beauty of holiness bow ;
O worship with fear and with love ;
How solemn His temples below !
How glorious His presence above !
Proclaim to the nations around,
That our God, the Omnipotent, reigns,
Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
Whose purpose unaltered remains.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 3 O let the wide heavens rejoice,
The earth with her myriads be glad,
While ocean shall join his loud voice,
And the woods in rich verdure be clad :
Rejoice ! for the Lord is at hand ;
Prepare ! for His judgment is nigh ;
Before Him all nations shall stand ;
No guilt from His justice can fly.

35. S. M.

- 1 Sweet is the task, O Lord !
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise Thy name, and hear Thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.
- 2 Sweet at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell ;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.
- 4 To works of praise and joy
Be life, one Sabbath, given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven !

INTRODUCTORY.

36. C. M.

- 1 The offerings to Thy throne which rise,
Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.
- 2 Upon Thine all discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude ;
No tribute but the vow sincere,
The tribute of the good.
- 3 My offerings will indeed be blest,
If sanctified by Thee,
If Thy pure spirit touch my breast
With its own purity.
- 4 O may that spirit warm my heart
To piety and love,
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above !

37. P. M.

- 1 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of all our joy ;
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose nod can all destroy :
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise ;
Solemn songs, to heaven ascending,
Join the universal praise.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Round His awful footstool kneeling,
Lowly bend, with contrite souls ;
Here, His milder grace revealing,
Here, His wrath no thunder rolls :
Lo ! the eternal page before us
Bears the covenant of His love ;
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.
- 3 Every secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffered blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within :
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise ;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

38. L. M.

- 1 The uplifted eye, and bended knee,
Are but vain homage, Lord, to Thee ;
In vain our lips Thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal
The breaches of Thy precepts heal ?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain Thy smile ?

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to Thy will resigned,
To Thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
- 4 "Love God and Man;" that great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
Thus did Thine ancient prophets teach,
And thus Thy well-beloved preach.

39. L. M.

- 1 Thousands, O Lord of Hosts! this day
Around Thine altars meet;
And tens of thousands throng to pay
Their homage at Thy feet.
- 2 And Thou art in their midst, to teach,
When on Thy name they call;
And Thou hast blessings, Lord! for each,—
Hast blessings, Lord! for all.
- 3 To faith, reveal the things unseen!
To hope, the joys untold!
Let love, without a veil between,
Thy glory now behold.
- 4 Oh! make Thy face on us to shine,
That doubt and fear may cease;
Lift up Thy countenance benign
On us, and give us peace!

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

40. P. M.

- 1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;—
God is present everywhere.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait ;
He will answer every prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

41. P. M.

- 1 Forth from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine altar's shade we fly ;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father ! we seek Thy shelter here :
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray,
Turn not, O Lord ! thy face away !

INTRODUCTORY.

- 2 Long have we roamed, in want and pain.
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord ! thy face away !

42. S. M.

- 1 The great Jehovah reigns
Upon a throne sublime,
And from His own eternity
Sees the wide wastes of time.
- 2 " This great Jehovah 's mine,"
The saint in rapture cries,
" And to this everlasting rock
My joyful spirit flies.
- 3 " From this immortal spring`
Immense salvation flows,
And with the wonders of His love
My grateful bosom glows.
- 4 " His name shall be my song,
While life and breath are given ;
And His increasing praise shall run
Through all the days of Heaven."

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

43. L. M.

- 1 Thou, great Creator, art possessed,
And Thou alone, of endless rest :
To angels only it belongs
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.
- 2 But we must toil and toil again,
With weary strength and frequent pain ;
And how can we, in exile drear,
Lift the glad song of glory here ?
- 3 And yet our hearts, that love Thee well,
Still long with Thee in peace to dwell :
O Lord ! forbid our souls to roam ;
And fix them on our future home !

44. S. M.

- 1 The fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears ;
The further it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.
- 2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply :
The morning sees them amply filled ;
At evening they are dry.
- 3 The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of bliss, for Thee ;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

INTRODUCTORY.

45. C. M.

- 1 Spirit of Truth ! on this Thy day
To Thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord ! the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long Thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace Thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.
- 4 No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.
- 5 When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou Thy trembling servants stay
With Faith, with Hope, with Love !

46. 78 M.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens, new earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 5 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

47. C. M.

- 1 Sing we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day the young, the old,
One Saviour, and one flock appear,
One shepherd, and one fold.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
On earth the pilgrim throng ;
Yet learn we in our low estate
The Church-triumphant's song.
- 4 Then Hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the strain in heaven !

48. L. M.

- 1 Servants of God ! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to his rest :
Above the heavens His power is known,
Through all the earth His goodness shown.
- 3 Who is like God ? so great, so high ;
He bows Himself to view the sky ;
Yet, ever with paternal grace
Looks down upon the human race.
- 4 He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone ;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in Him that trust.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 5 Servants of God! in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore!

49. L. M.

- 1 God in His temple let us meet:
Low on our knees before Him bend;
Here hath He fixed His mercy-seat,
Here on His worship we attend.
- 2 Arise into Thy resting place,
Thou, and Thine ark of strength, O Lord!
Shine through the veil, we seek Thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to Thy word.
- 3 With righteousness Thy priests array;
Joyful Thy chosen people be;
Let those who teach, and hear, and pray,
Let all be Holiness to Thee.

50. L. M.

- 1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord! for Thee:
Thy saints adore Thy holy name:
We reverently bend the knee,
And humbly Thy protection claim.
- 2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust;
The breath of life Thy spirit gave:
Where but in Thee can mortals trust?
Who but our God has power to save?

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 Still may Thy children in Thy word
Their common trust and refuge see ·
O bind us to each other, Lord,
By one great tie, the love of Thee !
- 4 Here, at the portal of Thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears :
Accept our prayers, and bless our vows,
And dry our penitential tears.

51. C. M.

- 1 O Lord ! our languid souls inspire,
For here we feel Thou art !
Send down a beam of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;
Thy presence now display ;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease.
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 5 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares !

52. S. M.

- 1 Glad was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come, in the house of God appear,
For 't is a holy day.
- 2 Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.
- 3 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God :
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode !
- 4 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found :
Zion, in all thy palaces
Prosperity abound !
- 5 For friends and brethren dear
Our prayer shall never cease :
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace !

INTRODUCTORY.

53. L. M.

- 1 Oh ! timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new !
- 2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.
- 3 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 Old tasks, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see :
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

54. C. M.

- 1 O God ! we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 To Thee all angels cry aloud ;
To Thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord !
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of Thy majestic sway.
- 4 The Apostles' glorious company,
And Prophets crowned with light,
With all the Martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy Church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses Thee,
That Thou the eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

55. L. M.

- 1 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue.
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, Thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,—
The incense of the heart,—may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
And strength, and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to Thee !
- 5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet bards was strung,
To Thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung !

56. C. M.

- 1 O God ! who ready art to hear,
Readier than we to pray,
Answer our faintly breathed prayer,
And meet us in Thy way !
- 2 Speak with us, Lord ! Thyself reveal,
While 'mid Thy works we move ;
Speak to our hearts, and let them feel
The kindlings of Thy love.
- 3 With Thee communing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, our God, art there.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 4 Thou callest us to seek Thy face—
Grant us Thy face to seek,
T' attend the whispers of Thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak!

57. L. M.

- 1 O God! thou art my God alone;
Early to Thee my soul shall cry;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.
- 2 Thee in the watches of the night
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.
- 3 Better than life itself Thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee?
- 4 Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all Thy mercy will I give;
My soul shall still in God rejoice;
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

58. C. M.

- 1 O God of ages, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

INTRODUCTORY.

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of each succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us this day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace.
- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore ;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise
Thy goodness we 'll adore.

59. P. M.

- 1 O God ! beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high :
Yet dear the awful thought to me
That thou, my God ! art nigh.

- 2 Thou 'rt nigh, and yet my labouring mind
 Feels after Thee in vain :
 Thy herald is the stormy wind,
 Thy path the watery plain :
 But Thee in tempests who can find,
 Or in the trackless main ?
- 3 We hear Thy voice when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air :
 The waves obey Thy dread control ;
 Yet still Thou art not there.
 Where shall I find Him, O my soul !
 Who yet is everywhere ?
- 4 O not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There does His spirit rest.
 O come, thou Presence infinite !
 And make Thy creature blest.

60. P. M.

- 1 Lord of the worlds above !
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of Thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are !
 To Thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men who pay
Their constant service there !
 They praise Thee still ;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

61. S. M.

- 1 Lord ! in Thy sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend !
- 2 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod,
Nor only is this day Thine own,
When men draw near their God.

- 3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of Thine eternity.
- 4 Lord! may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight,
And grant us in those courts to pray
Of pure unclouded light!

62. L. M.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of Thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace;
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their Helper, God.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

63. L. M.

- 1 Lord of the Sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this Thy day, in this Thy house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from Thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there 's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of angry foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin !
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin ;
With joy we 'll tread the appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

64. L. M.

- 1 Hosanna! Lord, thine angels cry;
Hosanna! Lord, we here reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
- 2 O Father! with protecting care
Meet us in this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Light from their God Thy children claim.
- 3 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! let Thy spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
- 4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

65. P. M.

- 1 Father! who art on high!
Weak is the melody
Of voice or song to reach Thine awful ear,
Unless the heart be there,
Winging the words of prayer,
With its own fervent faith, or suppliant fear.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 2 What wants that make no sign,
 That ask no aid but Thine,
Father of Mercies ! here before Thee swell !
 As to the open sky,
 All their deep waters lie
To Thee revealed, in each close bosom cell.
- 3 Be Thou ! be Thou our aid !
 O let Thy love pervade
The haunted breast of self-accusing sin !
 So shall our prayer have power
 To win from Thee a shower
Of healing gifts for every wound within.
- 4 Thanks for each gift divine !
 Eternal praise be Thine !
Blessing and love, O Thou that hearest prayer !
 Let the hymn pierce the sky !
 Bearing our hearts on high,
And seed, that waits Thy harvest time, spring there !

66. P. M.

- 1 Father ! refuge of my soul !
 Let me to Thy bosom fly ;
While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Father ! hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
 O receive my soul at last !

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 Other refuge have I none :
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, O leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring :
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing !
- 3 Thou, O God ! art all I want ;
Boundless love in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen ! cheer the faint !
Heal the sick, and lead the blind !
Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin :
Let Thy healing streams abound !
Make and keep me pure within !

67. C. M.

- 1 Father of all ! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
The universal Lord !
- 2 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.
- 4 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught Thy wisdom hath denied,
Or aught Thy goodness lent.
- 5 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
- 6 This day be bread and peace my lot ;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
And let Thy will be done.
- 7 To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise !

68. C. M.

- 1 Celestial King ! our spirits lie
Trembling beneath Thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye
To reach Thy lofty seat.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 2 When shall we see the great unknown,
And in Thy presence stand ?
Reveal the splendours of Thy throne,
But shield us with Thy hand !
- 3 In Thee what endless wonders meet !
What various glory shines !
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.
- 4 When Mercy joins with Majesty,
To spread their beams abroad,
Not e'en the seraph-minds on high
Are shadows of a God.
- 5 Created powers, how weak they be !
How short our praises fall !
So much akin to nothing we,
And Thou, the Eternal All.

69. P. M.

- 1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
Mercy from above proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 2 Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined :
Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds His care from none ;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne.
- 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
Still Thy Providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to Thy laws,
Lord, with favour still attend us,
Bless us with Thy wondrous love ;
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us :
All our hope is from above !

70. L. M.

- 1 Both heaven and earth do worship Thee,
Thou Father of eternity !
With splendour from Thy glory spread,
Are heaven and earth replenished.
- 2 To Thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high ;
The Apostles' glorious company,
The Prophets' fellowship praise Thee.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 3 The noble and victorious host
Of Martyrs make of Thee their boast ;
The holy Church, in every place,
Throughout the earth exalts Thy praise.
- 4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honour Thee :
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.
- 5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day :
O Lord, have mercy on us all ;
Have mercy on us when we call !

71. L. M.

- 1 Be still ! be still ! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground :
Here in His house the Lord to-day
Will listen, while His people pray.
- 2 Thou, tost upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.
- 3 Thou, who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Believe their spirits now are near,
For angels wait while God is here.

INTRODUCTORY.

- 4 Thou, who hast dear ones far away,
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.
- 5 Thou, who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of Peace is ever near;
The troubled spirit meets Him here.

72. C. M.

- 1 Almighty God! in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift,
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift!
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring or take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, or power,
Lest we should go astray!
- 4 We ask for Wisdom:—Lord! impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

HYMNS OF WORSHIP.

- 5 The young remember Thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by Thy truth
In Wisdom's pleasant ways !

73. C. M.

- 1 What shall we ask of God in prayer ?
Whatever good we want ;
Whatever man may seek to share,
And God in mercy grant.
- 2 Father of all our mercies,—Thou,
In whom we move and live !
Hear us in heaven, Thy dwelling now,
And answer, and forgive.
- 3 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel ;
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 5 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love ;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

74. L. M.

- 1 Assembled in Thy house of prayer,
On every mind instruction seal ;
Preacher and people, Lord, prepare
To seek Thy face, Thy presence feel.
- 2 From earthen vessels we receive
The living streams of truth divine ;
The spirit with the letter give,
And turn the water into wine.
- 3 Enter we now Thy gates with praise,
With reverence at Thine altar bend,
With gladness our thanksgivings raise,
With meekness to Thy word attend.
- 4 So, when the Gospel, in Thy name,
From human lips salutes our ear,
May our responding hearts exclaim,
“ Speak to us, Lord ! thy servants hear.”
- 5 Paul then may plant the precious grain,
For Thine will be the quickening power ;
Apollon water, not in vain,
For Thou wilt give the genial shower.
- 6 The scattered seed thus sown in hope
Shall spring and spread with large increase,
And yield on earth a heavenly crop
Of love, joy, righteousness, and peace.

75. P. M.

- 1 Yea, I will extol Thee,
Lord of life and light !
For Thine arm upheld me,
Turned my foes to flight :
I implored Thy succour ;
Thou wert swift to hear ;
Heal my wounded spirit,
Deliver me from fear.
- 2 Trust Him for his mercy,
Call His love to mind,
For a moment hidden,
But for ever kind :
Grief may, like a stranger,
Through the night sojourn,
Yet shall joy, to-morrow,
With the sun return.

76. S. M.

- 1 Arise, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice ;
Arise, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear His holy name,
And laud and magnify ?

INTRODUCTORY.

- 3 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns He deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels Him near.
- 5 Arise, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore ;
Arise, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

77. L. M.

- 1 To Thee, O God ! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day ;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects Thy rays, and speaks Thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace,
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness ;
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 O may his glories stand confessed
From north to south, from east to west :
Successful may his gospel run
Wide as the circuit of the sun.

- 4 When shall that radiant scene arise,
When, fixed on high in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
On all his saints, through endless day?

78. C. M.

- 1 'T is by Thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power ;
The sea grows calm at Thy command.
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the Spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are Thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers.
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

79. P. M.

- 1 Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays Thy skill ;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm Thy word fulfil ;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night Thy knowledge teach.
- 2 Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well-known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along ;
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.
- 3 Waked by Thy touch, the morning sun
Comes, like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power ;
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depths of Nature's heart.
- 4 While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense :
My soul Thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, Thy love to me.

80. P. M.

- 1 Thou art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee :
Where'er we turn Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.
- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord ! are Thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.
- 4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye :
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

81. L. M.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.
- 3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
- 6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

82. L. M.

- 1 There 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature, glorious God! of Thee.
- 2 There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

83. L. M.

- 1 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!
In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ hath all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

- 5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven !

84. C. M.

- 1 Songs of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God ;
He has my heart, and He my tongue,
To spread His name abroad.
- 2 How great the works His hand hath wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is Nature's frame !
How wise the Eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
Which his first thoughts designed.
- 4 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies
Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read Thy name ?
- 5 To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he 's the wisest of our race
Who best obeys Thy will.

85. L. M.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord ; 't is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise ;
His nature and His works unite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all thoughts are drowned.
- 3 Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high
Who spreads His clouds all round the sky ;
There He prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food His hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 5 Great is our Lord, and great His might,
And all His glories infinite ;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 6 His saints are lovely in His sight ;
He views His children with delight ;
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And looks, and loves His image there.

86. L. M.

- 1 Praise to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright!
His presence gilds the worlds above ;
The unchanging Source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth His eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veiled ;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.
- 3 " Let there be light ! " Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread :
Nature, arrayed in charms unknown,
Gay with its new-born lustre shone.
- 4 He sees the mind, when lost it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice ;
And darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 5 My soul, revived by heaven-born day,
His radiant image shall display ;
While all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord, who gives me light.

87. 7s M.

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days :
Bounteous Source of every joy !
Let Thy praise our tongues employ ; —

- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use :
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :
- 4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land,
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :—
- 5 These to Thee, my God, we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

88. 7s M.

- 1 Should the rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;
- 2 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

- 3 Should Thy altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising ear destroy ;—
- 4 Still to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;
And when every blessing 's flown,
Love Thee,—for Thyself alone.

89. L. M.

- 1 Praise, everlasting praise, be paid
To Him that earth's foundations laid !
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as He please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord !
Who rules His people by His word,
And there as firm as His decrees
Hath set His kindest promises.
- 3 Whence, then, shall doubts and fears arise ?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?
Slowly, alas ! our mind receives
The comfort that our Maker gives.
- 4 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith !
T' embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own !

- 5 Then should the earth's firm pillars shake,
And all the wheels of Nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

90. L. M.

- 1 O Source of good ! around me spread
Ten thousand thousand blessings lie ;
By night Thy mercy guards my head,
By day I feel Thee ever nigh.
- 2 Yet, if to taste Thy gifts were all
Thy bounteous hand bestowed on me ;
No leave upon Thy name to call,
And gain access by prayer to Thee :
- 3 How would my spirit, sorrowing
'Mid all those gifts, have sighed to feel —
It knew not the refreshing spring,
That ceaseless flows to soothe and heal !
- 4 No chain to bind the wandering soul,
No link, connecting earth and heaven,
No Father's pitying, kind control,
No child, repenting and forgiven !
- 5 But God reveals His mercy-seat,
And beams of light the gloom dispel :
He gives—from Him the gift is sweet ;
He takes away—and all is well.

- 6 The voice of prayer in heaven is heard !
Let strength depart and comforts flee,
If man may act upon that word,—
“ Seek, and He shall be found of thee.”

91. C. M.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light :
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 't is night.

- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home !

92. S. M.

- 1 O bless the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'T is He forgives thy sins ;
'T is He relieves thy pain ;
'T is He who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.
- 5 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known,
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

93. S. M.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

94. C. M.

- 1 Lord, we adore Thy boundless grace,
The heights and depths unknown
Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,
In Thy beloved Son.

- 2 Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
Your Father's bounty taste ;
Behold a never-failing store
For every willing guest.
- 3 Here shall your numerous wants receive
A free, a full supply ;
God has unmeasured bliss to give,
And joys that never die.
- 4 Can those who hear the Saviour's voice
Renounce celestial joys,
And cling with fond and fatal choice
To earth's delusive toys ?
- 5 Lord, bring unwilling souls to Thee
With sweet, resistless power ;
Thy boundless grace let sinners see,
And at Thy feet adore.

95. C. M.

- 1 How rich Thy favours, God of Grace !
How various, how divine !
Full as the ocean they are poured,
And bright as heaven they shine.
- 2 He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To His own palace, where He reigns
In uncreated day.

- 3 Jesus, the herald of His love,
 Displays the radiant prize,
 A crown of never-ending bliss,
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 The songs of everlasting years
 That mercy shall attend,
 Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
 To joys that never end.

96. L. M. D.

- 1 My God ! all Nature owns Thy sway !
 Thou givest the night, and Thou the day :
 When all Thy loved creation wakes,
 When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
 And bathes in dew the opening flower,
 To Thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
 And when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to Thee belong.
- 2 Or when, in paler tints arrayed,
 The evening slowly spreads her shade ;—
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,
 Still every fond and vain desire,
 And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;
 From earth the pensive spirit free,
 And lead the softened heart to Thee.

- 3 In every scene Thy hands have dressed,
In every form by Thee impressed,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread,
In every note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,—
A voice is heard of praise and love.
- 4 As o'er Thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe with change of bliss the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain !
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise ;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from Thy favours rise.

97. L. M.

- 1 With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord who o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall nor change nor period see ;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still the noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 O Father ! make Thy servants pure,
And calm our souls that proudly swell ;
For all Thy laws are fixed and sure,
And peace becomes Thy temple well !

98. P. M.

- 1 My God ! Thy boundless love I praise ;
How bright on high its glories blaze,
How sweetly bloom below !
It streams from Thy eternal throne,
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smile on every vale.
- 3 But in Thy gospel see it shine,
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

- 4 Then let the love that makes me blest
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To Thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.
- 5 Dart from Thine own celestial flame
One vivid beam, to warm my frame
With kindred energy ;
Mark Thine own image on my mind,
And teach me to be good and kind,
And love and bless like Thee.

99. S. M.

- 1 How various and how new
Are Thy compassions, Lord !
Each morning shall Thy mercy show,
Each night Thy love record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld
Gave pleasure to our eyes ;
And nature all our senses held
In bands of sweet surprise.

- 4 But pleasures more refined
Await that blessed day,
When light arises in the mind,
To chase our sins away.
- 5 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord !
Eternity Thy love shall show,
And all Thy truth record.

100. P. M.

- 1 Light of the world, immortal mind !
Father of all the human kind,
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on nature's ample breast,
Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise !
To Thee my humble voice I raise,
Forgive, while I presume to praise.
- 2 Though Thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave ;
Yet 't was Thy goodness still to give
A being that can think and live,
In all Thy works Thy wisdom see,
And stretch its towering mind to Thee.
To Thee my humble voice I raise,
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

- 3 O may I still Thy favour prove !
Still grant me gratitude and love ;
Let truth and virtue guide my heart,
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart ;
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on Thee.
To Thee my humble voice I raise,
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

101. L. M.

- 1 Who can by searching find out God ?
Who can ascend His bright abode ?
Yet, Lord, Thy glories we adore,
And long to know and love Thee more.
- 2 Thy hand unseen sustains the poles,
On which the vast creation rolls ;
The starry skies proclaim Thy power,
Thy pencil glows in every flower.
- 3 In thousand shapes and colours rise
Thy works to our admiring eyes,
Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,
From hill to vale, from field to grove.
- 4 Across the waves, around the sky,
There's not a place, or deep or high,
Where the Creator hath not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.

102. P. M.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown !
Father ! Thou art all compassion !
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart !
- 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive !
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

103. C. M.

- 1 I sing the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There 's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow.
By order from Thy throne.
- 6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care ;
There 's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
- 7 His hand is my perpetual guard ;
He keeps me with His eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?

104. P. M.

- 1 Great God ! the heavens' well-ordered frame
Declares the glories of Thy name ;
There Thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power and skill divine.

- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence, they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journey of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice ;
The sun, like a young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his maker God ;
All nature joins to show Thy praise ;
Thus God in every creature shines :
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

105. 78 M.

- 1 Heralds of creation ! cry ;
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high ;
Heaven and earth ! obey the call ;
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.
- 2 For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light ;
He commanded ; — Nature heard,
And stood fast upon His word

- 3 Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love !
Sun and moon, your voices raise ;
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise !
- 4 Earth, from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow ;
Lightning, vapour, wind and storm,
Hail and snow, His will perform.
- 5 Vales and mountains burst in song ;
Rivers roll with praise along !
Birds on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at His temple-door !
- 6 High above all height His throne ;
Excellent His name alone ;
Him let all His works confess !
Him let every being bless !

106. L. M.

- 1 Give to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all His ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

- 3 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
And bids the moon direct the night ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent His son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

107. L. M.

- 1 When up to nightly skies we gaze,
Where stars pursue their endless ways,
We think we see from earth's low clod
The wide and shining home of God.
- 2 But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth remote would seem a star.

- 3 This earth, with all its dust and tears,
Is His, no less than yonder spheres ;
And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand
Are stamped by His immediate hand.
- 4 And is this all that Man can claim ?
Is this our longings' final aim ?
To be like all things round,—no more
Than pebbles cast on Time's gray shore ?
- 5 Not this our doom, thou God benign !
Whose rays on us unclouded shine :
Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome ;
But Man is most Thy favoured Home.
- 6 We view those halls of painted air,
And own Thy presence makes them fair ;
But dearer still to Thee, O Lord !
Is he whose thoughts to Thine accord.

108. L. M.

- 1 O source of uncreated light,
By whom the worlds were raised from night,
Come visit every pious mind ;
Come pour Thy joys on human kind !
- 2 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

- 3 Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.
- 4 Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
- 5 Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.

109. L. M.

- 1 Father of lights ! we sing Thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams Thy power and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good ! from Thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which o'er the hills, and through the mead,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world Thy bounties spread ;
Yet numbers of our guilty race,
Though by Thy daily bounty fed,
Affront Thy law and slight Thy grace.

- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of Thy care ;
But what Thy liberal hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in richer drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are Thine,
And Thou, our God, adored in all.

110. P. M.

- 1 When Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the
laughing soil ;
When Summer's balmy showers refresh the
mower's toil ;
When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow
and the flood,—
In God the Earth rejoiceth still, and owns her
Maker good.
- 2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that
love the shade ;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the
drowsy glade ;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on
his way ;
The Moon and Stars, their Master's name in silent
pomp display.

- 3 Shall Man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall Man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No; let the year forsake his course, the seasons
cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love, and, Master,
honour Thee.
- 4 The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of
Summer fade;
The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake
the shade;
The winds be lulled, the Sun and Moon forget
their old decree,—
But we, in Nature's latest hour, O God! will cling
to Thee.

111. P. M.

- 1 Day-spring of Eternity!
Dawn on us this morning-tide:
Light from Light's exhaustless sea,
Now no more Thy radiance hide:
But dispel with glorious might
All our night.
- 2 Let the morning dew of love
On our sleeping conscience rain;
Gentle comfort from above
Flow through life's long parched plain;
Water daily us Thy flock
From the Rock.

- 3 Let the glow of love destroy
Cold obedience faintly given ;
Wake our hearts to strength and joy
With the flushing eastern heaven ;
Let us truly rise ere yet
Life hath set.
- 4 Brightest Star of eastern skies,
Let that final morn appear,
When our bodies too shall rise,
Free from all that pained them here, —
Strong their joyful course to run
As the Sun.
- 5 To yon world be Thou our light,
O Thou glorious Sun of grace ;
Lead us through the tearful night,
To yon fair and blessed place,
Where to joy that never dies
We shall rise !

112. L. M.

- 1 Eternal Source of every joy !
Well may Thy praise our lips employ,
While in Thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of Nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
By Thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

- 3 The flowery Spring, at Thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The Summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in Autumn richly pours
O'er all the earth abundant stores ;
And Winters, softened by Thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise :
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs,
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

113. C. M.

- 1 Thou, God, art a consuming fire,
Yet mortals may find grace,
From toil and tumult to retire,
And meet Thee face to face.
- 2 Though " Holy, Holy, Holy Lord ! "
Seraph to seraph sings,
And angel-choirs with one accord
Worship with veiling wings ;—

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE

- 3 Though earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne.
Thy way amidst the sea,
Thy path deep floods, Thy steps unknown.
Thy counsels mystery;—
- 4 Yet wilt Thou look on him who lies
A suppliant at Thy feet;
And hearken to the feeblest cries
That reach Thy mercy-seat.
- 5 Between the cherubim of old
Thy glory was expressed;
But God, through Christ, we now behold
In flesh made manifest.
- 6 Through him, who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare,
Through him, in whom Thy fulness dwelt,
We offer up our prayer.

114. L. M.

- 1 Holy as Thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all Thine own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from Thee.
- 2 And when Thy purity we share,
Only Thy glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing own,
Holy and pure is God alone.

- 3 Sole self-existent God and Lord,
By all the heavenly hosts adored !
Let all on earth bow down to Thee,
And own Thy peerless majesty.

115. C. M.

- 1 O Lord, our King, how excellent
Thy name on earth is known !
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown !
- 2 Yet are the humble dear to Thee !
Thy praises are confessed
By infants lisping at the knee,
And nurselings at the breast.
- 3 When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of Thy right hand ;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land ;—
- 4 Lord ! what is Man, that Thou should'st deign
On him to set Thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above ?
- 5 O Lord, how excellent Thy name !
How manifold Thy ways !
Let Time Thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity Thy praise !

116. L. M.

- 1 Through all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with a father's care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their well appointed share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.
- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On Thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.
- 4 Be this our care ; to all beside
Indifferent let our wishes be ;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed our souls, O God, on Thee !

117. P. M.

- 1 Thou, Lord, through every changing scene.
Hast to Thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode :
In Thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In Thee our fathers still are blest.

AND CHARACTER.

- 2 Lo ! we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers' place ;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too ;
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Be Thou, O Lord, our present aid.
- 3 And when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell on earth no more,
To Thee our infant race we leave ;
Them may their fathers' God receive ;
That voices, yet unformed, may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise.

118. C. M.

- 1 How lovely are Thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free !
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to Thee !
- 2 Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high !
They are the truly blest,
Who only will on Thee rely,
In Thee alone will rest.
- 3 They pass refreshed the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

- 4 They journey on from strength to strength.
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.
- 5 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright :
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

119. P. M.

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

AND CHARACTER.

- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

120. P. M.

- 1 The mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storm, and fire, and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine;—
His powerful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains
That fill this chequered scene.
- 2 His piercing eye at once surveys
Where thousand suns and systems blaze,
And where the sparrow falls;
While seraphs tune their harps on high,
His ear attends the softest cry,
When human misery calls.
- 3 Eternal God! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love with soul sincere,
Thy awful, glorious name?
While man, Thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for Thy days,
Nor limit for Thy fame.

121. L. M.

- 1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep :
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.
- 5 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord ;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

122. L. M.

- 1 The Lord is just ; He made the chain
Which binds together guilt and pain.
The Lord is just ; He loves to shed
His blessings where the virtues tread.

AND CHARACTER.

- 2 Happy the man who dares be just,
Refusing to betray his trust,
Though interest tempt him to the deed,
Though the seducing passions plead.
- 3 Happy the man who dares be just,
Stedfast when duty says, "Thou must,"
Against the tyrant's marking frown,
Or the fond crowd impetuous grown.
- 4 Him would the storm-vexed ocean's weight,
Or lightning barbed with instant fate,
Or the last earthquake's awful shock
Unfearing smite;— God is his Rock.

123. C. M.

- 1 The Lord, how tender is His love!
His justice how august!
Hence all her fears my soul derives;
There anchors all her trust.
- 2 He showers the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 He bids distress forget to groan,
The sick from anguish cease;
In dungeons spreads His healing wing,
And softly whispers peace.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE

- 4 His power directs the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame ;
His goodness breathes in every breeze,
And warms in every beam.
- 5 For me, O Lord, whatever lot
The hours commissioned bring ;
Should all my withering blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring ; —
- 6 O grant that still, with grateful heart,
My years resigned may run :
'T is Thine to give or to resume,
And let Thy will be done !

124. L. M.

- 1 Great God ! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year Thy mercy shows ;
Thy mercy crowns it till its close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed
Thou art our joy, and Thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

125. P. M.

- 1 Hear what God, the Lord, hath spoken :
“ O my people ! faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you :
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.
- 2 “ There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow :
Still in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

- 3 "Ye no more, your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see;
 But, your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in Me:
 God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God, your everlasting light."

126. L. M.

- 1 Thee will I praise, O Lord! in light,
 Where seraphim surround Thy throne;
 With heart and soul, with mind and might,
 Thee will I worship, Thee alone.
- 2 Thou, Lord! above all height art high,
 Yet with the lowly wilt Thou dwell;
 The proud far off, Thy jealous eye
 Shall mark, and with a look repel.
- 3 Though in the depth of trouble thrown,
 With grief I shall not always strive;
 Thou wilt Thy suffering servant own,
 And Thou the contrite heart revive.
- 4 Thy purpose, then, in me fulfil;
 Forsake me not, for I am Thine;
 Perfect in me Thine utmost will;
 Whate'er it be, that will be mine!

127. L. M.

- 1 Great God ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look Thy nature through :
Our labouring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace Thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, Thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine
Through all Thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore Thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do Thy will !

128. P. M.

- 1 Father divine, before Thy view
All worlds, all creatures lie ;
No distance can elude Thy search,
No act escape Thine eye :
Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !



- 2 From Thee our vital breath we drew,
 Our childhood was Thy care ;
 And vigorous youth and feeble age
 Thy kind protection share :
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
 Thy ceaseless bounty flows ;
 Oppressed with woe, when nature faints,
 Thine arm is our repose :
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !
- 4 To Thee we look, thou Power supreme ;
 O still our wants supply !
 Safe in Thy presence may we live,
 And in Thy favour die !
 Hear, gracious Lord, our mingled praises hear ;
 Thou art our hope, our joy, our fear !

129. L. M.

- 1 Can creatures to perfection find
 The eternal, uncreated mind ?
 Or can the largest stretch of thought
 Measure and search His nature out ?
- 2 'T is high as heaven, 't is deep as hell ;
 And what can mortals know or tell ?
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all the shining worlds on high.

- 3 He wounds the heart, and He makes whole ;
He calms the tempest of the soul ;
When He shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar ?
- 4 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon :
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at His reproof.
- 5 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent, and the worm ;
He breaks the billows with His breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 6 These are a portion of His ways :
But who shall dare describe His face ?
Who can endure His light, or stand
To hear the thunders of His hand ?

130. C. M.

- 1 O Thou, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who canst our cares control !
Look down, and with Thy smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul.
- 2 Did ever Thy relenting ear
The humble plea disdain ?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
And supplicate, in vain ?

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE

- 3 Opprest with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
And dissipates our fears.
- 4 New life from Thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive ;
Thy gentle, best-loved attribute,
To pity and forgive.
- 5 From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright ;
And sheds her soft diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.
- 6 Our griefs confess her vital power,
And bless her friendly ray ;
Bright herald to the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

131. L. M.

- 1 My God, my King! Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thy ear ;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

AND CHARACTER.

- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim :
Thy bounty flows an endless stream :
Thy mercy swift ; Thy anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine :
Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise.
- 5 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways ;
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

132. P. M.

- 1 Leader of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath Thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of Thy protecting love ;
Our strength, Thy grace ; our rule, Thy word ;
Our end, the glory of the Lord.
- 2 By Thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray ;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way ;
As far from danger as from fear,
While Love, almighty Love, is near.

133. L. M.

- 1 God of the universe, whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying Thy command,
Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race ;
- 2 How vast the region where Thy will
Existence, form, and order gives !
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.
- 3 Lord, while we thank Thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below ;
Those praise Thee best, whose bosoms burn
Thy gifts on others to bestow.

134. L. M.

- 1 Lord ! Thou hast searched and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find Thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

AND CHARACTER.

- 4 If I should try to shun Thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of Thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent, what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 6 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ; for God is there.

135. L. M.

- 1 In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be :
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God ! to Thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread Thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE

- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then Thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes :
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

136. C. M.

- 1 Lord ! Thou art good ; all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind ;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole, and every part, proclaims
Unlimited good-will ;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And broods on every hill.
- 3 It spreads through all the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide :
It drops in every shower of rain,
And rolls on every tide.
- 4 Still hath it been diffused and free,
Through ages past and gone ;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.

AND CHARACTER.

- 5 Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part ;
Lord ! let such goodness draw mine eyes,
And captivate my heart.
- 6 High admiration let it raise,
And strong affection move ;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love.

137. 78 M.

- 1 Lift your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heavenly King ;
For His blessings far extend,
And His mercy knows no end. .
- 2 Be the Lord your only theme,
Who of gods is God supreme ;
He to whom all lords beside
Bow the knee and veil their pride :
- 3 Who asserts His just command,
By the wonders of His hand ;
He whose wisdom, throned on high,
Built the mansions of the sky ;
- 4 He who bade the watery deep
Under earth's foundation sleep ;
And the orbs that gild the pole
Through the boundless ether roll.

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE

- 5 On our sorrows, from on high
He with pity casts an eye :
In each danger, o'er our heads
He the shield of safety spreads.
- 6 Lift your voice, and thankful sing
Praise to heaven's eternal King ;
For His blessings far extend,
And His mercy knows no end.

138. c. m.

- 1 In all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to Thee ;
 O may I ne'er provoke that power
 From which I cannot flee !

139. C. M.

- 1 How shall I praise the eternal God,
 That infinite Unknown ?
 Who can ascend His high abode,
 Or venture near His throne ?
- 2 The great Invisible, He dwells
 Concealed in dazzling light ;
 But His all-searching eye reveals
 The secrets of the night.
- 3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
 Survey the world around :
 His wisdom is a boundless deep,
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Speak we of strength, His arm is strong.
 To save or to destroy :
 To Him eternal years belong,
 And never-ending joy.
- 5 He knows no shadow of a change,
 Nor alters His decrees ;
 Firm as a rock His truth remains,
 To guard His promises.

140. C. M.

- 1 Jehovah God ! Thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to Thee.
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps.
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless, proceed from Thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
On Thee our hopes depend ;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend !

141. L. M.

- 1 Great Source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of Thy grace ;
Crowned with Thy mercy we rejoice,
And in Thy praise exalt our voice.

AND CHARACTER.

- 2 By Thee heaven's shining arch was spread ;
By Thee were earth's foundations laid ;
And all the charms of man's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.
- 3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death ;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 Our lives are sacred to the Lord,
Kindled by Him, by Him restored ;
And while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before His face.
- 5 So when by Him our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant shall they move
To seats of nobler life above.

142. P. M.

- 1 Blessed be Thy name for ever !
Thou of life the guard and giver !
Thou canst guard Thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping :
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be Thy name for ever !

- 2 Thou who slumbereest not, nor sleepest.
 Blest are they Thou kindly keepst :
 God of evening's parting ray,
 Of midnight gloom, of dawning day,
 That rises from the azure sea,
 Like breathings of eternity ;—
 God of life that fadeth never,
 Blessed be Thy name for ever !

143. C. M.

- 1 Great God, how infinite art Thou !
 How frail and helpless we !
 Let the whole race of creatures bow.
 And pay their praise to Thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made ;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
 To Thy immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the last awful day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in Thy view ;
 To Thee there 's nothing old appears ;
 Great God ! there 's nothing new.

AND CHARACTER.

- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While Thy eternal thought moves on
Thy undisturbed affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite art Thou !
How frail and helpless we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

144. P. M.

- 1 Great source of unexhausted good,
Who givest us health and friends and food,
And peace and calm content :
Like fragrant incense, to the skies
Let songs of grateful praises rise,
For all Thy blessings lent.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide ;
Thy grace directs our wandering will.
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.
- 3 Thy smiles with a reviving light
Cheer the long darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom ;
Thy watchful love around our bed
Doth softly like a curtain spread.
And guard the peaceful room.

- 4 To Thee our lives, our all we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brighter hopes above ;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to Thy love.
- 5 Thus, gracious Father, Thee we praise,
And while our feeble songs we raise
To bless Thee and adore,
Some spark of heavenly fire impart,
And teach each humble, grateful heart
To bless and love Thee more.

145. L. M.

- 1 Great God, beneath whose piercing eye
The earth's extended kingdoms lie,
Whose favouring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them, and they fall !
- 2 We bow before Thy heavenly throne ;
Thy power we see, Thy goodness own ;
Yet, cherished by Thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
Their children's children long shall own ;
To Thee with grateful hearts shall raise
The tribute of exulting praise.

- 4 Safe under Thine unerring aid,
Secure the paths of life we tread ;
And freely as the vital air
Thy first and noblest bounties share.
- 5 O God, our guardian, and our friend !
O still Thy sheltering arm extend !
Preserved by Thee for ages past,
For ages let Thy kindness last !

146. P. M.

- 1 Upward I lift my eyes ;
From God is all my aid ;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tower
To which I fly ;
His grace is nigh
In every hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears ;
Those wakeful eyes,
Which never sleep,
My life shall keep,
When dangers rise.

- 3 Hast Thou not given Thy word
To save my soul from death ?
And I can trust Thee, Lord,
To keep my mortal breath :
 I'll go and come ;
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call'st me home.

147. L. M.

- 1 When Israel, of the Lord beloved, ,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in cloud and flame.
- 2 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray !
- 3 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be Thou ! long-suffering, slow to wrath !
A burning and a shining light !

148. L. M.

- 1 Father ! to Thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below ;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes !

- 2 Giver of sunshine and of rain !
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain !
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star !
- 3 Yet deem we not that thus alone
Thy mercy and Thy love are shown ;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak Thy ways.
- 4 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay !
Sole trust when life shall pass away !
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb !
- 5 Patient with headstrong guilt to bear ;
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare ;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to Thy erring child.

149. L. M.

- 1 Who, gracious Father, shall complain,
Under Thy mild and equal reign ?
Who does a weight of duty share,
More than his powers and aids can bear ?
- 2 With differing climes, and differing lands,
With fertile plains, and barren sands,
Thy wisdom formed this earthly round,
And set the nations in their bound :

- 3 Varied alike, Thy moral ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter, day ;
The God of all, unkind to none,
To all the path of life hath shown.
- 4 O the abounding grace, which brought
To us the words by Jesus taught !
So blest, and with such hopes inspired,
How much is given, how much required !

150. C. M.

- 1 While Thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
- 2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed ;
To Thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed ;
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise.
Or seek relief in prayer.

AND CHARACTER.

- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see ;
My stedfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on Thee.

151. C. M.

- 1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
Which glows within my ravished heart !
But Thou canst read it there.
- 3 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er ;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

- 5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 6 Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I 'll raise !
For oh ! eternity alone
 Can utter all Thy praise.

152. C. M.

- 1 When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 2 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
Before my feeble thoughts had learned
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
 From whence those comforts flowed.
- 4 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.

- 5 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And, after death, in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.

153. C. M.

- 1 How are Thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 From all our trials, all our fears,
 Thy mercy sets us free,
 When, in the confidence of prayer,
 Our souls take hold on Thee.
- 3 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
 Obedient to Thy will ;
 The sea that roared at Thy command,
 At Thy command is still.
- 4 In midst of dangers, fear, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
 I'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.
- 5 My life, if Thou preservest my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, when death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to Thee.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

154. P. M.

- 1 Darkness o'er the world was brooding,
Sadder than Egyptian gloom ;
Souls by myriads lay in slumber,
Deep as of the sealed tomb.
- 2 Earth had lost the links which bound it
To the throne of light above ;
Yet an eye was watching o'er it,
And that eye was full of love.
- 3 Like a glorious beam of morning,
Straight a ray pierced through the cloud,
Spirits mightily awakening
From their dark and heavy shroud.
- 4 Still that ray shines on and brightens,
Chasing mist and gloom away ;
Happy they on whom it gathers
With its full and perfect day !

155. C. M.

- 1 Sleep, weary world, and take thy rest,
Thy countless eye-lids close ;
Shut all thy cares within thy breast,
For once in peace repose.
- 2 Wake, slumbering world ; a midnight cry
Comes with Almighty breath ;
Wake ; thy redemption draweth nigh,
Rise from the dust of death.
- 3 Yon star, those angels, shepherds, kings,
A birth from heaven proclaim ;
The Son of God salvation brings,
Emmanuel is his name.
- 4 Gather thy children from afar,
Of climes and tongues unknown ;
Show them the stable and the star,
Christ's manger and his throne.
- 5 There, with the Angels, loud and sweet,
All hearts, all voices blend ;
There, with the shepherds, at his feet,
All knees, all nations, bend.
- 6 There, with the wise men from the East,
Sinners their offerings bring ;
Each at this altar be a priest,
And every priest a king !

156. P. M.

- 1 O let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth ;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.
- 2 He came to bid the weary rest,
To heal the sinner's wounded breast,
To bind the broken heart ;
To spread the light of truth around,
And to the world's remotest bound
The heavenly gift impart.
- 3 He came our trembling souls to save
From sin, from sorrow, and the grave,
And chase our fears away ;
Victorious over death and time,
To lead us to a happier clime,
Where reigns eternal day.
- 4 Then let your mingling voices rise
In grateful rapture to the skies,
And hail a Saviour's birth ;
Let songs of joy the day proclaim,
When Jesus all-triumphant came
To bless the sons of earth.

157. C. M.

- 1 Hark, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes !
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit largely poured
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

158. P. M.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong :
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, enslaved and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
- 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth ;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go ;
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

- 4 For him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.
- 5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
That Name to us is, Love.

159. C. M.

- 1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come Heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

- 3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm ;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 " Glory to God ! " the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
" Peace to the earth ! good-will to men,
From Heaven's eternal King ! "
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born !
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

160. P. M.

- 1 What sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er the expanse of heaven !
In waves of light it thrills along,
Th' angelic signal given :—
" Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love, salvation and
release ! " .

- 2 Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on for ever :
“ Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love, salvation and
release ! ”

161. I. M.

- 1 When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill ;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light :
- 2 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
A voice, of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came :
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps, and sung :
- 4 “ O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The prince of Salem comes to reign.

- 5 "See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 6 "He comes, to cheer the trembling heart ;
Bids Satan and his host depart ;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom."

162. P. M.

- 1 O lovely voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth !
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang, "Peace on Earth" ?
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky !
- 2 O clear and shining Light, whose beams
That hour Heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherds' head !
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
O clear and shining Light !

- 3 O Star which led to him, whose love
Brought Man's salvation free ;
Where art thou ?—'Midst the hosts above
May we still gaze on thee !
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim —
Send them to guide us yet,
O Star which led to him !

163. C. M.

- 1 O God, whose holy child this morn
Appeared on earth below,
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe ;—
- 2 Messiah meek, by every grief,
By each temptation tried ;
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died :—
- 3 If, gaily clothed, and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell ;
Remind us of his manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.
- 4 If, pressed by poverty severe,
In envious want we pine,
His spirit, Lord, can make appear
The poorest lot divine.

- 5 And when, through fortune's various scene,
We've meekly served as he,—
Like him, who hath a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee!

164. L. M.

- 1 Incarnate Word! who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be,
At Cana's poor festivity:
- 2 O, when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, may we think on thee,
And, seated at the festal board,
In Fancy's eye behold the Lord!
- 3 Then may we seem, in Fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think,—even now, thy searching gaze
Each secret of our soul surveys!
- 4 So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind!

165. L. M.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 " Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !"
Yes ! sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

166. C. M.

- 1 The winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a watery hill :
The Saviour wakened from his sleep ;
He spake, and all was still.
- 2 The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair ;
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footstep there !
- 3 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild ;
And, melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.
- 4 O madder than the raving man !
O deafer than the sea !
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me !

- 5 Yet, could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.
- 6 Oh! Thou, that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer!
O give me sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair!
- 7 My struggling will by grace control;
Renew my broken vow;
What blessed light breaks on my soul?
O God! I hear Thee now.

167. L. M.

- 1 When power divine, in mortal form,
Hushed with a word the raging storm,
In soothing accents Jesus said,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."
- 2 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven
To every heart in sunder riven,
When love, and joy, and hope are fled,
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."
- 3 When men with fiend-like passions rage,
And foes yet fiercer foes engage;
Blest be the voice, though still and small,
That whispers, "God is over all."

- 4 God calms the tumult and the storm ;
He rules the seraph and the worm ;
No creature is by Him forgot,
Of those who know, or know Him not.
- 5 And when the last dread hour shall come,
While shuddering nature waits her doom,
This voice shall call the pious dead,
“Lo ! it is I ; be not afraid.”

168. P. M.

- 1 Lord ! Thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters, “Peace,”
And the tempest died away ;
Down they sank, the foamy seas ;
And a calm and heaving sleep
Spread o’er all the glassy deep,
And the azure lake serene
Like another Heaven was seen !
- 2 Lord ! Thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud !
Quell the tyrant’s martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd !
Till the earth shall find repose
From its restless strife and woes,
And an imaged Heaven appear
On our world of darkness here.

169. C. M.

- 1 When I sink down in gloom or fear,
Hope blighted, or delayed,
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,
" 'T is I; be not afraid ! "
- 2 Or, startled at some sudden blow,
If fretful thoughts I feel,
" Fear not, for it is I ! " shall flow,
As balm my wound to heal.
- 3 Nor will I quit Thy way, though foes
Some onward pass defend ;
From each rough voice the watchword goes,
" Be not afraid ! — a Friend ! "
- 4 And O ! when Judgment's trumpet clear
Awakes me from the grave,
Still in its echo may I hear,
" 'T is Christ ! He comes to save. "

170. P. M.

- 1 Oft, when the waves of passion rise,
And storms of life conceal the skies,
And o'er the ocean sweep ;
Tossed in the long tempestuous night,
We feel no ray of heavenly light,
To cheer the lonely deep.

- 2 But lo ! in our extremity
The Saviour walking on the sea !
E'en now he passes by !
He silences our clamorous fear,
And mildly says, " Be of good cheer ;
Be not afraid ; 't is I."
- 3 Ah Lord ! if it be thou indeed,
So near us in our time of need,
So good, so strong to save ;—
Speak the kind word of power to me,
Bid me believe, and come to thee,
Swift-walking on the wave.
- 4 He bids me come ! his voice I know,
And boldly on the waters go,
And brave the tempest's shock :
O'er rude temptations now I bound ;
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock !
- 5 Come in, come in, thou Prince of Peace !
And all the storms of sin shall cease,
And fall, no more to rise :
O if thy spirit still remain,
Our rest on distant shores we gain,
Our haven in the skies.

171. P. M.

- 1 Why thus, my soul, cast down ?
 And why disquieted ?
 Black though the tempest frown,
 The surge pass o'er thy head ;
Wait the fourth watch ;—for One who saves
Comes to thee, walking on the waves.
- 2 Lord ! Lord ! if it be Thou,
 Bid me come down to Thee ;
 Jesus, I know Thee now,
 And walk upon the sea ;
Faith fails ; ah me ! the gulph runs high,
Save, Lord, I sink ! O save, I die !
- 3 I grasp Thy outstretched hand ;
 We climb the vessel's side ;
 And lo ! we touch the land,
 The storm is pacified ;
While winds and waves Thy voice obey,
O why am I more deaf than they ?
- 4 Why, when I know Thy will
 Is my salvation, Lord,
 When Thou say'st, " Peace ; be still ! "
 How can I doubt Thy word ?
Speak with that all commanding might,
Which said to darkness, " Be thou light."

- 5 Speak with that power, which said
 To Peter, "Follow Me!"
 Called Lazarus from the dead;
 Then must I yield to Thee,
For Thee, like Peter, all forsake,
Like Lazarus, from the dead awake.

172. C. M.

- 1 The Saviour, what a noble flame
 Was kindled in his breast,
When, hasting to Jerusalem,
 He marched before the rest!
- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
 His every thought engross;
He goes to be baptized with blood;
 He goes to meet the cross.
- 3 With all his sufferings full in view,
 And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
 'T was love that urged him on.
- 4 And while his holy sorrows here
 Engage our wondering eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
 And hasten to the skies.

173. L. M.

- 1 O suffering friend of human kind !
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear !
- 2 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came,
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn shuddering from the death of shame ?
- 3 Onward like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey ;
Stedfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise, through death, to endless day !

174. L. M.

- 1 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry !
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.
- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
O Christ ! thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching sacrifice.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain ;
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign !

175. C. M.

- 1 O here, if ever, God of love !
Let strife and hatred cease ;
And every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think on him
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come, to dim
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious master, not in vain
Thy life of love hath been ;
The Peace thou gav'st may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.
- 4 " Thy kingdom come : " we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

176. C. M.

- 1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I *will* remember thee.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, our sacrifice !
I must remember thee :—
- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

177. C. M.

- 1 “ O not for these alone I pray ! ”
The dying Saviour said ;
Though on his breast that moment lay
The loved disciple's head.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

- 2 Though to his eye that moment sprung
The kind, the pitying tear
For those that eager round him hung,
His words of love to hear.
- 3 No, not for them alone he prayed,—
For all of mortal race,
Whene'er their fervent prayer is made,
Where'er their dwelling place.
- 4 Sweet is the thought, when here we meet,
His feast of love to share;
And 'mid the toils of life, how sweet
The memory of his prayer.

178. P. M.

- 1 Bread of the world in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By whom the words of life were spoken,
Through whom the soul to sin grows dead!
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be this feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed!

179. C. M.

- 1 Ye followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw,
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

- 2 The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.
- 3 Let each his sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be every mind ;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.
- 4 Let none who call themselves his friends
Disgrace the honoured name,
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

180. S. M.

- 1 The Son of God gave thanks
Before the bread he broke :
How high that calm devotion ranks
Among the words he spoke !
- 2 Thanks, 'mid those troubled men :
Thanks, in that dismal hour :
This world's dark prince advancing then,
In all his rage and power.
- 3 Thanks, o'er that bread's dread sign :
Thanks, o'er that bitter food :
Thanks, o'er the cup that was not wine,
But sorrow, fear, and blood.

- 4 And shall our griefs resent
What God appoints as best,
When he, in all things innocent,
Was yet in all distressed?
- 5 Shall we unthankful be
For all our blessings round,
When in that press of agony
Such room for thanks he found?
- 6 O shame us, Lord! — whate'er
The fortunes of our days, —
If suffering, — we are weak to bear:
If favoured, — slow to praise.

181. P. M.

- 1 Father! that in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen Thy Son:
- 2 O by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or to the chastened, let Thy might
Hallow this grief!
- 3 And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
“Thy will be done:”

- 4 By thy meek spirit, Thou, of all
 That e'er have mourned, the chief,—
 Thou, Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
 Hallow our grief!

182. L. M.

- 1 A voice upon the midnight air,
 Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
 Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
 "O Father! take this cup away!"
- 2 Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
 And Earth, for all her children, saith,
 "O God! take *not* this cup away!"
- 3 O Lord of sorrow! meekly die:
 Thou 'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
 Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
 Thy peace revive the faint and low.
- 4 Great Chief of faithful souls! arise:
 None else can lead the martyr-band,
 Who teach the brave how peril flies,
 When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.
- 5 O King of earth! the Cross ascend:
 O'er climes and ages 't is thy throne:
 Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
 The desert blooms, and is thine own.

- 6 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray ;
Make but one fold below, above :
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of thy love.

183. P. M.

- 1 O'er Kedron's streams, and Salem's height,
And Olivet's brown steep,
Moves the majestic queen of night,
And throws from heaven her silver light,
And sees the world asleep ;—
- 2 All but the children of distress,
Of trial, grief, and care,
Whom sleep, though prayed for, will not bless ;
These leave the couch of restlessness,
To breathe the cool, calm air.
- 3 'T is a religious hour ;—for He
Who many a grief shall bear
In his own body on the tree,
Is kneeling in Gethsemane,
In agony and prayer.
- 4 O Holy Father, when the light
Of earthly joy grows dim,
May hope in Christ grow strong and bright
To all who kneel, in sorrow's night,
In trust and prayer, like him.

184. P. M.

- 1 He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony:
Messiah cried with suppliant breath,
Bowed down with sorrow unto death.
- 2 He proved them all,—the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathered round his head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not, that cup, away!
- 3 It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread;
It passed not, though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead:
But there was sent him from on high
A gift of strength, for man to die!
- 4 And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet,
In the dark narrow way?
Through him, through him that path who trod,
The Son of Man,—the Son of God!

185. P. M.

1 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he ?
By the looks so pale and worn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of Man ! 't is Thou ! 't is Thou !

2 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he ?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at his doom,
By the saints who burst their tomb,
Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of Ged ! 't is Thou ! 't is Thou !

3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he ?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony ;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead ;
Crucified ! we know thee now ;
Son of Man ! 't is Thou ! 't is Thou !

- 4 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do;"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the power from death to save,
Risen Lord! we know thee now;
Son of God! 't is Thou! 't is Thou!

186. P. M.

- 1 Despised is the Man of Grief,
Rejected and denied belief,
By them whose sorrows he hath borne,
For whose transgression he is torn,
Whose mortal weakness he hath worn.
- 2 We all, like sheep, have gone astray,
And turned aside from wisdom's way;
The Son of Man, the Son of God,
Hath humbly kissed affliction's rod,
To lead our stricken souls to God.
- 3 O let us cast each vice away,
Which thus the Son of God could slay!
With contrite heart and weeping eye,
Behold the Saviour's cross on high,
And every sin and folly fly!

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

187. 7th M.

- 1 Angel! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See the Saviour, from the tomb
Rising in immortal bloom.
- 2 Mortals! raise the rapturous song;
Let the strains be sweet and strong,
Hail the Son of God, this morn
From his sepulchre new-born.
- 3 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs!
Sing, and sweep your sounding lyres;
Sons of men! in humble strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 4 Every note with wonder swell;
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?

188. P. M.

- 1 Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.

- 2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy !
 The being he gave us death cannot destroy.
 Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were our
 end ;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

189. P. M.

- 1 Morning breaks upon the tomb ;
 Jesus dissipates its gloom ;
 Day of triumph through the skies,
 See the glorious Saviour rise !
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears ;
 Chase those unbelieving fears ;
 Look on his deserted grave ;
 Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scattered shade ;
 Drive your anxious fears away ;
 See the place where Jesus lay.
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
 Shedding radiance o'er the spheres ;
 So returning beams of light
 Chase the terrors of the night.

190. C. M.

- 1 On the first Christian sabbath-eve,
When his disciples met,
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the Scriptures yet;—
- 2 Lo! in their midst his form was seen,
The form in which he died;
Their Master's marred and wounded mien,
His hands, his feet, his side.
- 3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
And hailed him, yet with fear:
Jesus! again thy presence show;
Meet Thy disciples here:
- 4 Be in our midst! let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view,
And make our spirits hear thy voice
Say—"Peace be unto you!"
- 5 While with thee, in these sacred hours,
We commune through thy word,
May our hearts burn, and all our powers
Confess,—“It is the Lord!”

191. 7s M.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power:
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, submissive at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
Love's own sacrifice complete :
" It is finished ! " — hear the cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay :
All is solitude and gloom ;
Who hath taken him away ?
Christ is risen ; he seeks the skies :
Saviour ! teach us so to rise !

192. c. m.

- 1 O mean may seem this house of clay,
Yet 't was the Lord's abode ;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.
- 2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

- 3 This world the Master overcame,
This death the Lord did die ;
O vanquished world ! O glorious shame !
O hallowed agony !
- 4 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord in Heaven ;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.
- 5 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to thee ;
Not always in the tear and groan,
Shall the dear kindred be.
- 6 Our earthly garments thou hast worn,
And we thy robes may wear !
Our mortal burdens thou hast borne,
And we thy bliss may share !
- 7 O mighty grace, our life to live,
To make our Earth divine !
O mighty grace, thy Heaven to give,
And lift our life to thine !

193. C. M.

- 1 Heal us, Emmanuel ! Here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch :
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess :
We faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt thou pity us the less ?
Be that far from thee, Lord !
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief ;
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,
“ Help, Thou, mine unbelief.”
- 4 She, too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, “ Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 5 Concealed amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunned thy view ;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings, too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come
To touch thee, if we may,
Oh ! send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

194. L. M.

- 1 Oh God ! who giv'st Thy servants grace,
Amid the storms of life distress,
Through Christ to look upon Thy face,
And lean on Thy protecting breast.

THE EXAMPLE AND INFLUENCE OF CHRIST.

- 2 To see Thy light in him that shone,
Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,
Pure image of the Eternal One!
Through shadows of a mortal veil.
- 3 Be ours, O King of mercy! still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word, and in Thy will,
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love.
- 4 And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy dread decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to Thee!

195. P. M.

- 1 "Descend to thy Jerusalem, O Lord!"
Her faithful children cry with one accord;
Come, ride in triumph on! behold we lay
Our guilty lusts and proud wills in thy way!
- 2 Thy road is ready, Lord!—thy paths, made
straight,
In longing expectation seem to wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet:
And hark! Hosannas loud thy footsteps greet!
- 3 Welcome, O welcome to our hearts, Lord! here
Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that in Sion, and as full of sin:
How long shall thieves and robbers dwell
therein?

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

- 4 Enter and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Destroy their strength, that they may never more
Profane with traffic vile that holy place,
Which thou hast chosen, there to set thy face.
- 5 And then, if our stiff tongues shall silent be
In praises of thy finished victory,
The temple-stones shall cry, and loud repeat
Hosanna! and thy glorious footsteps greet!

196. P. M.

- 1 Lord! we sit and cry to thee!
Like the blind beside the way:
Make our darkened souls to see
The glory of thy perfect day!
Lord! rebuke our sullen night
And give thyself unto our sight.
- 2 Lord! we do not ask to gaze
On our dim and earthly sun;
But the light that still shall blaze
When every star its course hath run;
The glory of Thy blest abode,
The uncreated light of God!

197. 7s M.

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise :
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear !
- 5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

198. C. M.

- 1 Behold, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

- 3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;
He laboured for their good.
- 4 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued ;
While humble prayer, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renewed.
- 5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."
- 6 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide !
His image may we bear !
O may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share !

199. c. m.

- 1 Behold where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers, gathering round,
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well :

THE EXAMPLE AND INFLUENCE OF CHRIST.

- 3 "Blest is the man whose softening heart
 "Feels all another's pain ;
 "To whom the supplicating eye
 "Was never raised in vain ;
- 4 "Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
 "A stranger's woes to feel ;
 "And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 "He wants the power to heal.
- 5 "He spreads his kind supporting arms
 "To every child of grief ;
 "His secret bounty largely flows,
 "And brings unasked relief.
- 6 "To gentle offices of love
 "His feet are never slow ;
 "He views, through mercy's melting eye,
 "A brother in a foe.
- 7 "Peace from the bosom of his God,
 "My peace to him I give ;
 "And when he kneels before the throne,
 "His trembling soul shall live."

200. C. M.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine!
Thy years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine.
- 6 O God! dependent on Thy breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own!

201. L. M.

- 1 If love, the noblest, purest, best,
If truth, all other truth above,
May claim return from every breast,
O, surely Jesus claims our love!

THE EXAMPLE AND INFLUENCE OF CHRIST.

- 2 There's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in that thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.
- 3 His image meets us in the hour
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
We see him, when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.
- 4 We see him in the daily round
Of social duty, mild and meek;
With him we tread the hallowed ground,
Communion with our God to seek.
- 5 We see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lowly want appeals for aid;
We hear him in the frequent sigh
That mourns the wastes that sin has made.
- 6 We meet him at the lowly tomb,
And weep where Jesus wept before;
And there above the grave's dark gloom,
We see him rise,—and weep no more.

202. L. M.

- 1 Benignant Saviour! 't was not thine
To spurn the erring from thy sight;
Nor did thy smile of love divine
Turn from the penitent its light.

- 2 O then, shall we who own thy name
A brother's fault too sternly view,
Or think thy holy law can blame
The tear, to human frailty due?
- 3 May we, while human guilt awakes
Upon our cheek the generous glow,
Spare the offender's heart, that breaks
Beneath its load of shame and woe.
- 4 Conscious of frailty, may we yield
Forgiveness of the wrongs we bear;
And strive the penitent to shield
From further sin, or dark despair.
- 5 And when our own offences weigh
Upon our hearts with anguish sore,
Lord! let thy sparing mercy say,
"In peace depart, but sin no more."

203. L. M.

- 1 What power, unseen by mortal eye,
Wafted Messiah's high command,
Bade sickness from its victim fly,
And the glad friends believing stand!
- 2 Father! 't was Thine;—the Saviour spoke
The word confirmed by love divine!
The bonds of fell disease he broke,
And in his power exalted Thine.

- 3 Thy power, O Lord, is round us still,
Though shrouded from our feeble sight,
To guard, in danger's hour, from ill,
To lead us in the way of right.
- 4 Oh! if temptation's path we tread,
Still may we feel that Thou art near;
And in Thy servants' bosom shed,
The spirit of Thy love and fear!
- 5 Then, as of old, the hour which hears
Thy word, shall see that word obeyed;
And rescued souls, with grateful tears,
Shall bless Thy spirit's timely aid.

204. L. M.

- 1 "See how he loved!" exclaimed the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell,
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 See how he loved, who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
Who bade disease and pain begone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he loved, who firm yet mild,
Patient endured the scoffing tongue;
Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.

- 4 See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death ;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 5 Such love can we, unmoved, survey ?
O may our breast with ardour glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affection show.

205. L. M.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word :
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine ;
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ! may I bear
More of thy gracious image here !
That God, in heaven, may find in me
A soul prepared to dwell with thee.

206. L. M.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour, God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of our Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

207. P. M.

- 1 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

208. P. M. .

- 1 Father! reveal Thy Son in me,
To my soul's eye, unclouded ;
The fulness of Thy deity,
In mortal semblance shrouded,
When, for a Name o'er every Name,
He bore the Cross, despised the shame,
And rose—the world's Redeemer.
- 2 All things for him, may I forsake ;
In poverty and weakness,
His gentle burden on me take,
And wear his yoke with meekness :
So shall I find in labour rest,
In suffering, peace,—of Christ possessed,
In me the hope of glory.

209. 78 M.

- 1 When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow ;
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious God of Jesus ! hear.
- 2 He our throbbing flesh hath worn,
He our mortal griefs hath borne,
He hath shed the human tear ;
Heir of Jesus ! hush thy fear.
- 3 When we tread the lonely vale,
When our flesh and heart shall fail,
At the final conflict near,
Gracious God of Jesus ! hear.
- 4 He hath bowed the dying head ;
He the blood of life hath shed ;
He hath filled a mortal bier ;
Heir of Jesus ! hush thy fear.
- 5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious God of Jesus ! hear.
- 6 He the spirit's strife hath known ;
He the spirit's victory won ;
He hath now no grief to bear ;
Heir of Jesus ! hush thy fear.

210. P. M.

- 1 Thou, who didst stoop below,
 To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality,—
 Thy blessed labours done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth—passed to thy home on
 high.
- 2 It was no path of flowers,
 Through this dark world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
 And shall we in dismay
 Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?
- 3 O thou, who art our life,
 Be with us through the strife!
Thy own meek head by rudest storms was bowed;
 Raise thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.
- 4 E'en through the awful gloom,
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to
 thee.

THE EXAMPLE AND INFLUENCE OF CHRIST.

211. S. M.

- 1 Lord Jesus! come; for here
Our path through wilds is laid;
We watch as for the day-spring near
Amid the breaking shade.
- 2 Lord Jesus! come; for hosts
Meet on the battle plain:
The patriot mourns, the tyrant boasts,
And tears are shed like rain.
- 3 Lord Jesus! come; for still
Vice shouts her maniac mirth;
And poverty 's a crushing ill,
While teems the fruitful earth.
- 4 Hark! herald voices near
Lead on thy happier day:
Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear;
We wait to strew thy way.
- 5 Come, as in days of old,
With words of grace and power:
Gather us all within thy fold,
And never leave us more.

212. P. M.

- 1 When gathering clouds around me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do,—
Still he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 3 O God! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Let faith in him still watch beside
My dying hour, for he too died;
Point me to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

213. I. M.

- 1 O Saviour! is thy promise fled?
Nor longer might thy grace endure,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor?
- 2 Come, Jesus! come! return again:
With brighter beam thy followers bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness!
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home!

- 4 Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our thoughts, Redeemer, rest on thee!
- 5 Come, Jesus! come! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day:
- 6 So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our willing hearts for truth prepare!
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap the harvest there.

214. L. M.

- 1 Our Saviour's words are, "Watch and Pray":
Lord, make us willing to obey,
In thought, word, deed,—that so we may
Pray whilst we watch, watch while we pray.
- 2 Lest while we watch, and fear no snare,
We fall into neglect of prayer;
Or, while we pray, and watch not, Sin
Creep like a subtil serpent in.
- 3 When by an evil world beset,
Allurements smile, or terrors threat,
Well may we watch our Master's eye,
And pray for faith to fight or fly.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

- 4 For he who hath commanded thus,
Oft watched and prayed on earth for us ;
And still with interceding love,
Watches and prays for us above.

215. 7⁸ M.

- 1 Jesus, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree :
Show thyself the Prince of Peace ;
Bid our strife for ever cease.
- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear :
Each to each unite, endear !
Come, and spread thy banner here !
- 4 Free from anger, free from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness !

216. L. M.

- 1 And is the Gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

THE EXAMPLE AND INFLUENCE OF CHRIST.

- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life !
- 3 O how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love :
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move !

217. C. M.

- 1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain :
His blood-red banner streams afar !
Who follows in his train ?
- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train !

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave :
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on him to save.
- 4 Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong !
 Who follows in his train ?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came,
 In whom their trust was laid, they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.
- 6 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
 Through peril, toil, and pain !
 O God ! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train !

218. 7s M.

- 1 Father ! shall I never be
 Firmly grounded upon Thee ?
 O how quickly doth my heart
 From the living God depart !
- 2 Plant, and root, and fix in me
 Our Redeemer's trust in Thee :
 Settled peace I then shall find ;
 Like Messiah's quiet mind.

THE EXAMPLE AND INFLUENCE OF CHRIST.

- 3 Anger I no more shall feel,
Always even, always still,
Meekly on my God reclined ;
Like Messiah's gentle mind.
- 4 I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will ;
Be in all alike resigned ;
Like Messiah's patient mind.
- 5 When 't is deeply rooted here,
Perfect love shall cast out fear ;
Fear doth servile spirits bind ;
Love constrained Messiah's mind.
- 6 Lowly, loving, meek, and pure,
I shall to the end endure ;
Be no more to sin inclined ;
Like Messiah's perfect mind.

219. 78 M.

- 1 Jesus, we thy promise claim ;
We are met in thy great name ;
In the midst do thou appear
Manifest thy presence here !
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless ;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace ;
Thou, thyself, within us move ;
Make our feast a Feast of Love.

- 2 Let the fruits of grace abound ;
Let us in thy love be found ;
Faith, and hope, and joy increase,
Temperance and gentleness :
Plant in us thy humble mind ;
Patient, pitiful, and kind,
Meek and lowly let us be,
Full of goodness, full of thee.
- 3 Father ! Thou, our faith increase ;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness :
Thee the unholy cannot see ;
Make, O make us meet for Thee !
Make us all in Thee complete ;
Make us all for glory meet ;
Meet to appear before Thy sight,
Partners with the Saints in light !

220. C. M.

- 1 Who, as the brethren of the Lord,
May his affection claim ?
To whom on earth does Christ accord
A parent's honoured name ?
- 2 The pure, the humble, the sincere,
Whose hopes are fixed above ;
Who worship God with holy fear,
And ardent filial love ;

THE EXAMPLE AND INFLUENCE OF CHRIST.

3 Who to the Saviour's word of grace
With grateful warmth attend,—
Such does his loving heart embrace,
His brother and his friend.

4 For these, in dark Gethsemane
His bitter tears were shed ;
For these, upon the fatal tree
He bowed his patient head.

5 Brethren of Jesus, may we share
The love that filled his breast ;
On earth his burden joyful bear,
Then enter to his rest.

221. P. M.

1 O Lord my God, do Thou Thy holy will —
I will lie still —
I will not stir, lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
In perfect rest.

2 " O Father ! not my will, but Thine be done " —
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing Earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys ;
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest !

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

- 3 For everywhere we find our suffering Lord,
And where he trod
May set our steps; the Cross on Calvary
Uplifted high
Beams on the Martyr host, a beacon light
In open fight.
- 4 To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of his midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and His good Angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

222. P. M.

- 1 God's word is that true light,
That, when all other lamps grow dim,
Shall never burn less purely bright,
Nor lead astray from Him.
- 2 It is the golden key
To treasures of celestial wealth,
Joy to the sons of poverty,
And to the sick man health.
- 3 The gently proffered aid
Of one who knows us, and can best
Supply the beings He has made
With what will make them blest.

- 4 It is the sweetest sound
That infant ears delight to hear,
Travelling across the holy ground,
With God and angels near.
- 5 There rests the weary head,
There age and sorrow love to go ;
And how it smooths the dying bed,
Oh ! let the Christian show.

223. S. M.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound !
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 3 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly Light !
Prophets and Kings desired it long,
And died without the sight.

224. C. M.

- 1 Father of mercies ! in Thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

- 2 Here, springs of consolation rise
To cheer the fainting mind ;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 3 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever fresh delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

225. S. M.

- 1 Raise your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its well-beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 Pardon and peace from heaven
Jesus proclaims abroad,
And brings to erring guilty man
Sure mercy from his God.

- 4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.
- 5 Lord, we obey the call ;
We lay a humble claim
To the salvation thou hast sent,
And love and praise thy name.

226. S. M.

- 1 Behold the Prince of Peace,
The chosen of the Lord !
God's well beloved son fulfils
The sure prophetic word.
- 2 No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness :
Lo ! meekness, patience, truth, and love,
Compose his princely dress.
- 3 The spirit of the Lord
In rich abundance shed
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.
- 4 Jesus, thou light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts ;
O may we feel its quickening power
To warm and glad our hearts !

- 5 Cheered by its beams, our souls
 Shall run the heavenly way :
 The path which Christ hath marked and trod
 Will lead to endless day.

227. C. M.

"Behold my servant,—I have put my spirit upon him."

- 1 Behold my servant ! see him rise
 Exalted in my might !
 Him have I chosen, and in him
 I place supreme delight.
- 2 Gentle and still shall be his voice :
 No threats from him proceed :
 The smoking flax he shall not quench,
 Nor break the bruised reed.
- 3 The feeble spark to flames he 'll raise,
 The weak will not despise :
 Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
 And make the fallen rise.
- 4 Asunder burst the gates of brass :
 The iron fetters fall :
 And gladsome light and liberty
 Are straight restored to all.
- 5 Lo ! former scenes, predicted once,
 Conspicuous rise to view :
 And future scenes, predicted now,
 Shall be accomplished too.

228. P. M.

- 1 Mark the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain ;
To heaven, from whence they fall,
They turn not back again,
But water earth through every pore,
And call forth all her secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine ;
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

229. C. M.

- 1 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun :
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
His truths upon the nations rise ;
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love ;
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

230. P. M.

- 1 Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.
- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All-powerful as the wind He came,
As viewless too.

- 3 He came, sweet inflence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see,
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee !

231. P. M.

- 1 Pour, blessed Gospel, glorious news for man !
Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts roll :
Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
And make one brotherhood from pole to pole.
- 2 On, piercing Gospel, on ! of every heart,
In every latitude, thou own'st the key :
From their dull slumbers savage souls shall start,
With all their treasures first unlocked by thee !

- 3 Tread, kingly Gospel, through the nations tread !
With all the civil virtues in thy train :
Be all to thy blest freedom captive led ;
And Christ, the true Emancipator, reign !
- 4 Spread, giant Gospel, spread thy growing wings !
Gather thy scattered ones from every land :
Call home the wanderers to the King of kings :
Proclaim them all thine own ;—'t is Christ's
command !

232. L. M.

- 1 O Spirit of the living God !
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our benighted race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in Thy path :
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the Cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

233. C. M.

- 1 Around the throne of grace we meet,
In Pentecostal bands,
With Christian love each other greet,
And join our hearts and hands.
- 2 Now all as one, and one as all,
Faith, feelings, hopes the same,
On our Lord Jesus Christ we call,
And glorify his name.
- 3 At once upon ten thousand flowers,
The morning sunbeams strike ;
Millions of blades of grass, Spring showers
Baptize from heaven alike.
- 4 So may the Sun of Righteousness
On our assembly shine,
And showers of consolation bless
Our souls with peace divine.
- 5 Hence, when we to our homes return,
Rejoicing let us say,
“ Did not our hearts within us burn,
While Christ went all our way ? ”

234. L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 3 Joy shall abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leap to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want be blest.

235. S. M.

- 1 Green pastures and clear streams,
Freedom and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, blest.
- 2 The mountain and the vale,
Forest and field, they range ;
The morning dew, the evening gale,
Bring health in every change.
- 3 Secure amidst alarms,
From violence or snares,
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

- 4 The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals, and binds ;
The lost he came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when he finds.
- 5 Should storms of trouble blow,
Warned of the coming shock,
They to the Rock of Ages go ;
Their Shepherd is their Rock.
- 6 Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and his flock are one,
One Shepherd and one Fold.

236. L. M.

- 1 Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey !
Now give the kingdom to thy Son ;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 The sceptre well becomes his hands ;
How wise and just are his commands !
O may they spread from shore to shore,
Till pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 As rain on meadows newly mown,
His love to contrite hearts is shown ;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

- 4 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of over-spreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 5 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

237. L. M.

- 1 Happy the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved ;
Joined, by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.
- 2 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude,
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.
- 3 O what an age of golden days !
O what a choice, peculiar race !
Where shall we wander now to find
The faithful they have left behind ?
- 4 Ye different sects, who all declare
“ Lo, here is Christ ! ” or, “ Christ is there ! ”
Your claim, alas ! ye cannot prove,
Ye want the genuine mark of love.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY.

- 5 Thou only, Lord, Thine own canst show ;
For sure Thou hast a Church below ;
Oh ! join me to Thy secret ones !
Oh ! gather all Thy living stones !
- 6 Scattered o'er all the earth they lie,
Till Thou collect them with Thine eye ;
Draw by the music of thy Name,
And charm into a beauteous frame.
- 7 Join every soul that looks to Thee,
In bonds of perfect charity !
Greatest of gifts, Thy love impart,
And make us of one mind and heart.

238. P. M.

- 1 Restore, O Father, to our times restore
The peace which filled Thine infant church of
yore ;
Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
And quenched the new-born charities of life.
- 2 O never more may differing judgments part
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart ;
But linked in one believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.
- 3 From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,
Let concord spread one universal day ;
And faith by love lead all mankind to Thee,
Parent of peace, and fount of harmony !

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

239. L. M.

- 1 The Sage his cup of hemlock quaffed,
And calmly drained the fatal draught :
Such pledge did Grecian justice give
To one who taught them how to live.
- 2 The Christ, in piety assured,
The anguish of his cross endured :
Such pangs did Jewish bigots try
On him who taught us how to die.
- 3 'Mid prison walls, the Sage could trust
That men would grow more wise and just ;
From Calvary's mount, the Christ could see
The dawn of immortality.
- 4 Who know to live, and know to die,
Their souls are safe, their triumph nigh :
Power may oppress, and priestcraft ban ;
Justice and Faith are God in man.

240. P. M.

- 1 A little child, in bulrush ark,
Came floating on the Nile's broad water ;
That child made Egypt's glory dark,
And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.
- 2 A little child for knowledge sought
In Israel's temple, of its sages ;
That child the world's religion brought,
And crushed the temples of past ages.

- 3 'Mid worst oppressions, if remain
Young hearts to freedom still aspiring;
If, nursed in superstition's chain,
The human mind be still inquiring;—
- 4 Then, let not priest or tyrant doat
On dreams of long the world commanding;
The Ark of Moses is afloat,
And Christ is in the Temple standing.

241. L. M.

- 1 How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine;
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God!
- 2 Oh! who like thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light!
Oh! who like thee, did ever go
So patient through a world of woe!
- 3 Oh! who like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before;
So meek, forgiving, God-like, high,
So glorious in humility!
- 4 The bending angels stooped to see
The lisping infant clasp thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon thy mild divinity.

- 5 And death, that sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee ;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

242. P. M.

- 1 Lord ! from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below !
Stedfast may we cleave to Thee ;
Love the mystic union be.
Still our fellowship increase ;
Knit us in the bond of peace ;
Join us in one spirit, join
Each to each, and all to Thine !
- 2 Move and actuate, and guide ;
Divers gifts to each divide :
Placed according to Thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil :
Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove ;
Use the grace on each bestowed,
Tempered by the art of God !
- 3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy :
Kindly for each other care,
Every member feel its share :

Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void !
Names, and sects, and parties fall
Thou, O Christ, art all in all !

243. P. M.

- 1 The Saints of God are holy men,
And women good, and children dear,
All those who ever loved the Lord,
Who live in faith and fear.
- 2 They are not all together now,
For some are dead and gone before,
And some are striving still on earth ;
Their trial is not o'er.
- 3 Great numbers are they, of all states,
And born in every place and land,
Who never saw each other's face,
Nor touched each other's hand.
- 4 But they are all made one in Christ,
They love each other tenderly,
The old and young, the rich and poor,
Of that great company.
- 5 And there shall come a glorious day,
When all the good saints, every one,
Shall meet within their Father's Home,
And stand before His throne.

244. C. M.

- 1 The faithful men of every land,
Who Christ's own rule obey,
The holy dead of every time,—
The Church of Christ are they.
- 2 The saints who die, and leave us now,
The good of long ago,
Women and men, and children young,
Still living here below ;
- 3 Who have the same eternal hope,
The same unceasing care,
One universal hymn of praise,
One common voice of prayer.
- 4 Since we are members, then, of Christ,
How holy should we be,
How faithful to obey our Head
In truth and purity !
- 5 Since we are all made one in Him,
How gentle should we prove,
How peaceful in our ways and words,
How tender in our love !
- 6 So shall our Head, at all times near,
Dwell in His members blest,
To lead us in His Church on earth,
Safe to His Church in Rest !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

245. 78 M.

- 1 Thirsting for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home ;
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.
- 2 Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel ~~that~~ Thou art near :
Father ! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.
- 3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown ;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin,
For the spirit's starry crown.
- 4 Make us beautiful within
By Thy spirit's holy light :
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might !

246. C. M.

- 1 My heart is resting, O my God,
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret Source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill —
The waters of the Earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.
- 2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise —
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known —
The fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own.
- 3 There is a multitude around
Responsive to my prayer;
I hear the voice of my desire
Resounding everywhere.
The earnest of eternal joy
In every prayer I trace;
I see the glory of the Lord
On every chastened face.

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

- 4 Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on Thee,
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see —
The faith that in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.
- 5 My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care, —
I hear the voice of joy and praise
Resounding every where.
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul, —
Ten thousand voices say, —
The music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

247. 78 M.

- 1 In the morning hear my voice;
Let me in Thy light rejoice,
God, my Sun! my strength renew,
Send thy blessing down like dew.
- 2 Through the duties of the day,
Grant me grace to watch and pray,
Live as always seeing Thee,
Knowing, "Thou, God! seest me."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 When the evening skies display
Richer pomp than noon's array,
Be the shades of death to me
Bright with immortality.
- 4 When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of praise with prayer unite,
Crown the day, and hail the night.
- 5 Thus with Thee, my God ! my Friend !
Time begin, continue, end,
While life's joys and sorrows pass,
Like the changes of the grass.

248. S. M.

- 1 Come to the morning prayer,
Come, let us kneel and pray ;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.
- 4 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of Ages, rest and pray ;
Sweet is the shadow from the heat,
When the sun smites by day.
- 3 At eve, shut to the door,
Round the home-altar pray,
And finding there " the House of God,"
At " heaven's gate " close the day.

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

- 4 When midnight seals our eyes,
Let each in spirit say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh," Lord,
With Thee to watch and pray.

249. P. M.

- 1 Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 But if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal Love.

- 4 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
On Him who saveth, call !
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love, who gave thee all !
O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,—
The grace our Father gives us,
To pour our souls in prayer !

250. 7s M.

- 1 Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave ;—
Pray : ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !
- 2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea ;—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

- 3 Warrior, that, from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun ;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain ;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see ;—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee !

251. C. M.

- 1 Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see ;
But ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.
- 2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.
- 5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied ;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.
- 6 And if some things I do not ask,
Amid my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful—not to serve Thee *much*,
But to please Thee perfectly.
- 7 Briars there are in every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer ;
But the meek heart that leans on Thee
Is happy any where.

- 8 In service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
My inmost heart desires " the Truth "
That makes Thy children " free ;"
The service of the God of love
Is perfect liberty.

252. C. M.

- 1 Sweet is the solace of Thy love,
My Heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with Thee,
Learning, by quiet thankfulness,
As a dear child to be.
- 2 Though from the shadow of Thy peace
My feet would often stray,
Thy mercy follows all my steps,
And will not turn away ;
Yet Thou wilt comfort me at last,
As none beneath Thee may.
- 3 O there is nothing in the world
To weigh against Thy will ;
E'en the dark times I dread the most
Thy covenant fulfil :
And when the pleasant morning dawns,
I find Thee with me still.

- 4 No other comforter I need,
If Thou, O Lord, be mine,—
Thy rod will bring my spirit low,
Thy fire my heart refine ;
And cause me pain that none can heal
By other love than Thine,
- 5 Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of Thy love
My heart is satisfied ;
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at Thy side.

253. 10s M.

- 1 “ Lovest thou Me ? ” I hear my Saviour say ;
Would that my heart had power to answer “ Yea,
Thou knowest all things, Lord, in heaven above
And earth beneath ; Thou knowest that I love.”
- 2 But 't is not so ; in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, cannot love Thee as I ought ;
Thy love must give that power, *Thy* love alone ;
There 's nothing worthy of Thee but Thine own.
- 3 Lord, with the love wherewith Thou lovest me,
Reflected on Thyself, I *would* love Thee ;
Thence on my brethren shed, might it be seen
By all around, that I with Thee had been.

254. C. M.

- 1 Author of good ! to Thee I turn ;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let Thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill ;
- 4 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do Thou Thy gifts supply ;
The good, unasked, in mercy grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.

255. C. M.

- 1 Infinite Power, eternal Lord,
How sovereign is Thy hand !
All nature rose to obey Thy word,
And moves at Thy command.
- 2 With steady course Thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way ;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 But ah ! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God !
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.
- 4 Great God ! create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to Thine ;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.
- 5 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor wandering senses rove ;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

256. C. M.

- 1 Jehovah ! 't is a glorious name,
Still pregnant with delight ;
It scatters round a cheerful beam,
To gild the darkest night.
- 2 What though our mortal comforts fade,
And drop like withering flowers ?
Nor time nor death can break that band
Which makes Jehovah ours.
- 2 My cares ! I give you to the wind,
And shake you off like dust ;
Well may I trust my all with Him,
With whom my soul I trust.

257. 7th M.

- 1 Gracious Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be ;
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal ;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.
- 2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be ;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear ;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.
- 3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be ;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour ;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.
- 4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would quiet be ;
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made ;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

- 5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would mighty be ;
Mighty, so as to prevail
When unaided man must fail ;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.
- 6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be ;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good ;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

258. C. M.

- 1 A present God is all our strength,
And all our joy and hope,
When He withdraws, our comforts die,
And every grace must droop.
- 2 But flattering trifles charm our hearts
To court their false embrace ;
Till, justly this neglected Friend
Averts from us His face.
- 3 He leaves us, and we miss Him not,
But go presumptuous on !
Till, baffled, wounded, and enslaved,
We learn that God is gone.

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

- 4 And what, O God ! can then remain
One ray of light to give ?
Severed from Thee, their better life,
How can Thy children live ?

259. P. M.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me :
Still all my song would be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee !
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee !
- 3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee !

- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee !
- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly :
Still all my song shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
Nearer to Thee !

260. C. M.

- 1 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just :
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on His succour trust.
- 2 O make but trial of His love ;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.
- 3 Fear Him, ye mortals ; you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,—
He'll make your wants His care.

261. L. M.

- 1 Eternal and immortal King !
Thy peerless splendours none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his lustre 's there.
- 2 Yet Faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And, with its tremblings, mingle joy
In fixed regards, great God, to Thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin,
Shamed in Thy presence, disappears ;
And all the glowing raptured soul
The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 4 O ever-conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire !
Behold it presseth on to Thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire !
- 5 This one petition would I urge,
To bear Thee ever in its sight ;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight !

262. L. M.

- 1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

- 2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright.
- 3 Have you no words? Ah ! think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 4 Were half the breath, thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
" Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

263. P. M.

The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the Spirit give by which I pray ;
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed :
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
Which quickens only where Thou say'st it may.
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,
No man can find it : Father ! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my
mind,
By which such virtue may in me be bred,
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread :
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly !

264. C. M.

- 1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord ! teach us how to pray.

265. C. M.

- 1 One prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
When I am wholly Thine :
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good !
In Thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 Is life with many comforts crowned,
Upheld in peace and health,
With dear affections twined around ? —
Lord ! in my time of wealth, —
- 4 May I remember that to Thee
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back, in gratitude from me,
May all Thy bounties flow.
- 5 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed,
When in Thy service spent.
- 6 And though Thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign Thy will ?
No ! let me bless Thy name, and say,
“ The Lord is gracious still.”

266. C. M.

- 1 Sweet is the prayer, whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows ;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.
- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires ;
Hope points the upward gaze ;
And love, celestial love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear ;
When God has made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend ;
All utterance faileth there ;
But sainted spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

267. P. M.

- 1 The praying spirit breathe !
The watching power impart !
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my prisoned heart !
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest ;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest !

- 2 Lord ! to my rescue come !
Thine own this moment seize !
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace :
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of Thy love,
And shut me up in God !

268. C. M.

- 1 I love thee, holy Will of God !
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live I pray
To love Thee more and more.
- 2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do ;
I leave the rest to Thee.
- 3 I have no cares, O blessed Will !
For all my cares are Thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.
- 4 And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,
And freely waits on Thee.

- 5 Man's weakness, waiting upon God,
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

269. P. M.

- 1 "Thy will be done!" In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run,
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy will be done!"
- 2 "Thy will be done!" If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine,
"Thy will be done!"
- 3 "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort—one
Is ours, to breathe, while we adore,
"Thy will be done!"

270. L. M.

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!
- 2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!

- 3 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine,—
I only yield Thee what is Thine,—
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!
- 4 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done!

271. L. M.

- 1 He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they 're needful for the flower:
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done!
- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs, whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done!
- 3 O! ne'er will I at life repine—
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done!

272. P. M.

- 1 "Father! Thy will, not mine, be done!"
So prayed on earth Thy suffering Son;
So, in his name I pray:
The spirit fails, the flesh is weak;
Thy help in agony I seek;
O! take this cup away.
- 2 If such be not Thy sovereign will,
Thy wider purpose then fulfil;
My wishes I resign,
Into Thine hands my soul commend,
On Thee for life or death depend;
Thy will be done, not mine!

273. S. M.

- 1 Where is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart;
Or Ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?
- 2 Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun?
Or have the holy words of Truth
His light in every one?
- 3 Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page?
Or does His spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?

- 4 O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart !
O great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart !
- 5 Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy holy power !
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour !
- 6 In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had ;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

274. L. M.

- 1 This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad ;
How shall I fix this wandering mind,
And throw my fetters on the wind ?
- 2 Look gently down, Almighty Grace !
Prison me round in Thine embrace ;
Pity the soul that would be Thine,
And let Thy power my love confine.
- 3 Say, when shall that bright moment be
That I shall live alone for Thee ;
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And knowing Thee, God ! stray no more ?

275. L. M.

- 1 "Thus shalt thou love the Almighty Lord,—
With all thy heart and soul and mind."
So speaks to man that sacred Word,
For counsel and reproof designed.
- 2 "With all thy heart"; no idol thing,
Though close around the heart it twine,
Its interposing shade must fling,
To darken that pure love of thine.
- 3 "With all thy mind"; each varied power,
Creative fancy, musings high,
And thoughts that glance behind, before,
These must religion sanctify.
- 4 "With soul and strength"; thy days of ease,
While vigour nerves each youthful limb,
And hope and joy, and health and peace,
All must be freely brought to Him.
- 5 Thou Power supreme, in whom we move!
Vouchsafe Thy servants, in their day,
The mind to adore, the heart to love,
And strength to serve Thee, while they may.

276. S. M.

- 1 Our heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 God pities all my griefs ;
 He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
 And wise to guide my way.
- 3 Jesus, the truth, the life !
 The way through earthly care,
Inspirer of the hope of heaven,
 And my forerunner there !
- 4 Here fix, my roving heart,
 Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above.

277. C. M.

- 1 The weary traveller, lost in night,
 Breathes many a longing sigh ;
And marks the welcome dawn of light
 With rapture in his eye :
- 2 Thus the sweet dawn of heavenly day
 Lost weary sinners find ;
When mercy with reviving ray
 Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves oppressed with cruel chains
 How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose generous hand relieves their pains,
 And bids their sorrows end !

- 4 Thus kind, thus dear, that friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls,
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its power controls.
- 5 My God, to Thy revealed light
My dawn of hope I owe ;
Once wandering in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless woe :
- 6 'T was Thy blest hand redeemed the slave,
And set the prisoner free :
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to Thee !

278. L. M.

- 1 Supreme and universal Light !
Fountain of reason, Judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below :
- 2 Without whose kind directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray ;
From passion still to passion tost,
And in a maze of error lost :
- 3 Assist me, Lord, to act, to be
What nature and Thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame
Which from Thy breathing spirit came.

- 4 May my expanded soul disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to my race.
- 5 O Father, grace and virtue grant ;
No more I wish, no more I want :
To know, to serve Thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

279. C. M.

- 1 Thy Law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure ;
The statutes of Thy realm are right,
And Thy commandment pure.
- 2 Holy, inviolate, Thy fear,
Enduring as Thy throne ;
Thy judgments, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.
- 3 Let these, O God ! my soul convert,
And make Thy servant wise ;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes !
- 4 By these may I be warned betimes :
Who knows the guile within ?
Lord ! save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin !

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

- 5 So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With Thee acceptance find !

280. C. M.

- 1 Still, for thy loving kindness, Lord !
Here in Thy courts we wait :
We look to find Thee in Thy word,
Or in Thy laws to meet.
- 2 O God ! in Thine appointed ways,
We wait to learn Thy will :
Silent we stand before Thy face,
And hear Thee say, " Be still ! "
- 3 We wait, our vigour to renew, —
Thine image to retrieve, —
The veil of outward things pass through, —
As seeing Thee, to live.
- 4 To do the things Thy laws enjoin,
Then, Lord, the strife give o'er ;
Into Thy hands the rest resign, —
Than this, — we ask no more.

281. P. M.

- 1 Say not the Law divine
Is hidden from thee, or afar removed ;
That law within would shine,
If there its glorious light were sought and loved.

- 2 Soar not on high,
 Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth :
 That vaulted sky
 Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.
- 3 Nor launch thy bark
 In search thereof upon a shoreless sea,
 Which has no ark,
 No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.
- 4 Then do not roam
 In search of that which wandering cannot win :
 At home ! at home !
 That Word is placed, thy very heart within.
- 5 O ! seek it there,
 Turn to its teachings with devoted will :
 Watch unto prayer,
 And in the power of faith this Law fulfil.

282. C. M.

- 1 To Thee, my God, my days are known ;
 My soul enjoys the thought :
 My actions are before Thy face,
 Nor are my wants forgot.
- 2 Each secret wish devotion breathes
 Is vocal to Thy ear ;
 And all my walks of daily life
 Before Thine eye appear.

- 3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve ;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by Thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in Thy view through life I pass,
And in Thy view I die ;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
My God will still be nigh.

283. L. M.

- 1 When, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in Thee ?
The fulness of Thy promise prove ;
The seal of Thy eternal love ?
- 2 Thee, only Thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world, and flesh behind ;
Thou, only Thou, to me be given,
Of all Thou hast in earth or heaven !
- 3 Lord, I am sick,— my sickness cure ;
I want,— do Thou enrich the poor ;
Under Thy mighty hand I stoop,
O lift the prostrate sinner up !

- 4 Lord, I am blind, — be Thou my sight;
 Lord, I am weak, — be Thou my might:
 A Helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in Thee!

284. L. M.

- 1 Thou hidden love of God! whose height,
 Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;
 I see from far Thy beauteous light,
 Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
 My heart is pained; nor can it be
 At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
 The sweetness of Thy yoke to prove;
 And fain I would; but though my will
 Seems fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
 Yet hindrances strew all the way;
 I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.
- 3 'T is mercy all, that Thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
 Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
 No peace my wandering soul shall see:
 Oh help! that I may never move
 From the blest footsteps of Thy love!
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with Thee my heart to share?
 Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there!
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it hath found repose in Thee!

- 5 My God ! Thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care !
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there :
In all things, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee !
- 6 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call !
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Life, thy God, thy All !"
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To know Thy love, be all my choice !

285. P. M.

- 1 Heavenly Father ! to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie ;
Through the desert, where I stray,
Let Thy counsels guide my way.
- 2 Lead me not, for flesh is frail,
Where fierce trials would assail :
Leave me not, in darkened hour,
To withstand the tempter's power.
- 3 Help Thy servant to maintain
A profession free from stain ;
That my sole reproach may be
Following Christ, and fearing Thee !

- 4 Lord ! uphold me day by day ;
Shed a light upon my way :
Guide me through perplexing snares :
Care for me in all my cares.
- 5 Should Thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame, —
Father ! glorify Thy name !
- 6 Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that Thou art near ;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending still to Thee, my God !

286. P. M.

- 1 God of my life ! and Author of my days !
Permit my feeble voice to lisp Thy praise ;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallowed name to harps of seraphs sung.
- 2 At Thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hushed spirit finds a sudden peace ;
Till every worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes.
- 3 But soon, alas ! this holy calm is broke ;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke ;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.

- 4 But He, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust;
Marks the young dawn of every virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
- 5 His ear is open to the softest cry;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
- 6 Such are the vows, the sacrifice, I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace!

287. P. M.

- 1 I read Thy awful Name, emblazoned high
With golden letters on the illumined sky;
In every leaf that trembles to the breeze,
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
- 2 With Thee in shady solitudes I walk;
With Thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In every creature own Thy forming power,
In each event Thy providence adore.
- 3 If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul Thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on Thee.

- 4 Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and Thy fears control :
Thus shall I rest, unmoved by all alarms,
Secure within the Temple of Thy arms :
- 5 With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resigned to die, or resolute to live ;
Prepared to kiss the sceptre, or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.
- 6 Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph, and a look serene ;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having lived to Thee, in Thee to die !

288. C. M.

- 1 Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea !
Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
O Love of God most free !
- 2 When over dizzy steeps we go,
Whilst one Hand shields our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise !
- 3 And though we turn us from Thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in Thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong !

LOVE TO GOD AND CHRIST.

- 4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess Thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !
- 5 But not alone Thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win :
We know Thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within !
- 6 And filled and quickened by Thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to Thee !

289. C. M.

- 1 Lord ! I believe ; Thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey :
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from Thy truth I stray.
- 2 Lord ! I believe ; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight ;
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.
- 3 Lord ! I believe ; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak :
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 Yes, I believe ; and only Thou
Canst give my soul relief :
Lord ! to Thy truth my spirit bow,
Help Thou my unbelief !

290. P. M.

- 1 Lo ! my Shepherd's hand divine !
Want shall never more be mine :
In a pasture fair and large,
He shall feed His happy charge.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.
- 3 He my soul anew shall frame ;
And His mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
- 4 Though the dreary vale I tread
By the shades of death o'erspread,
There I walk from terror free,
Still protected, Lord, by Thee.

291. S. M.

- 1 Life is a chequered road,
Where mingle thorns and flowers ;
Fair smiles the morn, in beauty drest,
But ah ! the evening lowers.

FAITH AND HOPE.

- 2 Smooth ebbs the slumbering wave,
We tempt the briny way ;
But darkening skies and rising winds
Our sinking hearts dismay.
- 3 " O ye of little faith,"
Why droop your hearts with fear ?
Though thousand dangers press around,
Your Father's arm is near.
- 4 To try your wavering souls
Temptation spreads its toils ;
But wisdom nor defies its power,
Nor trusts its treacherous smiles.
- 5 She puts her armour on,
Her heavenly-tempered shield,
Her breast-plate of celestial mould ;
But asks no sword to wield.
- 6 Faith is her watch-word still,
Her bulwark innocence ;
Salvation on her banner flames,
And heaven 's her recompence.

292. L. M.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly pleasures lose their power,—
My Father ! let me turn to Thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

- 2 Is there a time of racking grief
Unblessed by prospect of relief,—
My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ,—
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with Thee, their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
The glow of life, the dying hour
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

293. P. M.

- 1 God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?
- 2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;

His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase ;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
 " The Lord will give thee peace,"

294. S. M.

- 1 Commit thou all thy ways
 And griefs into His hands,
 To His sure trust and tender care
 Who heaven and earth commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey :
 He shall direct thy wandering feet,
 He shall prepare thy way,
- 3 Give to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismayed ;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
- 4 He every where hath sway,
 And all things serve His might,
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path, unsullied light.
- 5 Through waves, through clouds and storms,
 He 'll gently clear thy way ;
 Wait thou His time ; so shall the night
 Soon end in blessed day !

295. C. M.

- 1 Blest is the man who fears the Lord ;
His well-established mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.
- 2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
The heavenly footsteps lie ;
But on a glorious world beyond
His Faith can fix its eye.
- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet Hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.
- 4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes ;
And, fearing Him, no other fear
His stedfast bosom knows.
- 5 No dangers can his soul alarm,
No gloomy views affright,
For Faith assures his humble heart
Whatever is, is right.

296. L. M.

- 1 Who is the weak believer, who
Doth still his weary way pursue,
Inspired with true religious fear,
And following God with heart sincere ?

- 2 Has His love vanished from thy sight?
No glimpse of bliss, or gleam of light,
To cheer thee in the desert way,
Or promise a return of day?
- 3 Poor tempted soul, what canst thou do?
Hope against hope that God is true;
His nature in his Name confess,
His wisdom, love, and righteousness.
- 4 The Lord whom now thou canst not see,
Whate'er He is, He is for thee:
Onwards! and thou shalt surely prove,
That God in Christ is perfect Love!

297. C. M.

- 1 We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By His almighty power.
- 2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the day-light springs;
Till He shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on His wings.
- 3 And even now, amid the gray,
The East is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day
Which never shall be past.

- 4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blessed day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be Thine !
- 5 O guide us till our night is done !
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

298. C. M.

- 1 One thing, with all my soul's desire,
I sought and will pursue ;
What Thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord ! for Thy servant do !
- 2 Grant me within Thy courts a place,
Among Thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold Thy face,
And worship at Thy feet :—
- 3 In Thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in Thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.
- 4 Oft had I fainted, and resigned
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

- 5 Wait on the Lord, with courage wait !
 My soul, disdain to fear ;
 The righteous Judge is at the gate,
 And thy redemption near.

299. C. M.

- 1 Father in heaven ! to Thee my heart
 Would lift itself in prayer,—
 Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
 And show Thy presence there !
- 2 Each moment of my life renews
 The mercies of the Lord ;
 Each moment is itself a gift,
 To bear me on to God.
- 3 Help me to break the galling chains
 This world has round me thrown :
 Each passion of my heart subdue,
 Each darling sin disown.
- 4 O Father ! kindle in my breast
 A never-dying flame
 Of holy love, of grateful trust
 In Thine Almighty name.

300. L. M.

- 1 Under Thy wings, my God, I rest,
 Under Thy shadow safely lie—
 By Thine own strength in peace possessed,
 While dreaded evils pass me by.

- 2 With strong desire I here can stay,
To see Thy love its work complete ;
Here I can wait a long delay,
Reposing at my Saviour's feet.
- 3 My place of lowly service too,
Beneath Thy sheltering wings I see, —
For all the work I have to do,
Is done through strengthening rest in Thee.
- 4 I would not rise this rest above,
I do not mourn my low estate ;
Sure of my riches in Thy love,
I feel it good to trust and wait.
- 5 In faith and patience is repose,
In faith and rest my strength shall be,
And when Thy joy Thy Church o'erflows,
I know that it will visit me.

301. c. m.

- 1 Go not far from me, O my God,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me any thing Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away, —
And let the storm that does Thy work,
Deal with me as it may.
- 2 On Thy compassion I repose
In weakness and distress :
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh, 't is a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

STRENGTH IN GOD.

- 3 When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.
- 4 O blessed are the eyes that see,
Though silent anguish shew
The love that, in their hour of sleep,
Unthanked may come and go.
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.
- 5 Happy are they that learn, in Thee,
Though patient suffering teach,
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech —
Peace that no pressure from without,
Nor strife within, can reach.
- 6 My heart is fixed, O God, my Strength !
My heart is strong to bear :
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care :
Deal with me, in my Saviour's name,
According to his prayer.
- 7 There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died :
There is no curse in this my pain,
For he was crucified.
And it is fellowship with him,
That keeps me near his side.

- 8 No suffering while it lasts is joy,
 How blest soe'er it be,—
Yet may the chastened child be glad
 His Father's face to see ;
And oh, it is not hard to bear
 What must be borne in Thee.
- 9 Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
 Almighty to restore—
Borne onward, sin and death behind,
 And love and life before—
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,
 And praise Thee evermore !

302. S. M.

- 1 To keep the lamp alive,
 With oil we fill the bowl ;
'T is water makes the willow thrive,
 And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
 Supplies the living stream ;
It is not at our own command,
 But still derived from Him.
- 3 Beware of Peter's word,
 Nor confidently say,
"I never *will* deny thee, Lord !"
 But, "Grant I never may."

STRENGTH IN GOD.

- 4 Man's wisdom is to seek
 His strength in God alone;
 And e'en an angel would be weak
 Who trusted in his own.
- 5 In God is all our store,
 Grace issues from His throne;
 Whoever says, "I want no more,"
 Confesses he has none.

303. C. M.

- 1 Our banner is the Eternal God,
 Nor will we yield to fear;
 Amidst ten thousand dread alarms
 His mighty aid is near.
- 2 To Him the hands of faith we stretch,
 And plead with Him for grace;
 To Him the voice of prayer we raise,
 Nor will He hide His face.
- 3 Our fainting hands, how soon they droop!
 But Thou the weak canst raise;
 And in the mount of prayer canst leave
 An altar to Thy praise.

304. L. M.

- 1 O Thou, who hast at Thy command
 The hearts of all men in Thy hand!
 Our wayward, erring hearts incline
 To have no other will but Thine.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and Thee.
- 3 Twice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 Still make us, when temptation 's near,
As our worst foe ourselves to fear :
And, each vain-glorious thought to quell,
Teach us how Peter vowed and fell.
- 5 Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail :
Thy word, our safety from alarm ;
Our strength, Thine everlasting arm.
- 6 And, while we to Thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,
Until the joyful summons come,
That calls Thy willing servants home.

305. L. M.

- 1 O Thou ! the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me the Christian yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, with holy fear.

STRENGTH IN GOD.

- 2 Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !
So shall each murmuring thought begone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the noonday sun.
- 3 Speak to my warring passions, " Peace !"
Say to my trembling heart, " Be still !"
Let all my vain disquiets cease,
Since all things serve Thy righteous will

306. C. M.

- 1 My Father ! on Thy word of truth
In earnest hope I live,
I ask for all the precious things
Thy boundless love can give.
I look for many a lesser light
About my path to shine ;
But chiefly long to walk with Thee,
And only trust in Thine.
- 2 In holy expectation held,
Thy strength my heart shall stay,
For Thy right hand will never let
My trust be cast away.
Yea, Thou hast kept me near Thy feet
In many a deadly strife,
By the stronghold of hope in Thee,
The hope of endless life.
- 3 Thou knowest that I am not blest
As Thou wouldst have me be,
Till all the peace and joy of Faith
Possess my soul, in Thee ;

And still I seek 'mid many fears
With yearnings unexpressed,
The comfort of Thy strengthening love,
Thy peace, and perfect rest.

- 4 Then, O my Father! on my soul,
Humbled, but not dismayed,
Still be Thy chastening, healing hand
In tender mercy laid!
And while I wait for all Thy joys
My yearning heart to fill,
Teach me to walk and work with Thee,
And at Thy feet be still.

307. P. M.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the cloudy, fiery pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

308. P. M.

- 1 My burden every day is new,
 But every day my God is true,
 And all my cares hath borne :
 Ere eventide can no man know
 What Day hath brought of joy or woe ;
 And though it seem each morn
 To some new path of suffering call,
 With God I can surmount it all.

- 2 Since this I know, oh wherefore sink,
 My faithless heart? And why thus shrink,
 To take thy load again?
 Bear what thou canst, God bears thy lot,
 The Lord of All, He stumbleth not ;
 Pure blessing shalt thou gain,
 If thou with Him right onward go,
 Nor fear to tread the path of woe.

- 3 My heart grows strong, all fear must fly
 Whene'er I feel Thy love, Most High,
 Doth compass me around ;
 But would I have Thee for my shield,
 No more to sin my soul must yield,
 But in Thy ways be found ;
 Thou God wilt never walk with me,
 If I would turn aside from Thee.

- 4 Dear God, let me Thy guidance find,
I follow with a contrite mind,
Oh make me true and pure ;
As a good soldier I will fight
This world of sin, and in Thy might
My victory is sure ;
Then bravely I can meet each day,
And fear it not, come what come may.
- 5 My God and Lord, I cast on Thee
The load that weighs too sore on me,
The yoke 'neath which I bow ;
I lay my rank, my high command,
In my Almighty Father's hand,
Well knowing, Lord, that Thou
Wilt ne'er withdraw it, for Thy truth
Hath ever guided me from youth.

309. L. M.

- 1 O Thou, in still seclusion near,
My joy, my grief, my hope, my fear ;
Father and Saviour ! let me be
For one bright moment near to Thee !
- 2 Break, fetters, break—and let my soul
For once escape your base control,
And the pure liberty of Heaven
Enjoy, and feel myself forgiven !

STRENGTH IN GOD.

- 3 Dark hours, and days less bright may come,
Again this wayward heart may roam ;
But thus to catch one living ray,
Would thousand waiting hours repay.
- 4 Yet rather grant—where'er I rove,
Whatever joys my spirit move,
Still that my life be hid with Thee —
Centre of light and life to me !

310. S. M.

- 1 Here in a world of doubt,
A sorrowful abode,
O how my heart and flesh cry out
For Thee, the living God !
- 2 As for the water-brooks
The hart expiring pants,
So for my God my spirit looks,
Yea, for His presence faints.
- 3 I know thy joys, O Earth,
The sweetness of thy cup ;
Oft have I mingled in thy mirth,
And trusted in thy hope.
- 4 But ah ! how woes and fears
Those hollow joys succeed !
That cup of mirth is mixed with tears,
That hope is but a reed.

- 5 What have I then below,
 Or what but Thee on high !
Thee, Thee, O Father, would I know,
 And in Thee live and die !

311. C. M.

- 1 Moses, the patriot fierce, became
 The meekest man on earth,
 To show us how Love's quickening flame
 Can give our souls new birth.
- 2 Moses, the man of meekest heart,
 Lost Canaan by self-will,
 To show, where Grace has done its part,
 How sin defiles us still.
- 3 Thou, who hast taught me in Thy fear,
 Yet seest me frail at best,
 O grant me loss with Moses here,
 To gain his future rest !

312. L. M.

- 1 O say not thou art left of God,
 Because His tokens in the sky
 Thou canst not read ; this earth Christ trod,
 To teach thee He was ever nigh.
- 2 He sees, beneath the fig-tree green,
 Nathaniel con His sacred lore ;
 Shouldst thou the closet seek, unseen
 He enters through the unopened door.

- 3 And, when thou liest, by slumber bound,
Outwearied in the Christian fight,
In glory, girt with saints around,
He stands above thee through the night.
- 4 When friends to Emmaus bend their course,
He joins, although He holds their eyes ;
Or, shouldst thou feel some fever's force,
He takes thy hand, He bids thee rise.
- 5 Or, on a voyage, when calms prevail,
And prison thee upon the sea,
He walks the wave, He wings the sail,
The shore is gained, and thou art free.

313. C. M.

- 1 Lord, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
First quickened love divine ;
I am all Thine,—Thy care and choice,
My very praise is Thine.
- 2 I praise Thee, while Thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given, ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan Thy grace.
- 3 Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,
Bright dreams, and fancyings strange ;
Blessings, when reason's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range.

- 4 Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
 I shrine those seasons sad,
 When, looking up, I saw Thy face
 In kind austereness clad.
- 5 I would not miss one sigh or tear,
 Heart-pang or throbbing brow ;
 Sweet was the chastisement severe,
 And sweet its memory now.
- 6 Yes ! let the gracious scars abide ;
 They show the way Christ led,—
 Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side,
 And thorn-encompassed head.
- 7 And such Thy loving force be still,
 When self would swerve or stray ;
 Shaping to Truth the froward will
 Along Thy narrow way.
- 8 I ask not wealth ; far, far remove
 The lure of power or name ;
 Hope thrives in straits, in weakness Love,
 And Faith in this world's shame.

314. c. m.

- 1 What is the first and great command ?
 To love thy God above :
 And what the second ? As thyself
 Thy neighbour thou shalt love.

CHARITY.

- 2 Who is my neighbour? He who wants
The help which Thou canst give :
And both the law and prophets say,
This do, and thou shalt live.

315. L. M.

- 1 Free, yet in chains, the mountains stand,
The valleys, linked, run through the land ;
In fellowship the forests thrive,
And streams from streams their strength derive.
- 2 The cattle graze in flocks and herds,
In choirs and concerts sing the birds ;
Insects by millions ply the wing,
And flowers in peaceful armies spring.
- 3 All nature is society,
All nature's voices harmony,
All colours blend to form pure light,—
Why then should Christians not unite ?
- 4 Thus to the Father prayed the Son,
“ One may they be, as We are one,
That I in them, and Thou in me,
They one with us may ever be.”
- 5 Children of God ! combine your bands ;
Brethren in Christ ! join hearts and hands,
And pray,—for so the Father willed,
That the Son's prayer may be fulfilled :—

- 6 Fulfilled in you, fulfilled in all
That on the name of Jesus call;
And every covenant of love
They bind on earth be bound above.

316. P. M.

- 1 Lord! subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit,
By Thy modulating skill;
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.
- 2 Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love
Music for the King of kings!

317. L. M.

- 1 Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 No friendships broke their bosoms sting,
No jars their peaceful tent invade;
Safe underneath the Almighty's wing,
And, foes to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
With Thy whole self our souls possess;
Passion and pride be hence exiled,
Then shall our frame Thine own express.

CHARITY.

318. L. M.

- 1 Faith, Hope and Charity,—these three,
Yet is the greatest Charity!
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart:—
- 2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail,
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail,
And Charity, whose name above
Is God's own name, for "God is Love."
- 3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight;
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And Hope with sorrow's fading form:—
- 4 But Charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the range of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

319. L. M.

- 1 All-seeing God! 't is Thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, by principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call,
For modes of faith judge him Thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Revering Thy commands alone,
We humbly seek, and use our own.
- 4 If wrong, forgive; approve, if right;
While faithful we obey our light,
And, censuring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn Thy will.
- 5 When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashioned in Thy mould,
And charity our lineage prove,
Derived from Thee, O God of love!

320. C. M.

- 1 Father of mercies! send Thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of Thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathising breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid!

CHARITY.

- 4 Under the gentle sway of love
Be every passion brought ;
O be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought !

321. L. M.

- 1 Come, let us sound her praise abroad,
Sweet Charity, the child of God !
Hers, on whose kind maternal breast
The sheltered babes of misery rest :
- 2 Who, when she sees the sufferer bleed,
Reckless of name, or sect, or creed,
Comes with prompt hand and look benign
To bathe his wounds in oil and wine :
- 3 Who in her robe the sinner hides,
And soothes and pities while she chides ;
Who lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery.
- 4 Her tender mercies freely fall
Like heaven's refreshing dews on all ;
Encircling in their wide embrace
Her friends, her foes,— the human race.
- 5 Nor bounded to the earth alone,
Her love expands to worlds unknown ;
Wherever Faith's rapt thought has soared,
Or Hope her upward flight explored.

322. L. M.

- 1 Brethren are brethren evermore—
Nothing that bond may overpower ;
Nor wrong, nor ill of deadliest mood,
Nor distance breaks the tie of blood.
- 2 If they who hate the trespass most,
Yet, when all other love is lost,
Love the poor sinner, marvel not ;—
God's mark outwears the rankest blot.
- 3 Oh ! might we all our lineage prove,
Give and forgive, do good and love,
By soft endearments in kind strife
Lightening the load of daily life.
- 4 Wild thoughts within, and cares without,
With strong temptations round about,
Are banded in unblest device
To spoil love's earthly paradise.
- 5 Then draw we nearer day by day,
Let the world take us as she may,
Each to his brethren, all to God,
Love-guided on our heavenward road !

323. L. M.

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, corrupt and dead,
Is Faith ; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

CHARITY.

- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to Thee
Than lifted eye or bended knee.
- 3 To doers only of the Word
Propitious is the righteous Lord ;
He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
And heals their wounds, and soothes their cares.
- 4 In true and genuine Faith we trace
The source of every Christian grace ;
Within the pious breast it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 5 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er it winds its secret way ;
But where these spring not, rich and fair,
The fount has never wandered there.

324. C. M.

- 1 All nature feels attractive power,
A strong embracing force ;
The drops that sparkle in the shower,
The planets in their course.
- 2 Thus in the universe of mind
Is felt the law of Love,
The charity both strong and kind
For all that live and move.

- 3 In this fine sympathetic chain
All creatures bear a part,
Their every pleasure, every pain,
Linked to the feeling heart.
- 4 More perfect bond, the Christian plan
Attaches soul to soul;
Our neighbour is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.
- 5 To earth below, from heaven above,
The faith in Christ professed
More clear reveals that God is Love,
And whom He loves is blessed.

325. L. M.

- 1 When, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus sojourned here,
Where'er he went Affliction fled,
And Sickness reared her drooping head.
- 2 The eye that rolled in irksome night
Beheld his face, for he was light;
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.
- 3 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
With melancholy transport smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lightened through the soul.

CHARITY.

- 4 His touch the outcast leper healed,
His lips the sinner's pardon sealed;
The palsied frame, the crippled limb,
Felt Virtue going forth from him.
- 5 Through paths of loving kindness brought,
May all our works in him be wrought;
In his great Name, let us dispense
The crumbs of our benevolence.
- 6 And Thou, dread Power! whose sovereign breath
Is health or sickness, life or death,
Send Thine abundant blessing down,
And with success our labours crown.

326. P. M.

- 1 Thus said Jesus; "Go and do
As thou wouldst be done unto":—
Here thy perfect duty see,
All that God requires of thee.
- 2 Wouldst thou when thy faults are known
Wish that pardon should be shown?
Be forgiving, then, and do
As thou wouldst be done unto.
- 3 Shouldst thou helpless be, and poor,
Wouldst thou not for aid implore?
Think of others, then, and be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

- 4 For compassion if thou call,
Be compassionate to all ;
If thou wouldst affection find,
Be affectionate and kind.
- 5 If thou wouldst obtain the love
Of thy gracious God above,
Then to all His children be
What thou wouldst they should to thee.

327. C. M.

- 1 Scorn not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power ;
There 's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
That waits its natal hour.
- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life ;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results unfolded dwell
Within it silently.
- 4 Work on, despair not ; bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be ;
God is with all that serve the Right,
The Holy, True, and Free.

328. P. M.

- 1 O ye who seek Jehovah's face,
Bow at His throne, and feel His grace,
Who ask in prayer and own in praise
That bounteous love which gilds your days,
Catch from above the hallowed flame,
And dignify the Christian name.
- 2 Where'er distress and pain appear,
Let pity's ready hand be there ;
With cheering wine and fragrant oil
Bid languor glow, and anguish smile :
Though woe her lowliest form may wear,
Yet God hath stamped His image there.
- 3 When He, the sovereign Judge, draws nigh,
And holds the unerring beam on high,
Then shall sweet Charity prevail,
And angels mark the sinking scale ;
Jesus shall call his followers home,
" Ye blessed of my Father, come !"

329. C. M.

2 Kings iv. 3.

- 1 Pour forth the oil,—pour-boldly forth ;
It will not fail, until
Thou failest vessels to provide
Which it may largely fill.

- 2 Make channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And Love has overflowing streams,
To fill them every one.
- 3 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.
- 4 For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have ;—
Such is the Law of Love.

330. C. M.

- 1 O sweeter than the fragrant flower
At evening's dewy close,
The will united with the power
To succour human woes !
- 2 And softer than the softest strain
Of music to the ear,
The placid joy we give and gain
By gratitude sincere.
- 3 'T is he who scatters blessings round,
Adores his Maker best ;
His walk through life is mercy-crowned,
His bed of death is blest.

331. C. M.

- 1 Oh how can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear !
- 2 The dread omnipotence of heaven
We every hour provoke,
Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds the avenging stroke.
- 3 And Christ was still the healing friend
Of poverty and pain,
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.
- 4 May we with humble effort take
Example from above,
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love.
- 5 But chiefly is the labour ours
To shade the early plant ;
To guard from ignorance and guilt
The infancy of want :
- 6 To graft the virtues, ere the bud
The canker-worm has gnawed,
And teach the rescued child to lisp
Its gratitude to God.

332. L. M.

- 1 My hastening life admonishes
My often faltering soul to try
And yet perform some goodly work,
Ere the divine occasions fly.
- 2 What, in a world where cries for help
Must ever sound till sin shall cease,
Can be a goodlier work than this,—
Griefs to assuage, and joys increase?
- 3 To fill with light some sunken eyes
When reason struggles with despair:
To bring sin's pallid prisoners forth
Into the free and wholesome air:
- 4 To cheer the oppressed with righteous words,
And aid them with a labouring arm:
The slaves of tyrant ignorance
To rescue, and then shield from harm.
- 5 Let me remeditate the truth
That Christ did for and with us bleed,
Then, "He is good that doeth good,"
Shall be my dear and honoured creed.
- 6 Oh, if no partner in the pains
By which love labours for my race,
Death, that takes home and crowns the brave,
Can but insure my long disgrace.

CHARITY.

333. 78 M.

- 1 Father ! at Thy footstool see
Those who now are one in Thee !
Each to each unite, and bless ;
Keep us still in perfect peace !
- 2 Build us in one body up,
Called in one high calling's hope !
One with God, the Source of bliss,
Ground of our Communion this :
- 3 Life of all that live below,
Let Thine emanations flow !
Dwell in us, and we shall be
Thine through all eternity.

334. P. M.

- 1 Partners of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up ;
While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite ;
Dearest fellowship we prove,
Partners in our Father's love ;
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty joined.
- 2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully His gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life :

Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind,
Toward the mark unwearied press,
Seize the crown of righteousness.

- 3 Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to Thee,
Hence may all our actions flow ;
Love, the proof that Christ we know ;
Love, Thine image, love impart !
Stamp it on our life and heart !
Only love to us be given !
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

335. P. M.

- 1 Jews were wrought to cruel madness ;
Christians fled in fear and sadness ;
Mary stood the Cross beside :
At its foot her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle sufferer died.
- 2 Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified :
But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story,—
Mary stood the Cross beside.

CHARITY.

- 3 And when, under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
Christ again is crucified ;
But if Love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
Mary stands the Cross beside.

336. C. M.

- 1 Defend the poor and desolate ;
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him that help demands.
- 2 Regard the weak and fatherless ;
Despatch the poor man's cause ;
And raise the man in deep distress,
By just and equal laws.
- 3 Rise, God ! judge Thou the earth in might,
The oppressed land redress ;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

337. C. M.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small :
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

338. P. M.

Full of mercy, full of love,
Look upon us from above ;
Let Thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another ;
That, copying Thy mercy here,
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls into Thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men !

339. P. M.

O make our hearts, blest God, Thy dwelling place !
And in our breast
Be pleased to rest,
For Thou such temples lovest best !
And cause that sin
May not profane the Deity within,
And sully o'er the ornaments of Grace.

340. P. M.

Lord, let the flames of holy Charity,
And all her gifts and graces, slide
Into our hearts, and there abide ;
That, thus refined, we may soar above
With it unto the element of Love,
Even unto Thee, dear Spirit,
And there eternal peace and rest inherit !
Amen

HOLINESS.

341. P. M.

- 1 I want a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near ;
I want the first approach to feel,
Of vain or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 2 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the seeking heart,
The tender conscience, give :
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make !
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake !

342. C. M.

- 1 Who shall behold the King of kings
In His fair dwelling-place ?
Who shall ascend on seraph-wings,
And see Him face to face ?
- 2 He, the foundations of whose hope
In humble thoughts are laid ;
Who still with cheerful faith looks up
For pardon and for aid ;

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 Who hastens with the dawning day
The throne of grace to seek,
And, taught himself, would teach the way
Of peace to all the weak ;
- 4 Whose fervent spirit eager springs
To do Thy will, O Lord !
Who sees Thee in all beauteous things,
And hears Thee in Thy word.
- 5 Though frailty mark and error dim
That mortal's steps while here ;
An eye of mercy looks on him,
And warns him not to fear.

343. C. M.

- 1 Almighty Maker ! Lord of all !
Of life the only spring !
Creator of unnumbered worlds !
Supreme, eternal King !
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride ;
Nor let me in forbidden paths
With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 Whate'er Thine all-discerning eye
Sees for Thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

HOLINESS.

- 4 With generous pleasure let me view
The prosperous and the great;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.
- 5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known :
O give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.
- 6 Feed me with necessary food ;
I ask not wealth or fame :
Give me an eye to see Thy will,
A heart to bless Thy name.
- 7 Still let my days serenely pass,
Without remorse or care ;
And growing holiness my soul
For life's last hour prepare.

344. S. M.

- 1 Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God ;
The presence of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is His abode.
- 2 Might mortal thought presume
To guess an angel's lay,
Such are the notes that echo through
The courts of heaven to-day.

- 3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart ;
And for His temple and His throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart.

345. P. M.

We covenant with hand and heart
To follow Christ, our Lord ;
With world, and sin, and self to part,
And to obey his word :
To love each other heartily,
In truth and in sincerity ;
And under cross, reproach, and shame,
To glorify his holy name.

346. P. M.

- 1 Made for Thyself, O God ! and to display
Thy goodness in me, manifest, I pray,
By grace adapted to each wanting hour,
Thy holy Spirit's life-conferring power !
- 2 Give me the faith, the hunger, and the thirst
After the life breathed forth from Thee at first ;
Turn from me outward work or inward thought,
Which is not Thine, nor in Thy Spirit wrought !

347. C. M.

- 1 Salt of the earth, ye virtuous few,
Who season human kind !
Light of the world, whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind !
- 2 Where misery spreads her deepest shade,
Your strong compassion glows ;
From your blessed lips the balm distils
That softens mortal woes.
- 3 By dying beds, in prison glooms,
Your frequent steps are found ;
Angels of love ! you hover near,
To bind the stranger's wound.
- 4 As down the summer stream of vice
The thoughtless many glide,
Upward you steer your steady bark,
And stem the rushing tide.
- 5 Where guilt her foul contagion breathes,
And golden spoils allure,
Unspotted still your garments shine,
Your hands are ever pure.
- 6 You lift on high the warning voice
When public ills prevail ;
Yours is the writing on the wall
That turns the tyrant pale.

- 7 Proceed ! your race of glory run !
Your virtuous toils endure !
You come, commissioned from on high,
And your reward is sure.

348. P. M.

O make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou God, most kind !
Give love, and hope, and faith in Thee to trust,
Thou God, most just !
Remit all our offences, we intreat,
Most good, most great !
Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest,
May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the
blest !

349. S. M.

- 1 Oh God ! my strength and hope,
On Thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do ;
On Thee, Almighty to create !
Almighty to renew !
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The lures of pleasing ill ;

HOLINESS.

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to Thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care ;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I rest upon Thy word :
The promise is for me :
Great succour and salvation, Lord !
Shall surely come from Thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love.

350. C. M.

1 Lord ! who 's the happy man that may
To Thy blest courts repair ;
Not stranger-like to visit them,
But to inhabit there ?

'T is he, whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves,
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves :

- 2 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound,
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round :
Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect ;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.
- 3 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood ;
And though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
The man who by his steady course
Has happiness ensured,
When earth's foundations sink, shall stand,
By Providence secured.

351. L. M.

- 1 Hear me, O Lord ! in my distress,
Hear me in truth and righteousness ;
For, at Thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.

HOLINESS.

- 2 Lord, I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
The tempted spirit's weaker hour.
- 3 Yet in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought,
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.
- 4 Oh! then to Thee I stretch my hands,
Like failing streams through desert sands:
I thirst for Thee, as harvest plains,
Parched by the summer, thirst for rains.
- 5 Teach me Thy will, subdue my own!
Thou art my God, and Thou alone:
Release my soul from trouble, Lord!
Quicken and keep me by Thy word!

352. P. M.

- 1 What 's hallowed ground? has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

- 2 Peace! Love! the Cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine:
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not —
The Heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.
- 3 What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth:
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth,
Earth's compass round:
And your high priesthood shall make Earth
All hallowed ground.

353. L. M.

- 1 How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his only skill:
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame or private breath:
- 3 Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatters feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

- 4 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend ;
To crave for less, and more obey,
Nor dare with Heaven's high will contend :
- 5 This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

354. L. M.

- 1 Great God ! whose all-pervading eye
Sees every passion of the soul ;
When sunk too low, or raised too high,
Teach me those passions to control.
- 2 Temper the fervours of my frame !
Be charity their constant spring ;
And oh, let no unhallowed flame
Pollute the offerings I bring !
- 3 Let love with piety unite,
To guide the bias of my will ;
While hope and heavenly faith excite,
And wisdom regulates my zeal :
- 4 That wisdom, which to meekness turns,
Wisdom which cometh from above ;
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love !

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

355. P. M.

- 1 Father of eternal love !
Glorify Thyself in me :
Fix my thoughts on things above ;
Stay my heart alone on Thee !
- 2 Humble, holy, all-resigned,
May I say, " Thy will be done !"
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son !
- 3 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod !
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to Thee, my God !

356. C. M.

- 1 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within ;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.
- 2 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform His will,
But, with the noblest powers they have,
His blest commands fulfil.
- 3 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil ;
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

- 4 O happy souls ! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace !
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see Him face to face !
- 5 Lord ! I address Thy heavenly throne ;
Call me a child of Thine ;
Send down the Spirit of Thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

357. S. M.

- 1 God, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of Righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul He guides,
Teaches the meek His way ;
Kindness and truth He shows to all
Who His just laws obey.
- 3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love !
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve !
- 4 Oh ! ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt !
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail
Which on Thy truth is built !

358. L. M.

- 1 Thine eye, Lord God, alone can see
The soul through every secret part;
The mystery of iniquity
Hid in the hollow of man's heart.
- 2 Myself unto myself reveal,
Light let me see in Thy pure light;
The eye of unbelief unseal,
Change doubt to faith, and faith to sight.
- 3 By inward vision to discern
The misery of my low estate,
And from that sad disclosure learn
Life's hardest lesson, ere too late:—
- 4 Life's hardest lesson, but its best!
The source of all my ills to trace
Through the dark windings of my breast,
Or in the world's deceitful face.
- 5 How long, how far on pilgrimage
To Zion have I feigned to go,
Yet went astray at every stage,
Snared or smit down by every foe!
- 6 Oh, let that narrow path be mine,
Which, level as the morning-ray,
Like it, shall upward tend, and shine,
From earth's faint dawn to heaven's full day.

359. C. M.

- 1 Mortal! if e'er thy spirits faint,
By grief or pain opprest,
Seek not vain hope, nor sour complaint,
To cheer or ease thy breast :
- 2 But view thy bitterest pangs as sent
A shadow of that doom,
Which is thy soul's just punishment
In its own guilt's true home.
- 3 Be thine own judge : hate thy proud heart ;
And while the sad drops flow,
E'en let thy will attend the smart,
And sanctify thy woe.

360. L. M.

- 1 Blessed are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty :
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blessed are the souls that long for grace,
Hunger and thirst for righteousness :
They shall be well supplied and fed,
With living streams and living bread.
- 3 Blessed are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin :
With endless pleasure they shall see
The God of spotless purity.

- 4 Blessed are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake :
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Glory and joy are their reward.
- 5 These are the men, the holy race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face ;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

361. I. M.

- 1 As for some dear familiar strain,
Untired, we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before :—
- 2 Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have vowed, and stedfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all to meet
Their God, in all themselves forget.
- 3 O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with Wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest, dreariest walk !
- 4 We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky :

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.
- 6 Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go :—
The secret this of Rest below.
- 7 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

362. S. M.

- 1 Teach me, my God and King !
In all things Thee to see :
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for Thee !
- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to Thee I stand :
In all I do, be 'Thou the way,
In all, be 'Thou the end !
- 3 All may of Thee partake :
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for Thy sake,
Greatness and worth from Thee.

- 4 If done beneath Thy laws,
E'en servile labours shine :
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;
The meanest work, divine.

363. S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky :—
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil ;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live ;
And oh ! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

364. L. M.

- 1 Irresolute, I stand perplex,
What pathway shall I follow next ?
Show me the way that I must take :
Show me, O Lord, for Jesus' sake.
- 2 I know him : but when thus I stay,
And, musing, loiter time away,
A shadow dims that sacred light
Which shines to guide from height to height.

EARNESTNESS.

- 3 Unless some earthly way I take,
I cannot heavenward progress make;
With settled aim, and conscience clear,
What shall I do? how journey here?
- 4 My soul the untried seas would dare,
Or sands of every way-mark bare,
Should but Thy voice distinctly say,
"Go forward, soul; there lies thy way."
- 5 Say, "This thou must do:" such behest
Can make the darkest path the best:
If but I know my way through time,
My soul those sunny steeps can climb.

365. P. M.

- 1 Fight the good fight; lay hold
Upon eternal life;
Keep but thy shield, be bold,
Stand through the hottest strife;
Invincible while in the field,
Thou canst not fail, unless thou yield.
- 2 No force of earth or hell,
Though fiends with men unite,
Truth's champion can compel,
However pressed, to flight;
No powers of darkness in the field
Can tread thee down, unless thou yield.

- 3 Trust in Thy Saviour's might;
Yea, till thy latest breath,
Fight, and, like him in fight,
By dying conquer death;
Invincible upon the field,
Thou canst not fall, unless thou yield.
- 4 Great words are these, and strong,
Yet, Lord, I look to Thee,
To whom alone belong
Valour and victory;
With Thee, my Captain in the field,
I must prevail, I cannot yield.

366. L. M.

- 1 Faint not, thou traveller, though the way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod —
Though cold and stormy lower the day,
This path of suffering leads to God.
- 2 Bear firmly ;— yet a few more days,
And thy hard trial will be past ;—
Then wrapt in glory's opening blaze,
Thy feet may rest on heaven at last.
- 3 Christian ! thy friend, thy Master prayed
While dread and anguish shook his frame,
Then met his sufferings undismayed :
Wilt thou not strive to do the same ?

EARNESTNESS.

- 4 Oh think'st thou that his Father's love
Shone round him then with fainter rays,
Than now when, meekly throned above,
He crowns him with immortal praise ?
- 5 Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear,
Then rising as thy Saviour rose
Go, his eternal victory share !

367. 78 M.

- 1 Day by day the manna fell :
O, to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.
- 2 "Day by day," the promise reads :
Daily strength for daily needs ;
Cast foreboding fears away ;
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord ! my times are in Thy hand ;
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shalt give ;
Day by day to Thee I live ;
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

- 5 O, to live exempt from care,
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude.

368. L. M.

- 1 Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Father divine, diffuse Thy light
To guide my wandering footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this frail and wavering heart
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousands worlds in Thee!

369. L. M.

- 1 Awake, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought begone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

EARNESTNESS.

- 2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint : —
- 3 Thee,—mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode :
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

370. C. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on !
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
'And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'T is His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :—
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems,
Shall blend in common dust.

371. L. M.

- 1 Awake, my soul, lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger, threatening, stands
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

EARNESTNESS.

- 5 Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield ;
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.
- 6 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell ;
The man of Calvary triumphed here ;—
Why should his faithful followers fear ?

372. C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the Cross,
And pledged to bear its shame ?
And shall I fear to own Christ's cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Shall sloth and faintness win Thy peace,
O Thou, the Martyrs' God !
- 4 The fearless heart Thou wilt sustain ;
Increase my courage, Lord !
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

- 5 The saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When Thy illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

373. L. M.

- 1 Why do we lavish out our years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While in the various range of thought
“The one thing needful” is forgot?
- 2 Our Father calls us from above;
Our Saviour pleads his dying love;
Awakened conscience gives us pain;
Shall all these pleas unite in vain?
- 3 Not so our dying eyes shall view
The objects which we now pursue;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God! Thy power impart,
And fix conviction on the heart;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the proudest scorner wise.

EARNESTNESS.

374. C. M.

- 1 Time was, I shrank from what was right,
Through fear of what was wrong ;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.
- 2 But now I cast that finer sense,
And sorer shame aside ;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.
- 3 So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best ;
Leaving to him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.
- 4 I step, I mount where he has led ;
Men count my haltings o'er ;—
I know them ; yet, though self I dread,
I love his precept more.

375. S. M.

- 1 The swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly !
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals ! mark its pace,
And use the hours of light ;
And know, its Maker can command
An instantaneous night.

- 3 His word blots out the sun
 In its meridian blaze,
 And cuts from smiling vigorous youth
 The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow
 Your feet shall quickly slide,
 And from its airy summit dash
 Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the Lord,
 Who rules the whirling sphere ;
 Submissive at His footstool bow,
 And seek salvation there.
- 6 Then shall new lustre break
 Through horror's darkest gloom,
 And lead you to unchanging light
 In a celestial home.

376. S. M.

- 1 The pure and peaceful mind,
 The meek and lowly heart,
 The patient will to Thine resigned,
 God of all power impart !
- 2 Lord ! make us timely wise,
 To know Thy call of grace ;
 And with the moment, as it flies,
 Run our appointed race :—

EARNESTNESS.

- 3 Still keep the end in view,
Tarry nor turn aside,
Perils, allurements, bonds break through,
Most faithful when most tried!
- 4 Thus, till we reach the goal,
All else to count but loss;
Nor, till we gain the prize,—our soul,—
Grow weary of the Cross.

377. S. M.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 't is found;
Go forth, then, every where.
- 4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 5 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain,
 For garnerers in the sky.
- 6 Thence, when the glorious end,
 The day of God, is come,
 The angel reapers shall descend,
 And heaven cry — “ Harvest home ! ”

378. P. M.

- 1 Shall we grow weary in our watch,
 And murmur at the long delay,
 Impatient of our Father's time,
 And His appointed way ?
- 2 O, oft a deeper test of faith
 Than prison-cell, or martyr's stake,
 The self-renouncing watchfulness
 Of silent prayer may make.
- 3 We gird us bravely, to rebuke
 Our erring brother in the wrong ;
 And in the ear of pride and power
 Our warning voice is strong.
- 4 Easier to smite with Peter's sword
 Than watch one hour in humbling prayer ;
 Life's great things, like the Syrian lord,
 Our hearts can do and dare :

- 5 But, O, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save ;
And murmur for Abana's banks,
And Pharpar's brighter wave.
- 6 O Thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again
Who slumbered at that fearful hour,
Forgetful of thy pain, —
- 7 Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee !

379. C. M.

- 1 Perpetual Source of light and grace !
We hail Thy sacred name :
Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, unworthy as we are,
Its wondrous mercy pours ;
Sure as the heavens' established course,
And plenteous as the showers.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay ;
And treacherous vows renew :
False as the morning's scattering cloud,
And transient as the dew.

- 4 In flowing tears our guilt we mourn ;
And loud implore Thy grace,
To bear our feeble footsteps on
In all Thy righteous ways.
- 5 Armed with this energy divine,
Our souls shall steadfast move,
And with increasing transport press
On to Thy courts above.
- 6 So by Thy power the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

380. C. M.

- 1 O it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !
- 2 He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
- 3 O blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when He
Is most invisible !

EARNESTNESS.

- 4 And blest is he who can divine
Where real Right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Unsafe to human eye !
- 5 O learn to scorn the praise of men !
O learn to lose with God !
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.
- 6 For Right is Right, since God is God,
And Right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

381. C. M.

- 1 Nay, tell us not of dangers dire
That lie in Duty's path ;
A warrior of the Cross can feel
No fear of human wrath.
- 2 Where'er the Prince of Darkness holds
His earthly reign abhorred,
Sword of the Spirit, thee we draw
And battle for the Lord.
- 3 We go ! we go, to break the chains
That bind the erring mind ;
And give the freedom that we feel,
To all of human kind.

- 4 But, O, we wear no burnished steel,
And seek no gory field;
Our weapon is the Word of God,
His promise is our shield.
- 5 And still serene and fixed in faith,
We fear no earthly harm;
We know it is our Father's work,
And rest upon His arm.

382. S. M.

- 1 Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.
- 3 Watch! 't is your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He 's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

EARNESTNESS.

383. S. M.

- 1 God of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou! who our strength for ever art,—
We come to do Thy will!
- 2 Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God!
- 3 'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live:
- 4 To draw Thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown,
The spirit's Godlikeness!
- 5 Thou hearest while we pray:
O deep within us write,
With kindling power, our God, to-day,
Thy word,—on Earth be Light!

384. C. M.

- 1 Oft have I seemed Thy praise to join,
Thy service to pursue;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

- 2 I rested in the outward Law,
Nor knew its deep design ;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of Love divine.
- 3 To please Thee thus, at length I see
Vainly I hoped and strove ;
For what are outward things to Thee,
Unless they spring from love ?
- 4 I see Thy perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts ;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.
- 5 But I of means have made my boast ;
Of means an idol made ;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.
- 6 What am I now, or what my hope ?
What can my weakness do ?
O God ! to Thee my soul looks up ;
'T is Thou canst make it new.

385. C. M.

- 1 Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng ;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

EARNESTNESS.

- 2 But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.
- 3 Faith's meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

386. P. M.

- 1 Christian warrior! faint not, fear not!
Though thy foes press thickly round:
Scorn to yield, as those who hear not
The glad Gospel's trumpet sound!
- 2 Christian warrior! ne'er unarm thee
When, in flattering pleasure's guise,
The subtle foe would fear to alarm thee;—
Christian sentinel, be wise!
- 3 Wearied warrior, still assure thee,
"As thy day thy strength shall be";
When thou hast borne the battle's fury,
Turn not at its close and flee.
- 4 Lo! the clouds of war are clearing;
Foes are waxing faint and few;
Through their scattered ranks appearing,
Zion's towers expand to view!

- 5 Christian warrior! Grace protect thee!
 Watch and pray, and onward hie!
Zion's herald hosts expect thee,
 Angel bards of Victory!

387. C. M.

- 1 There 's hope for one who leaves with shame
 The guilt that lured before;
Remember, he who said, "Repent!"
 Said also, "Sin no more!"
- 2 Return, and in the daily round
 Of duty and of love,
Thou best wilt find that patient faith
 Which lifts the soul above.
- 3 Around thee draw life's tasks and ties,
 And, with a chastened mind,
In meek well-doing seek that peace
 No wandering will find.
- 4 Through charity and penitence
 All sin may be forgiven;—
For duty is the accepted shrine
 Whence prayers prevail in heaven.

388. C. M.

- 1 Lord! when we bend before Thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And shun what we deplore.

- 2 Our contrite spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.
- 3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.
- 4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
That grants it, or denies!

389. C. M.

- 1 Lord! Thou hast said, "Seek ye My face;"
And shall we seek in vain?
And will the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when we complain?
- 2 No, Lord! the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
The mourner always finds a place
To breathe his sorrows there.
- 3 Thy Spirit heals the troubled soul
With penitence oppressed;
Thy Spirit makes the wounded whole,
And gives the weary rest.

- 4 Oh for a heart to trust Thee, Lord,
Who bidst our sorrows cease !
Oh for a heart to claim that word,
“ Go, penitent, in Peace ! ”

390. C. M.

- 1 Lord, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer ;
Oh ! grant us power to pray ;
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.
- 3 Tremblers of hope, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord ! whither shall we go ?
- 4 God of all grace ! we come to Thee
With broken, contrite, hearts ;
Give, what Thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts :—
- 5 Give deep humility,—the sense
Of godly sorrow give,—
A strong, desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live ;—

- 6 Patience to watch, to wait, and weep,
 Until Thine own good day ;—
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust Thee though Thou slay.

391. L. M.

- 1 I left the God of truth and light,
 I left the God who gave me breath,
 To wander in the wilds of night,
 And perish in the snares of death.
- 2 Sweet was His service, and His yoke
 Was light and easy to be borne ;
 Through all His bonds of love I broke,
 I cast away His gifts with scorn.
- 3 I danced in folly's giddy maze,
 And drank the sea, and chased the wind ;
 But falsehood lurked in all her ways,
 Her laughter left remorse behind.
- 4 I wooed ambition, climbed the pole,
 And shone among the stars,—but fell
 Headlong in all my pride of soul,
 Like Lucifer, from heaven to hell.
- 5 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
 My fate discerns a dawn of grace ;
 The Sun of Righteousness appears
 In Jesus' reconciling face.

- 6 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair ;
None ever perished at Thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

392. C. M.

- 1 Humbly, my God, with Thee I walk,
And sweet communion hold ;
With Thee in my soul's silence talk,
And all my heart unfold.
- 2 But what a heart, for Thee to look
Into its depths, and read,
As in the volume of a book,
The thoughts which thence proceed !
- 3 Its vain imaginations, vain
Affections and desires,
Its thirst for glory, grandeur, gain,
False hopes, false fears, false fires :—
- 4 These would I not from Thee conceal,
Nor thus myself deceive ;
No ; grant me, Lord, my sins to feel,
To feel them and to grieve :—
- 5 Grieve, and with penitence confess,
Till Thou art pleased to show
Mercy on my unrighteousness,
And give me joy for woe.

- 6 How blest my lot no tongue can tell,
 If such my walk might be,
 As seeing Thee, Invisible !
 For ever seeing me.

393. L. M.

- 1 Wherefore should man, frail child of clay,
 Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
 Lives but the insect of a day,
 O why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
 Then vanish, and no more are found ;
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear
 A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
 With trembling step he seeks his way :
 How vain of wisdom's gifts the boast !
 Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
 Are crowded in life's little span :
 How ill, alas ! does pride become
 That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 5 God of my life, Father divine !
 Give me a meek and lowly mind ;
 In modest worth O let me shine,
 And peace in humble virtue find.

394. C. M.

- 1 Times without number have I prayed,
 " This only once forgive ";
Relapsing when Thy hand was stayed,
 And suffered me to live.
- 2 Yet now the kingdom of Thy peace,
 Lord, to my heart restore ;
Forgive my vain repentances,
 And bid me sin no more.

395. C. M.

- 1 Sweet is the friendly voice which speaks
 The words of life and peace,
That bids the penitent rejoice,
 And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No healing balm on earth like this
 Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
 Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Thou still art merciful and kind ;
 Thy mercy, Lord, reveal :
The broken heart 't is Thou canst bind,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Let Thy bright presence, Lord, restore
 Peace to my anxious breast :
Conduct me in the path that leads
 To everlasting rest !

LOWLINESS AND PENITENCE.

396. L. M.

- 1 O turn, great ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sins Thy searching eyes ;
Nor let the offences of my hand
Within Thy book recorded stand.
- 2 Lord, let Thy clemency divine
Conspicuous in my pardon shine !
O let the fulness of Thy grace
Each error of my life efface !
- 3 Give me a will to Thine subdued,
A conscience pure, a soul renewed ;
Nor let me, lost in hopeless gloom,
An outcast from Thy presence roam.
- 4 The heart that, taught its guilt to know,
Repentant heaves with inward woe,
Shall find its humble prayers and sighs
To Thee in full acceptance rise !

397. C. M.

- 1 O sinner ! bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer :
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.
- 2 To beat the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee :
Thy secret soul He bids thee bend
In true humility.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 3 O let us then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
And stay the uplifted rod.
- 4 O righteous Judge ! if Thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need ;
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

398. P. M.

- 1 God of mercy, God of love !
Hear our sad repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent :
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain :
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled at Thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from Thy Throne.

LOWLINESS AND PENITENCE.

- 5 God of mercy, God of grace !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore Thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs !

399. S. M.

- 1 " Ask, and ye shall receive " ;
On this my hope I build :
I ask forgiveness, and believe
My prayer shall be fulfilled.
- 2 Seek, and expect to find ;
Wounded to death in soul,
I seek the Saviour of mankind ;
His touch can make me whole.
- 3 Knock, and with patience wait,
Faith shall free entrance win :
I stand and knock at Mercy's gate ;
Lord Jesus, let me in.
- 4 How should I ask in vain ?
Seek, and not find Thee, Lord ?
Knock, and yet no admittance gain ?
Is it not in Thy word ?
- 5 Time, ruin, change, decay,
The lines can never blot ;
Though heaven and earth shall pass away, —
Thy Word, O God ! shall not.

400. P. M.

- 1 Lord, forgive me day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay :
Duties I have left undone,
Evils I have failed to shun :
- 2 Trespasses in word or thought ;
Deeds from evil motive wrought ;
Cold ingratitude, distrust ;
Thoughts unhallowed or unjust.
- 3 Pardon, Lord ! and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes ?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.
- 4 May I feel, beneath all wrongs,
Vengeance to the Lord belongs ;
Nor a worse requital dare,
Than the meek revenge of prayer.
- 5 Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return !
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

401. S. M.

- 1 When, from the depths of woe,
To Thee, O Lord ! I cry,
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

•
RESIGNATION AND PEACE.

- 2 Then hearken to my voice !
 Give ear to my complaint !
 Thou bidst the mourning soul rejoice,
 Thou comfortest the faint.
- 3 I cast my hope on Thee :
 Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive :
 Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
 Who in Thy sight could live !
- 4 Humbly on Thee I wait,
 Confessing all my sin ;
 Lord ! I am knocking at Thy gate ;
 Open, and take me in.
- 5 Glory to God above !
 The waters soon will cease ;
 For lo ! the swift-returning dove
 Brings home the sign of Peace.
- 6 Though storms His face obscure,
 And dangers threaten loud,
 Jehovah's covenant is sure ;
 His bow is in the cloud !

402. P. M.

- 1 When I can trust my all with God,
 In trial's fearful hour,
 Bow all-resigned beneath His rod,
 And trust His sparing power ;
 A joy springs up amid distress,
 A fountain in the wilderness.

- 2 To fall before the mercy-seat,
 Though sorrows fix me there,
A precious right is still : for sweet
 The energies of prayer,—
Though sighs and tears its language be,—
Since God is near, and smiles on me.
- 3 O blessed is the Hand that gave,
 Still blessed when it takes !
Blessed is He who smites to save ;
 Who heals the heart He breaks !
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom Heaven adores, and Death obeys.

403. C. M.

- 1 Lord ! when we seek Thy throne of grace,
 To crave a blessing there,
Oh let not earthly things have place,
 Unduly, in our prayer.
- 2 But teach us in the solemn hour
 Of supplication, still
Simply to ask of Thee the power
 To do Thy holy will :
- 3 To feel Thy kingdom, here on earth,
 Within our hearts increase,
And prove the all-surpassing worth
 Of Thy pure gift of Peace :—

- 4 Be such our prayers ! for all beside
 Thy word a pledge shall be ;
 For Thou hast promised to provide
 For all who follow Thee.

404. 78 M.

Lord ! it is not life to live,
 If Thy presence Thou deny :
 Lord ! if Thou Thy presence give,
 'T is no longer death to die.
 Source and giver of repose !
 Singly from Thy smile it flows :
 Thee to see and Thee to love,
 Perfects bliss below, above !

405. C. M.

- 1 Far from the world, O Lord, I flee ;
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where Sin is waging still
 His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 O with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !

- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and guardian of my life!
Sweet source of life divine!
And, all harmonious names in one,
MY FATHER—Thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When Time shall be no more.

406. C. M.

- 1 O Lord, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears;
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No; let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
 Shall I resist them both ?
 Short sighted creature of a day,
 And crushed before the moth !
- 5 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to Thy sway ;
 Else the next cloud that veils my skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

407. 7s M.

- 1 'T is my happiness below
 Not to live without the Cross,
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss :
 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all,—
 This is happiness to me.
- 2 God in Israel sows the seeds
 Of affliction, pain, and toil ;
 These spring up and choke the weeds
 Which would else o'erspread the soil ;
 Trials make the promise sweet,
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Trials bring me to His feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

408. C. M.

- 1 When I survey life's varied scene, —
Amid the darkest hours,
Sweet rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.
- 2 Are health and ease my happy share?
O may I bless my God!
Thy kindness let my songs declare,
And spread Thy praise abroad.
- 3 While such delightful gifts as these
Are kindly dealt to me,
Be all my hours of health and ease
Devoted, Lord, to Thee.
- 4 And O, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise;—
- 5 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee!

409. L. M.

- 1 When darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears;
Then, gracious Father, then I find
The follies of my doubts and fears.

RESIGNATION AND PEACE.

- 2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.
- 3 O let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn ;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And Thy rebellious child is still.

410. S. M.

- 1 Thou very present Aid,
In suffering and distress ;
The soul which still on Thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace :
That soul, by faith reclined
On Thy paternal breast,
'Midst raging storms exults to find
An everlasting rest.

- 2 Peace to the troubled heart,
 Health to the sin-sick mind,
 The wounded spirit's balm Thou art,
 The Healer of mankind !
 In deep affliction, blest
 With Thee, I mount above,
And sing, triumphantly distressed,
 Thy all-sufficient love.
- 3 My God, to whom I fly,
 Doth all my wishes fill ;
In vain the creature streams are dry,
 I have the fountain still ;
 Stript of my earthly friends,
 I find them all in One,
And peace, and joy that never ends,
 And Heaven in God alone.

411. L. M.

- 1 While some in folly's pleasures roll,
 And seek the joys which hurt the soul ;
 Be mine that silent calm repast,
 A peaceful conscience to the last :
- 2 That tree which bears immortal fruit,
 Without a canker at the root ;
 That friend who never fails the just,
 When other friends desert their trust.

RESIGNATION AND PEACE.

- 3 With this companion in the shade
My soul no more shall be dismayed ;
I will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 4 Though Heaven afflict, I 'll not repine ;
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.
- 5 Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ;
And shall I murmur at my God
When sovereign love directs the rod ?
- 6 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

412. P. M.

- 1 Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild ;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child ;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth Thee.

- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive ;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave :
'T is enough that Thou wilt care ;
Why should I the burden bear ?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own ;
Knows he 's neither strong nor wise ;
Fears to stir a step alone ;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from faithless wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon Thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love !

413. L. M.

- 1 O Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;—
My Lord, how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent !
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impressed with sacred love ;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

RESIGNATION AND PEACE.

- 3 To them remains nor place nor time ;
Their country is in every clime ;
They can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with our God to guide our way,
'T is equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

414. L. M.

- 1 O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To Thee, my only rock, I fly ;
Thy mercy, in Thy justice, praise.
- 2 The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill ;
But what the Eternal does is right.
- 3 O teach me, in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
Thy goodness trust, Thy justice fear.

415. C. M. .

- 1 O that I knew where I might find
My righteous Judge's seat,
To pour out all my troubled mind
In prayer before His feet!
- 2 Not with the thunder of Thy power
Wouldst Thou against me plead;
No, Thy good Spirit, in that hour,
For me would intercede.
- 3 Thine own unutterable grace,
Thy love,—Thy love to me,
Constrain me thus to seek Thy face,
And cast my cares on Thee.
- 4 Hear, then, the voice of my desire,
My griefs, my fears behold;
Search me and try me, as with fire,
And bring me forth like gold.
- 5 Lord! Thou hast troubled my repose,
Thy chastisements I feel;
Thine hand hath touched my heart—it glows,
It melts—impress Thy seal!
- 6 Stamp Thine own Image on my soul,
Lift from the dust mine head;
Lord! Thou hast wounded, make me whole!
Hast slain,—now raise the dead!

416. L. M.

- 1 If life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it;—I am well content:
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.
- 2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfil,
In life, in death, Thy perfect will;
No succours in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.
- 3 Our days are numbered;—let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care:
'T is Thine to number out our days;
'T is ours to give them to Thy praise.
- 4 Faith is our only business here,—
Faith simple, constant, and sincere;
Oh, blessed days Thy servants see,
Thus spent, O Lord, in pleasing Thee!

417. P. M.

- 1 I thank Thee, O my God, who made
The Earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right!

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of Earth
Some Love is found.
- 3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
That thorns remain ;
So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.
- 4 For Thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things !
- 5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more :
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.
- 6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast !

418. P. M.

- 1 We ask for Peace, O Lord !
 Thy children ask Thy Peace ;
 Not what the world calls rest,
 That toil and care should cease,
 That through bright sunny hours
 Calm life should fleet away,
 And tranquil night should fade
 In smiling day ;—

It is not for such Peace that we would pray.

- 2 We ask for Peace, O Lord !
 Yet not to stand secure,
 Girt round with iron Pride,
 Contented to endure :
 Crushing the gentle strings,
 That human hearts should know,
 Untouched by others' joys
 Or others' woe ;—

Thou, O dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

- 3 We ask Thy Peace, O Lord !
 Through storm, and fear, and strife,
 To light and guide us on,
 Through a long struggling life :
 While no success or gain
 Shall cheer the desperate fight,
 Or nerve, what the world calls,
 Our wasted might ;—
 Yet pressing through the darkness to the light.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

- 4 It is Thine own, O Lord,
 Who toil while others sleep ;
 Who sow with loving care
 What other hands shall reap :
 They lean on Thee entranced,
 In calm and perfect rest :
 Give us that Peace, O Lord,
 Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

419. C. M.

- 1 Lift up thine eyes, afflicted soul !
From earth uplift thine eyes,
Though dark the shades of evening roll,
And daylight beauty dies ;
One sun is set, — a thousand more
Their rounds of glory run,
Where science leads thee to explore
In every star a sun.
- 2 Thus, when some long-loved comfort ends,
And frailty would despair,
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends,
And meets ten thousand there.
First faint and small, then clear and bright,
They gladden all the gloom,
As stars, that seem but points of light,
The rank of suns assume.

420. P. M.

- 1 Oft when of God we ask
 For fuller, happier life,
 He sets us some new task
 Involving care and strife:
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought?
- 2 This is indeed the boon,
 Though strange to us it seems ;
 We pierce the rock, and soon
 The blessing on us streams ;
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.
- 3 We toil as in a field,
 Wherein, to us unknown,
 A treasure lies concealed,
 Which may be all our own :
And shall we of the toil complain
That speedily will bring such gain ?
- 4 We dig the wells of life,
 And God the waters gives ;
 We win our way by strife,
 Then He within us lives ;
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

421. P. M.

- 1 Sometimes a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.
- 2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may !
- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

- 4 Though vine nor fig tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there :
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For, while in Him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

422. C. M.

- 1 The bird, let loose in eastern skies,
 When hastening fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.
- 2 But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay ;
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, God, from every snare
 Of sinful passion free,
 Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
 To hold my course to Thee !
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs ;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom in her wings !

423. L. M.

- 1 The darkened sky, how thick it lowers !
 Troubled with storms, and big with showers,
 No cheerful gleam of light appears,
 But Nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of God revive ;
 He bids the soul that seeks Him live ;
 And from the gloomiest shade of night
 Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
 Are in these watered furrows sown ;
 See the green blades, how thick they rise,
 And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !
- 4 In secret foldings they contain
 Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;
 And heaven shall pour its beams around,
 Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
 And bind his sheaves, and bear them home ;
 The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
 Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

424. C. M.

- 1 The God of nature and of grace
 In all His works appears :
 His goodness through the earth we trace,
 His grandeur in the spheres.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

- 2 He bows the heavens ; the mountains stand,
A highway for our God ;
He walks amid the desert land,
'T is Eden where He trod.
- 3 The forests in His strength rejoice ;
Hark ! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.
- 4 These lower works, that swell His praise
High as man's thought can tower,
Are but a portion of His ways,
The hiding of His power.
- 5 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound ;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will our last home be found !

425. L. M.

- 1 The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

SPIRITUAL EMBLEMS.

- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows ;
Fairer than Spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains :
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the Word of God remains !

426. C. M.

- 1 There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,—
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.
- 5 Two worlds are ours : 't is only Sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
- 6 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee every where.

427. L. M.

- 1 A glance from heaven, with sweet effect,
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers ;
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears.
- 2 So lightning in the gloom of night
Affords a momentary day ;
Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which, soon as seen, are snatched away.

SPIRITUAL EMBLEMS.

- 3 Ah! what avail these pleasing scenes?
They do but aggravate my pain:
While darkness quickly intervenes,
And swallows up my joy again.
- 4 But shall I murmur at relief?
Though short, it was a precious view;
Sent to control my unbelief,
And prove that what I read is true.
- 5 The lightning's flash did not create
The opening prospect it revealed;
But only showed the real state
Of what the darkness had concealed.
- 6 Just so, we by a glimpse discern
The glorious things within the veil;
That, when in darkness, we may learn
To live by faith, till light prevail.

428. C. M.

- 1 Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead;
Above us is the Heaven!
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

- 3 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 4 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.
- 5 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?
- 6 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know :
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead !
- 7 Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given ;
The countless dead beneath thee lie,
Above thee is the Heaven !

429. C. M.

- 1 Behold the western evening light !
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.

SPIRITUAL EMBLEMS.

- 2 The winds breathe low, — the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree !
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed !
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And lo ! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears !
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
- 6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore ;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

430. S. M.

- 1 How dark, how desolate,
Would many a moment be,
Could we not spring, on hope's bright wing,
O God, to Heaven and Thee !

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

- 2 And sometimes streaks of light,
 And sunny beams we see ;
 They shine so bright through sorrow's night,
 They needs must come from Thee.
- 3 So shall a morning dawn,
 When earthly shades are o'er,
 Whose smiling ray shall wake a day
 That night shall cloud no more.
- 4 Blest hope ! and sure as blest !
 Life's shades of misery
 Shall soon be past, and joy at last
 Give us to Heaven and Thee !

431. C. M.

- 1 How glorious are those orbs of light,
 In all their bright array,
 That gem the ebon brow of night,
 Or pour the blaze of day !
- 2 See lovely Nature raise her head,
 In various graces dressed ;
 Her lucid robe by ocean spread,
 Her verdant, flowery vest.
- 3 Unnumbered tribes obey her will ;
 Her bounty each displays :
 She smiles, and every grove and hill
 Is vocal in her praise.

SPIRITUAL EMBLEMS.

- 4 One gem, of purest ray divine,
Alone disclaims her power ;
Still brighter shall its glories shine,
When hers are seen no more.
- 5 Her pageants pass, nor leave a trace ;
The soul no change shall fear ;
The God of nature and of grace
Has stamped His image there.
- 6 Nor life nor death its trust shall move ;
Nor powers nor worlds unknown ;
Responsive to its Maker's love,
And prostrate at His throne.

432. P. M.

- 1 I praised the Earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay, of various green ;
I praised the Sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;
And Earth and Ocean seemed to say,
“ Our beauties are but for a day ! ”
- 2 I praised the Sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold ;
I praised the Moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky :
And Moon and Sun in answer said,
“ Our days of light are numbered ! ”

- 3 O God ! O Good beyond compare !
If thus Thy meaner works are fair ;
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of sinful earth and mortal man ;
How glorious must the mansion be,
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

433. L. M.

- 1 Leader of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us, abide,
Who would on Thee alone rely ;
On Thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in Life's uneven way.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place ;
But hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold Thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD.

- 4 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native Heaven ;
The palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 5 Raised by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed ;
The Church of the first-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

434. P. M.

- 1 The Lord my Shepherd is,
And He my soul will keep :
He knoweth who are His,
And watcheth o'er His sheep.
Away with every anxious fear :
I cannot want while He is near.
- 2 His wisdom doth provide
The pastures where I feed :
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet : and when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

- 3 He leads Himself the way
 His faithful flock should take :
 Them who His voice obey,
 His love will ne'er forsake ;
For He has pledged His holy name ;
He who for ever is the same.
- 4 Let me but feel Him near,
 Death's gloomy pass in view,
 I'll walk without a fear
 The shadowy valley through.
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps, and guard me there.

435. L. M.

- 1 As the good shepherd gently leads
 His wandering flocks to verdant meads,
 Where winding rivers, soft and slow,
 Amidst the flowery landscapes flow ;
- 2 So God, the guardian of my soul,
 Does all my erring steps control ;
 When, lost in sin's perplexing maze,
 He brings me back to virtue's ways.
- 3 Though I should journey through the plains
 Where death in all its horror reigns ;
 My steadfast heart no ill shall fear,
 For Thou, O Lord, art with me there.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD.

- 4 By Thee with peace and plenty blest,
My life is one continued feast;
Thine ever-watchful providence
Is my support and my defence.
- 5 O bounteous God! my future days
Shall be devoted to Thy praise;
And in Thy house Thy sacred name
And wondrous grace shall be my theme.

436. P. M.

- 1 Living or dying, Lord, I would be Thine!
Oh, what is Life?
A toil, a strife,
Were it not lighted by Thy love divine!
I ask not wealth,
I crave not health—
Living or dying, Lord, I would be Thine!
- 2 Oh, what is Death?
When the poor breath
In parting can the soul to Thee resign!
While patient Love
Her trust doth prove—
Living or dying, Lord, I would be Thine!
- 3 Throughout my days
Be constant praise
Uplift to Thee from out this heart of mine:
So shall I be
Brought nearer Thee—
Living or dying, Lord, I would be Thine!

437. C. M.

- 1 O might the Spirit from above
Kindle unearthly fire,
And cause our hearts to glow with love
And passionate desire !
- 2 The pure desire of holy things,
Which finds its aliment
In converse with the King of kings ;
With nought but this content :
- 3 The germ of sacred joys to come,
Dim visions, glimpses bright
Of some mysterious nobler home,
Ruled by eternal Right :
- 4 High hopes unseen by carnal eye,
But inly known to those
Who sigh and pant for purity,
And upon God repose !
- 5 To us Thy likeness, Lord, be given !
Thy likeness better is
Than life itself : for Thou art heaven :
We ask no grace but this.

438. L. M.

- 1 At every motion of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death,
A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD.

- 2 A moment ushered us to birth,
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth ;
Moment by moment years are past,
And one, ere long, will be our last.
- 3 Time past and time to come are not ;
Time present is our only lot ;
O God ! henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than Thine.

439. L. M.

- 1 O God, most merciful and just,
Shall we not put in Thee our trust,
Whom, though Thou art the Lord of all,
Our Heavenly Father we may call !
- 2 All times, and every where, Thine eye
Looks down upon us from the sky ;
Could we look up, by light divine,
Ours might be ever fixed on Thine.
- 3 While every word we speak, Thine ear
Through all creation's sounds can hear,
By ours, if opened to Thy Word,
Thy voice from heaven would here be heard.
- 4 Moment on moment, breath by breath,
Our pilgrim life draws nearer death :
Each breath, each moment, make us be
More meet for immortality.

- 5 Death-partings, then, from earth shall be
Life-meetings in that world above,
Where life is immortality,
An immortality of Love.

440. P. M.

- 1 O when shall this aspiring soul,
Freed from the body's dull control,
Assert its native birth?
When, on exulting pinions rise,
And look triumphant from the skies
On these low scenes of earth?
- 2 Shall these weak limbs, this sinking frame,
Bowed to that dust from which they came,
The soaring spirit bind?
Can sickness, sorrow, care, and pain,
And all the ills in fortune's train,
Enchain the powers of mind?
- 3 No; even in this earthly sphere
She feels the hour approaching near
That plumes her half-fledged wings;
And even now, with new delight,
She with a short but rapid flight
Towards brighter regions springs.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD.

- 4 Shall then the strong impassioned glow
That longs a future state to know
In hopeless gloom expire?
Or canst thou in thy darkling hour
Distrust thy great Creator's power
To wake the slumbering fire?
- 5 Eternity, like waves that sweep
The trusting seaman o'er the deep,
Is ever, ever near;
Thin is the veil the bound that hides,
A touch, a breath that veil divides,
Eternity is here!

441. C. M.

- 1 Remembrance of the dead revives
The slain of time, at will:
Those who were lovely in their lives,
In death are lovelier still.
- 2 The troubles of departed years
Bring joys unknown before:
And soul-refreshing are the tears
O'er wounds that bleed no more.
- 3 Remembrance of the dead is sweet;
Yet how imperfect this,
Unless past, present, future meet,—
A threefold cord of bliss.

- 4 Grief on their urn may fix her eyes,—
 They spring not from the ground;
 Love may invoke them from the skies,—
 There is no voice nor sound.
- 5 *They* cannot come to us, but *we*
 Ere long to them may go;—
 That glimpse of immortality
 Is Heaven begun below.

442. P. M.

- 1 Searcher of hearts! to Thee are known
 The inmost secrets of my breast;
 At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
 Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
 My thoughts far off, through every maze,
 Source, stream, and issue,—all my ways.
- 2 How from Thy presence should I go,
 Or whither from Thy spirit flee,
 Since all above, around, below,
 Exist in Thine immensity?
 Such knowledge is for me too high;
 I live but in my Maker's eye.
- 3 How precious, then, Thy thoughts of peace,
 Oh God, to me! how great their sum!
 New every morn, they never cease;
 They were, they are, and yet shall come,
 In number and in compass more
 Than ocean's sands, or ocean's shore.

- 4 Search me, O God! and know my heart!
Try me, my secret soul survey;
And warn Thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way:
So shall Thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

443. P. M.

- 1 Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
 Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years!
- 3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
And with the morn those Angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

444. C. M.

- 1 Supreme Disposer of the heart !
Thou, since the world began,
With heavenly grace hast sanctified
And cheered the heart of man.
- 2 Here Faith, and Hope, and Love unite
To lift the soul above ;
But Love alone for aye abides,
Eternal, changeless Love.
- 3 O holy Love ! unfading light !
O shall it ever be,
That, after all our sorrows here,
Thy sabbath we shall see ?
- 4 Here, yet awhile, with many a tear
The precious seed we sow ;
There, treasured, lie the promised fruits,
The Harvest of our woe !

445. L. M.

- 1 Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies !
When sinks a righteous soul to rest ;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer-cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;
Where is, O Grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious Death! thy sting?
- 4 Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Its duty done,—as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
“Sweet is the scene when Virtue dies.”

446. P. M.

- 1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
- 2 Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.
- 3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

- 4 Lives of true men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time :
- 5 Footprints which, perhaps, another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
- 6 Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
And though faint, yet still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

447. C. M.

- 1 The Lord will come, and not be slow ;
His footsteps cannot err :
Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 3 Rise, Lord ! judge Thou the earth in might ;
This longing earth redress ;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD.

- 4 The nations all whom Thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,
And glorify Thy name.
- 5 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By Thy strong hand are done :
Thou, in Thy everlasting seat,
Remainest God alone.

448. P. M.

The Lord will grace and glory give
To those who humbly seek His face ;
We live for glory while we live,
And seek it in the paths of grace.
For grace is glory here begun,
And till the heavenly prize is won,
The Christian finds, through all his race,
That grace is glory, glory grace.

449. P. M.

- 1 There was joy in Heaven !
There was joy in Heaven !
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came :
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky—
“ Glory to God in Heaven ! ”

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

- 2 There was joy in Heaven !
 There was joy in Heaven !
 When the billows, heaving dark,
 Sank around the stranded Ark,
 And the rainbow's watery span
 Spake of mercy, hope to man,
 And peace with God in Heaven !
- 3 There was joy in Heaven !
 There was joy in Heaven !
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem ;
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang — " On earth goodwill,
 And glory in the Heaven ! "
- 4 There is joy in Heaven !
 There is joy in Heaven !
 When the sheep that went astray
 Turns again to virtue's way ;
 When the soul, by grace subdued,
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 Then is there joy in Heaven !

450. C. M.

- 1 The saints on earth and those above
 But one communion make ;
 Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
 All of His grace partake.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD.

- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home-
Are swiftly borne away ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.
- 5 O God, in Jesus be our guide !
Then, when Thy word is given,
Shall death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in Heaven !

451. C. M.

- 1 Our country is Emmanuel's land,
We seek that promised soil ;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bathed in tears ;
Yet nought but heaven our hopes can raise,
And nought but sin our fears.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

- 3 We tread the path our Master trod,
We bear the cross he bore ;
And every thorn that wounds our feet
His temples pierced before.
- 4 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run ;
But while we die to earth and sense,
Our Heaven is begun.

452. C. M.

- 1 While through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share ;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.
- 3 From earth his freed affections rise
To fix on things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.
- 4 Henceforth our conversation be,
As standing at the Throne !
Ere long we face to face shall see,
And know as we are known.

453. P. M.

- 1 Almighty God! in prayer to Thee
I bow the head, and bend the knee,
With humble soul, and heart resigned :
To Thee with trembling lips I raise
The holy sacrifice of praise,
O Friend and Father of mankind.
- 2 In life's young morn Thou didst impart
The rivers to my beating heart,
And taught the streaming pulse to flow ;
Amid sensation's changeful tide
Thou bad'st the trembling soul abide,
Alive to rapture or to woe.
- 3 And still unquenched, at Thy behest
The flame of being warms my breast,
But fleeting life must soon be o'er ;
Soon will Thy hands again require
This transient spark of heavenly fire,
And this frail heart shall heave no more.
- 4 But thou, O Spirit, prompt to save,
Wilt brood upon the shrouded grave,
While wrapt in earth her offspring sleeps ;
As o'er her infant's midnight bed,
With bosomed breath, and silent tread,
Her secret watch the mother keeps.

- 5 O Thou, that dwell'st enthroned on high !
 O God of Heaven, we shall not die,
 Omnipotent, All-wise, and Just !
 Death shall resign his iron sway,
 And love, that beams eternal day,
 Shall warm our ashes in the dust.

454. 78 M.

- 1 As the eagle o'er her nest
 Spreads her sheltering wings abroad,
 So, from all that would molest,
 Doth Thine arm defend me, Lord !
 From my youth up e'en till now,
 Of the being Thou didst give,
 And the life that still I live,
 Faithful Guardian still wert Thou.
 All things else have but their day,
 God's Love only lasts for aye.
- 2 When I sleep my Guardian wakes,
 And revives my wearied mind ;
 Every morning on me breaks
 With some mark of love most kind ;
 Had my God not stood my Friend,
 Had His countenance not been
 Here my guide, I had not seen
 Many a trial reach its end.
 All things else have but their day,
 God's Love only lasts for aye.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD.

- 3 As a father ne'er withdraws
From a child his all of love,
Though it often breaks his laws,
Though it careless, wilful, prove :
Even so my loving Lord
Doth my faults with pity see,
With His rod He chasteneth me,
Not avenging with His sword.
All things else have but their day,
God's Love only lasts for aye.
- 4 All my life I still have found,
And I will forget it never,
Every sorrow hath its bound,
And no cross endures for ever.
After all the Winter's snows
Comes sweet Summer back again ;
Patient souls ne'er wait in vain,
Joy is given for all their woes.
All things else have but their day,
God's Love only lasts for aye.
- 5 Since, then, neither change nor end
In Thy love can e'er have place,
Father ! I beseech Thee send
Unto me Thy loving grace.
Help Thy feeble child, and give
Strength to serve Thee day and night,
Loving Thee with all my might,
While on earth I yet must live ;
So shall I, when Time is o'er,
Praise and love Thee evermore.

455. C. M.

- 1 Blest hour, when virtuous friends shall meet,
 Shall meet to part no more,
And with celestial welcome greet
 On an immortal shore.
- 2 The parent finds his long-lost child ;
 Brothers on brothers gaze ;
The tear of resignation mild
 Is changed to joy and praise.
- 3 Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
 With endless bliss is crowned ;
All that was dead revives again ;
 All that was lost is found.
- 4 And while remembrance, lingering still,
 Draws joy from sorrowing hours ;
New prospects rise, new pleasures fill
 The soul's expanded powers.
- 5 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
 High thoughts shall interchange ;
Nor cease, with ever-new delight,
 On wings of love to range.
- 6 Their Father marks their generous flame,
 And looks complacent down ;
The smile that owns their filial claim
 Is their immortal crown.

456. S. M.

- 1 "For ever with the Lord!" —
 Amen; so let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'T is Immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer Home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near,
 At times, to Faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 In darkness as in light,
 Hidden alike from view,
 I sleep, I wake, as in His sight,
 Who looks all nature through.
- 5 All that I am, have been,
 All that I yet may be,
 He sees at once, as He hath seen,
 And shall for ever see.
- 6 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the Throne,
 " For ever with the Lord ! "

457. S. M.

- 1 "For ever with the Lord!"
 Father, if 't is Thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfil!
- 2 Be Thou at my right hand,
 Then can I never fail;
 Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
 Aid, and I must prevail.
- 3 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
- 4 The trump of final doom
 Will speak the selfsame word,
 And heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
 "For ever with the Lord!"
- 5 That resurrection word,
 That shout of victory,
 Once more, "For ever with the Lord!"—
 Amen; so let it be!

458. S. M.

- 1 My Father's house on high!
 Home of my soul, how near,
 At times, to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD.

- 2 Ah ! then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,
 Jerusalem above.
- 3 Yet clouds will intervene,
 And all my prospect flies ;
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 4 Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease ;
 While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
 Expands the bow of peace.
- 5 I hear at morn and even,
 At noon and midnight hour,
 The choral harmonies of Heaven
 Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.
- 6 Then, then I feel that He,
 Remembered or forgot,
 The Lord, is never far from me,
 Though I perceive Him not.

459. L. M.

- 1 God is our refuge and defence,
 In trouble our unfailing aid ;
 Secure in His omnipotence,
 What foe can make our soul afraid ?

- 2 There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
There, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.
- 3 Thither let fervent faith aspire :
Our treasure and our heart be there ;
Oh, for a seraph's wing of fire !
No,—on the mightier wings of prayer,—
- 4 We reach at once that last retreat,
With His unclouded presence blest ;
And cast our burdens at His feet,
Who is our home, our hope, our rest.
- 5 But soon, how soon ! our spirits droop ;
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe :
Yet God in very deed will stoop,
And dwell Himself with men beneath.
- 6 Come to Thy living temples, then !
As in the ancient times appear !
Let earth be paradise again,
And man, O God ! Thine image here !

460. P. M.

- 1 Lord ! have mercy, and remove us
Early to Thy place of rest,
Where the heavens are calm above us,
And as calm each sainted breast.

- 2 Holiest ! yet if our repentance
Be not perfect and sincere,
Lord ! suspend Thy fatal sentence ;
Leave us still in sadness here.
- 3 Leave us, Father, till our spirit
From each earthly taint is free ;
Fit Thy kingdom to inherit,
Fit to take its rest with Thee.

461. L. M.

- 1 God of Eternity ! from Thee
Did infant Time its being draw ;
Moments and days and months and years
Revolve by Thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulph from which it rose.
- 3 The thoughtless tribes of mortal men,
Before the rapid stream, are borne
On to that everlasting home,
The country whence there 's no return
- 4 Yet, while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
They gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor heed the world to which they go.

- 5 Great Source of wisdom, teach our hearts
To know the worth of every hour ;
That Time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

462. L. M.

- 1 Go, suffering habitant of earth !
Go, conscious of thy heavenly birth,
And, midst the storms that round thee rise,
Retrace thy journey to the skies.
- 2 What though the wild winds rage around,
Thou wilt not tremble at the sound ;
What though the waters o'er thee roll,
They touch not thine immortal soul.
- 3 See where, arrayed on either hand,
The direful train of passions stand ;
See hatred, envy, bar thy way,
And foes more dangerous still than they.
- 4 But robed in innocence and truth,
Thou from temptation guard thy youth ;
And from thy vestment's sacred bound
Shake the dread fiends that cling around.
- 5 Against thee though they all conspire,
With taunt, and threat, and flood, and fire,
Thou all their empty rage disdain,
That raves, and burns, and rolls in vain.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF GOD.

- 6 Go, with pure heart and steadfast eyes,
Till on thee that bright morn shall rise
That gives thee to thy blest abode,
To rest for ever with thy God.

463. L. M.

- 1 Heaven is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God! in us create:
Right spirits, Lord! in us renew:
Commence we *now* that higher state,
Now do Thy will as angels do.
- 3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below, to heaven above.

464. L. M.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!
- 2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

- 3 Their streaming tears together flow
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals His awful face ;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There 's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
When Nature droops her sickening fire :
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

465. P. M.

- 1 Lead us with Thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led.
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a consecrated shrine.
- 2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourne
Is the haven of the soul ;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Saviour's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

AFFLICTION COMFORTED.

- 3 Lead us thither! Thou dost know
All the way; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to Thee;
Guide us, — save us, — and prepare
Our appointed mansion there!

466. 7s M.

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see:
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to Thee draw near?
- 2 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole:
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head;
And His countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

467. L. M.

- 1 My God! I bless Thee: may no thought
E'er deem Thy chastisements severe!
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and earth is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er our transient day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ :
Thy purposes of love fulfil :
And 'mid the wrecks of human joy
May kneeling faith adore Thy will !

468. C. M.

- 1 O God, that madest earth and sky !
The darkness and the day !
Be near us in each trying hour,
And help us when we pray !
For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart
To view the rocky shore !
- 2 The cross our Master bore for us,
For Him we fain would bear,
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair !

AFFLICTION COMFORTED.

Then mercy on our failings, Lord !
Our sinking faith renew !
And when thy sorrows visit us,
O send thy patience too.

469. C. M.

- 1 O help us, Lord ! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give ;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore,
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe ;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.
- 4 O help us, Father, from on high ;
We know no help but Thee ;
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

470. L. M.

- 1 O Thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light !
Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free !

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

- 2 If in the darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No fraud, nor violence I fear,
Nor foes, while Thou my God art near.
- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe;
Through Jesus timely aid impart,
To raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 4 Saviour! where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I'd follow thee!
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 5 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm with God's own peace.

471. P. M.

- 1 Our hope in sorrow, sorrow leaves;
May sorrow still reveal it;
He who the heart of bliss bereaves,
He has the power to heal it.
- 2 Our dearest hopes He would not crush,
And pass unheeding by them;
Nor bid our eyes with sorrows gush,
Unless His love could dry them.

- 3 A bruised reed He will not break :
But hearts that bow before Him
Shall own His mercy while they ache,
And gratefully adore Him.

472. L. M.

- 1 Our times are in Thy hand, and Thou
Wilt guide our footsteps at Thy will :
Lord ! to Thy purposes we bow :
Do Thou Thy purposes fulfil !
- 2 Life's mighty waters roll along ;
Thy Spirit guides them as they roll :
And waves on waves impetuous throng
At Thy command, at Thy control.
- 3 Lord ! we Thy children look to Thee,
And with an humbled, prostrate will,
Find in Thine all-sufficiency
A claim to love and serve Thee still.

473. P. M.

- 1 Say not, my soul, " From whence
Can God relieve my care ? "
Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere :
But if as weak and poor
Thou seekest charity, —
Christ may come knocking at thy door,
And ask relief of thee.

- 2 He comes as truth denied ;
 Comes as a wounded heart ;
 Sees if with courage well supplied
 And kindliness thou art.
 Will he an alms receive ?
 Then never doubt and fret ;
 Is God less able to relieve,
 More likely to forget ?
- 3 God's help is always sure,
 His methods seldom guessed ;
 Delay will make our pleasure pure,
 Surprise will give it zest :
 His wisdom is sublime,
 His heart profoundly kind ;
 God never is before His time,
 And never is behind.
- 4 Hast thou assumed a load
 Which few will share with thee ?
 And art thou carrying it for God,
 And shall He fail to see ?
 Be comforted at heart,
 Thou art not left alone :
 Now, thou the Lord's companion art,
 And soon wilt share His throne.

474. C. M.

- 1 I cannot call affliction sweet,
 And yet 't was good to bear ;
 Affliction brought me to Thy feet,
 And I found comfort there.

AFFLICTION COMFORTED.

- 2 My weanèd soul was all resigned
To Thy most gracious will ;
Oh ! had I kept that better mind,
Or been afflicted still !
- 3 Where are the vows which then I vowed,
The joys which then I knew !
Those vanished, like the morning cloud,
These, like the early dew.
- 4 Lord ! grant me grace for every day,
Whate'er my state may be,
Through life and death with truth to say,
" My God is all to me ! "

475. 10s M.

- 1 Thou that art strong to comfort, look on me !
I sit in darkness and behold no light ;
Over my soul the waves of agony
Have gone, and left me in a rayless night.
- 2 A bruised and broken reed sustain ! sustain !
Divinest Comforter, to Thee I fly,
To whom no soul hath ever fled in vain ;
Support me with Thy love, or else I die.
- 3 Father, whate'er I had, it all was Thine ;
A God of mercy Thou hast ever been ;
O, help me what I most loved to resign,
And if I murmur, count it not for sin.

- 4 My soul is strengthened now, and it shall bear
All that remains, whatever it may be ;
And from the very depths of my despair
I will look up, O God, and trust in Thee !

476. L. M.

- 1 O Thou that read'st the secret heart,
And hear'st the sufferer's softest sigh,
When I remember that Thou art,
I feel each care, each sorrow fly.
- 2 Thou art, to whom the sinner's moan
Was never yet breathed forth in vain ;
Thou art, to whom each thought is known,
Each secret sigh, each hidden pain.
- 3 And oh ! when earthly loves grow cold,
And earthly comforts melt away,
Thou art the sufferer's certain hold,
The same throughout eternal day.
- 4 Thy smile of love beams always bright,
To cheer the contrite sinner's heart ;
Nor can that soul be plunged in night,
That knows and feels, O Lord ! THOU art.

477. C. M.

- 1 Thy way is in the deep, O Lord !
E'en there we 'll go with Thee :
We 'll meet the tempest at Thy word,
And walk upon the sea !

AFFLICTION COMFORTED.

- 2 Poor tremblers at His rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so?—
Who gives the storm a path, will find
The way our feet shall go.
- 3 A moment may His hand be lost,—
Drear moment of delay!
We cry, "Lord! help the tempest-tost,"—
And safe we 're borne away.
- 4 The Lord yields nothing to our fears,
And flies from selfish care;
But comes Himself, where'er He hears
The voice of loving prayer.
- 5 O happy soul, of faith divine!
Thy victory how sure!
The love that kindles joy is thine,—
The patience to endure.
- 6 Come, Lord of peace! our griefs dispel;
And wipe our tears away:
'T is Thine to order all things well,
And ours, to bless Thy sway.

478. S. M.

- 1 When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To Heaven I lift mine eyes.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

- 2 O lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head ;
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter, and my shade.
- 3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
I ever would abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

479. L. M.

- 1 Weep not for those in Christ who sleep
Within the cold grave's dreamless bed,
Their rest is calm, and angels keep
Watch o'er each heaven-beloved head.
Their strife is closed, their crown is won !
To realms of bliss their spirits soar,
And, near their heavenly Father's throne,
Live in His smile, to die no more !
- 2 But weep for those, who here below
Through trial's stormy ocean steer ;
Who 'mid the mountain billows go,
By hope misled, or driven by fear ;
And oh, for him, in danger's hour,
Whose heart hath sunk, whose faith is dim,
Who falls before the tempter's power,
Weep, child of frailty, weep for him.

- 3 Yet, in the hour of guilt and shame,
 Jesus! thy glance could bring relief;
 The wandering spirit could reclaim,
 And ope the source of hallowed grief.
 Thus, when we leave Thy heavenly way,
 Lord! may the love, the thought of Thee,
 Subdue each sinful passion's sway,
 And, in Thy spirit, make us free!

480. L. M.

- 1 Afflicted soul! to God draw near;
 Thy Father's gracious promise hear:
 His faithful word declares to thee,
 That "as thy day thy strength shall be."
- 2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
 "How shall I stand this trying day?"
 He has engaged by firm decree,
 That "as thy day thy strength shall be."
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
 Yet, though the conflict may be long,
 The Lord will make the tempter flee,
 And "as thy day thy strength shall be."
- 4 When death at length appears in view,
 His presence shall thy fears subdue:
 He comes to set thy spirit free;
 And "as thy day thy strength shall be."

- 5 And in that after world of rest,
Where cleansed souls are fully blest,—
All time in retrospect shall prove
The word which told thee "God is Love."

481. L. M.

- 1 Affliction's faded form draws nigh,
With wrinkled brow and tearful eye,
With sackcloth on her bosom spread,
And ashes scattered o'er her head.
- 2 But deem her not a child of earth ;
From Heaven she draws her sacred breath :
Beside the throne of God she stands,
To execute His dread commands.
- 3 The messenger of grace, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies ;
And onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day :
- 4 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn ;
And from her lips these accents steal,
" God smites to bless, He wounds to heal."

482. C. M.

- 1 Bear on, my soul ! The bitter cross
Of every trial here
Shall lift thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

AFFLICTION COMFORTED.

- 2 Bear on, my soul ! On God rely ;
Deliverance will come ;
A thousand ways the Father hath
To bring His children home.
- 3 And Thou, our heavenly Friend and Guide,
Hast kindly led me on ;
Taught me to rest my fainting head
Upon Thy heart alone.
- 4 So comforted, and so sustained,
With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
All, messengers of Love.

483. 7s M.

- 1 God ! be merciful to me,
For my spirit trusts in Thee,
And to Thee, her refuge, springs :
Be the shadow of Thy wings
Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till this storm is overpast.
- 2 From the water-floods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul,
Me Thine arm almighty take,
For Thy loving kindness' sake ;
If Thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke will break my heart.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

- 3 Foes increase, they close me round,
Friend nor comforter is found;
Sore temptations now assail,
Hope and strength and courage fail;
Turn not from Thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.
- 4 Poor and sorrowful am I,
Set me, O my God! on high:
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought;
Nigh to death my soul is brought;
Save me, Lord, in mercy save,
Lest I sink below the grave.

484. P. M.

- 1 God is Love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 2 Time and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

AFFLICTION COMFORTED.

- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above :
Everywhere His glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

485. C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain ;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

486. L. M. .

- 1 God of my life ! to Thee I call,
Afflicted, at Thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint !
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor !
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not Thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain ?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer ;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

487. C. M.

- 1 Great Ruler of all nature's frame !
We own Thy power divine :
We hear Thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are Thine.

AFFLICTION COMFORTED.

- 2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way
They work Thy sovereign will ;
And, awed by Thy majestic voice,
Confusion shall be still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek Thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of Thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease ;
And gales of paradise shall lull
My weary soul to peace.

488. L. M.

- 1 He that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 He guides our feet, He guards our way,
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while nature sleeps.
- 3 Then will we say, " O God, Thy power
Shall be our fortress and our tower ;
We, who are formed of feeble dust,
Make Thine almighty arm our trust."

489. C. M.

- 1 Him wilt Thou keep in perfect peace,
Whose mind is stayed on Thee ;
Me, Lord, from pining care release,
And vain perplexity.
- 2 'T is not the bleeding wounds of grief,
Whose anguish I bemoan ;
An evil heart of unbelief,
A cold, hard heart of stone ;—
- 3 O'er this in loneliness I wake,
And darkness to be felt,
Since Sinai's thunders cannot break,
Nor Calvary's sufferings melt.
- 4 Uncheered with hopes, unawed by fears,
All comfort banished hence,
O for a burst of contrite tears !
A pang of penitence !
- 5 O for one grain of saving faith,
Upspringing in my breast !
"Come unto me," my Saviour saith,
"And I will give thee rest."
- 6 I hear, I know the joyful sound ;
I fly that call to meet,
And find, what all who sought have found,
Rest at his blessed feet.

490. L. M.

- 1 How rich the blessings, O my God,
Which teach this grateful heart to glow ;
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of Thy mercy flow !
- 2 How calmly rolls the stream of life,
Secure in Thine immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longer shudders at the dust.
- 3 Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.
- 4 Then Virtue's humble toil and prayer
Shall stand acknowledged at Thy throne,
Triumphant over earthly care,
And the blest record Thou wilt own.

491. C. M.

- 1 How shalt thou bear the Cross that now
So dread a weight appears ?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the Eternal Years.
- 2 Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears ;
Take up the Cross, and in thy heart
Think on the Eternal Years.

- 3 Thy Cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears :
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the Eternal Years.
- 4 He practises all virtue well,
Who his own Cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the Eternal Years.

492. S. M.

- 1 If through unruffled seas,
Towards Heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,
We'll own Thy fostering gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,—
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home !
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at Thy control :
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us in every state
To make Thy will our own ;
And, when the trusts of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

- 5 Ere long Thy ceaseless love
 Shall all its plan disclose :
 And, in Thy blissful courts above,
 Yield us a long repose !

493. 78 M.

- 1 "Joy to those that love the Lord!"
 Saith the sure eternal word.
 Not of earth the joy it brings,
 Tempered in celestial springs :
- 2 'T is the joy of pardoned sin,
 When we feel 't is well within ;
 'T is the joy that fills the breast
 When the passions sink to rest :
- 3 'T is a joy that, seated deep,
 Leaves not when we sigh and weep ;
 Spreads itself in virtuous deeds,
 Sighs for woe, in pity bleeds.
- 4 Stern and awful are its tones
 When the patriot martyr groans,
 And, the death-pulse beating high,
 Rapture blends with agony.
- 5 Tenderer is the form it wears,
 Touched with love, dissolved in tears,
 When subdued at Jesus' feet,
 Sinners clasp the mercy-seat.

- 6 'T is joy e'en here ! a budding flower,
Struggling with the storm and shower,
Till its season to expand,
Planted in its native land.

494. P. M.

- 1 Judge me, Lord, in righteousness !
Plead for me in my distress !
Good and merciful Thou art,
Bind the bleeding, broken heart ;
Cast me not despairing hence,
Be Thy love my confidence !
- 2 Send Thy light and truth to guide
Me too prone to turn aside,
On Thy holy hill to rest,
In Thy tabernacles blest ;
There to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.
- 3 Why, my soul, art thou dismayed ?
Why of earth or ill afraid ?
Trust in God, disdain to yield,
While o'er thee He casts His shield,
And His countenance divine,
Sheds the light of Heaven on thine.

495. P. M.

1 Leave all to God,
 Forsaken one, and still thy tears,
 For the Highest knows thy pain,
 Sees thy sufferings and thy fears;
 Thou shalt not wait His help in vain;
 Leave all to God.

2 Be still and trust!
 For His strokes are strokes of love,
 Thou must for thy profit bear;
 He thy filial fear would move;
 Trust thy Father's loving care;
 Be still and trust!

3 Know, God is near!
 Though thou think Him far away,
 Though His mercy long have slept,
 He will come, and not delay,
 When His child enough hath wept;
 For God is near!

4 O teach Him not,
 When and how to hear thy prayers;
 Never doth our God forget;
 He the Cross who longest bears
 Finds that sorrow's bounds are set;
 Then teach Him not.

496. L. M.

- 1 Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whate'er betide ;
Thou 'lt find Him in the evil days
Thy all-sufficient Strength and Guide ;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.
- 2 Only, thy restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope ; content
To take whate'er His gracious will,
His all-discerning love, hath sent.
Doubt not our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.
- 3 He knows when joyful hours are best ;
He sends them as He sees it meet ;
When thou hast borne the fiery test,
And art made free from all deceit,
He comes to thee all unaware,
And makes thee own His loving care.
- 4 Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,
And that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of Him preferred.
Time passes, and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to every thing.

AFFLICTION COMFORTED.

- 5 All are alike before His face :
T is easy to our God most High
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up, and brings to nought.

497. P. M.

- 1 Life nor Death shall us dissever
From His love who reigns for ever :
Will He fail us ? Never ! never !
When to Him we cry !
- 2 Wily Sin may seek to snare us ;
Fury Passion strive to tear us ;
Doubt and Fear and Sorrow wear us ;
Is no Helper nigh ?
- 3 Yes ! His might shall still defend us ;
And His blessed Son befriend us ;
And His holy Spirit send us
Comfort ere we die !

498. P. M.

- 1 Lord ! have mercy when we strive
To save through Thee our souls alive !
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin ;

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

When the wayward will is strong,
And the strife is fierce and long,
Lord, according to Thy word !
Then, oh then, have mercy, Lord !

2 Lord ! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill ;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come ;
Lord, we lean upon Thy word !
Then, oh then, have mercy, Lord !

3 Lord ! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below ;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress ;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright but distant Heaven !
Lord, according to Thy word,
Then, oh then, have mercy, Lord !

499. C. M.

1 Not for the pious dead we weep ;
Their sorrows now are o'er ;
The sea is calm, the tempest past,
On that eternal shore.

AFFLICTION COMFORTED.

- 2 Their peace is sealed, their rest is sure,
 Within that better home ;
 Awhile we weep and linger here,
 Then follow to the tomb.
- 3 And is the awful veil withdrawn
 That shrouds from mortal eyes,
 In deep impenetrable gloom,
 The secrets of the skies ?
- 4 O might some dream of visioned bliss,
 Some trance of rapture, show
 Where, on the bosom of their God,
 They rest from human woe !
- 5 Thence may their pure devotion's flame
 On us, on us descend ;
 To us their strong aspiring hopes,
 Their faith, their fervours lend.
- 6 Let these our shadowy path illumine,
 And teach the chastened mind
 To welcome all that's left of good,
 To all that's lost resigned.

500. C. M.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Perpetual day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
'T was thus to Israel Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes :—
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er ;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

501. 7s M.

- 1 " Lord ! and what shall this man do ?"
Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend ?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end :
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

- 2 Ask not of him more than this ;
Leave it in his Father's breast,
Whether, early called to bliss,
He in youth shall find his rest,
Or armed in his station wait
Till his Lord be at the gate :
- 3 Whether in his lonely course
Lonely, not forlorn, he stay,
Or with Love's supporting force
Cheat the toil and cheer the way :
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.
- 4 Gales from Heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.
- 5 Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor,—
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure ?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past ?
- 6 Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord ! Thy sure relief ;
Patient hearts their pain to see,
And Thy grace to follow Thee !

502. P. M.

- 1 The mourners came at break of day
Unto the garden sepulchre,
With darkened hearts, to weep and pray
For Him, the loved one buried there :
What radiant light dispels the gloom !
An Angel sits beside the tomb.
- 2 The Earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low :
The Spring returns, the flowerets bloom ;—
An Angel sits beside the tomb.
- 3 Then mourn we not beloved dead ;
E'en while we come to weep and pray,
The happy spirit far hath fled,
To brighter realms of endless day :
Immortal Hope dispels the gloom :
An Angel sits beside the tomb.

503. L. M.

- 1 The trial of our faith is now ;
In happier days with ease professed ;—
Grant, Lord, that it may bear the test,
While meekly to Thy will we bow !

AFFLICTION COMFORTED.

- 2 Had it been left with us to choose,
O Lord! we could not choose but pray
This bitter cup might pass away,—
And that our loved we might not lose.
- 3 Yet in Thy mercy we confide ;
And this is best, dear God! we know,
For him and us—were it not so,
Our brother would not then have died.
- 4 Though still our hearts are faint and weak,
Yet could we by a word call back
The spirit on its unseen track,
Father! that word we durst not speak.
- 5 O help our souls Thy grace to see,
Give them a sure, unfaltering trust,
Our loved one is not in the dust,
But lives for ever safe with Thee!

504. P. M.

- 1 In Christ we live for ever!
By mighty faith
We conquer death,
And shrink before it never.
- 2 What though we meet with sorrow;
But a brief day
It clouds our way,
Bright smiles the endless morrow.

- 3 Whatever then befalls us,
 Serenely still
 We 'll work God's will
 Till to our rest He calls us.

505. L. M.

- 1 Dark, dark indeed the grave would be,
 Had we no light, O God, from Thee;
 If all we saw were all we knew,
 Or hope from reason only grew.
- 2 But fearless now we rest in faith,
 A holy life makes happy death,
 'T is but a change ordained by Thee,
 To set the imprisoned spirit free.
- 3 Sad, sad indeed 't would be to part
 From those who long had shared our heart,
 If Thou hadst left us still to fear
 Love's only heritage was here.
- 4 But calmly now we see them go
 From out this world of pain and woe;
 We follow to a home on high,
 Where pure affections never die.

506. S. M.

- 1 Oh, where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole:

DEATH AND FUTURITY.

- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'T is not the *whole* of life, to live ;
 Nor *all* of death, to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love :
- 4 Here, God ! we end our quest :
 Alone are found in Thee,
 The life of perfect love,—the rest
 Of immortality.

507. C. M.

- 1 Oh ! what were life, if time, alone,
 Comprised our being's span ;
 And no Eternity made known
 The loftier hopes of man !
- 2 Its joy—a moment's sunny gleam,
 Its grief—a starless night,
 Its hope—a transitory dream,
 Its fame—a meteor light.
- 3 But far beyond the lapse of years,
 The griefs and cares of time
 Which darken o'er this vale of tears,
 Are treasured joys sublime.

- 4 Then fight the fight, and keep the faith ;
That, having nobly striven,
To thee, victorious unto death,
Immortal life be given.
- 5 Knowing the Lord to them will give
A glorious crown on high,
Who seek but in His fear to live,
And in His favour die.

508. C. M.

- 1 Thee we adore, Eternal Name !
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying creatures we.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Still leaves the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath which first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we stay,
We 're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

DEATH AND FUTURITY.

- 5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road ;
And, if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

509. L. M.

- 1 The God of glory walks His round,
From day to day, from year to year ;
And warns us each, with awful sound,
“ No longer stand ye idle here !
- 2 “ Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear ;
Waste not of hope the morning light !
Mortals ! why stand ye idle here ?
- 3 “ O, as the griefs you would assuage
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing for your age,
And work your Maker's business here !
- 4 “ One hour remains, perhaps but one !
And many a sigh, and many a tear
Through heavenly years the guilt must moan
Of moments lost and wasted here ! ”
- 5 O Thou, by all Thy works adored !
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to Thy vineyard, Lord !
And grant us grace to please Thee here !

510. C. M.

- 1 Let others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish, bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs;
We die if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
Who reared it from the dust:
Hosanna to the Almighty name
In whom is all our trust!

511. L. M.

- 1 Like shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.
- 2 Vain is the boast of lengthened years,
The patriarch's full maturity;
'T is but a larger drop to swell
The ocean of eternity.

- 3 "He lived,—he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page;
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.
- 4 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us Thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly:
- 5 To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

512. L. M.

- 1 When life as opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the fancy greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,—
Alas! how hard it is to die!
- 2 When just is seized some valued prize,—
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,—
How awful then it is to die!
- 3 When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,—
Ah then, how easy 't is to die!

- 4 When faith is firm, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,—
'T is joy, 't is triumph then to die!
- 5 When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow-gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,—
'T is nature's precious boon to die.

513. C. M.

- 1 Yes! there's a better world on high:
Hope on, thou pious breast!
Faint not, thou traveller! in the sky
Thy weary feet shall rest.
- 2 Through death's lone vale of deepest shade
Thy feet must surely go;
Yet there, e'en there, walk undismayed;
'T is thy last scene of woe.
- 3 Jehovah with paternal hand
Shall guard the traveller through:
"Hail!" shalt thou cry, "hail, promised land!
Sorrows of earth, adieu!"
- 4 Father! oh make our souls Thy care;
Oh take us all to Thee:
Where Thou art known,—we ask not where,—
But there 't is Heaven to be.

514. C. M.

- 1 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow,
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

515. S. M.

- 1 Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear,
The mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell,—but felt no fear.
- 3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
- 4 At midnight came the cry,
“To meet thy God prepare!”
He woke, and caught his captain's eye;
Then strong in faith and prayer.—

- 5 His spirit, with a bound,
 Left its encumbering clay ;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
 A darkened ruin lay.
- 6 Soldier of Christ, well done !
 Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

516. P. M.

- 1 Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not
 deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 tomb :
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before
 thee,
 And the lamp of his Love is thy guide through
 the gloom !
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold
 thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
 side ;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to
 enfold thee,
 And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died !

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion
forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy
waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the
Seraphim's song!
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not
deplore thee,
Whose God is thy dwelling, thy guardian, and
guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore
thee,
And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has
died!

517. P. M.

- 1 Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying;
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
- 2 Hark, they whisper! angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul,—can this be death?

- 3 The world recedes!—it disappears!
 Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring:
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly:
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

518. 10s M.

- 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
 In full activity of zeal and power;
 A Christian cannot die before his time—
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to the grave; at noon from labour cease;
 Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
 Come from the heart of battle, and in peace,
 Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.
- 3 Go to the grave; though, like a fallen tree,
 At once with verdure, flowers, and fruitage
 crowned;
 Thy form may perish, and thy honours be
 Lost in the mouldering bosom of the ground.
- 4 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
 In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
 And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 5 Go to the grave;—no, take thy seat above;
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou, for faith and hope, hast perfect love,
 And open vision for the written word.

519. P. M.

- 1 Great God ! what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated !
The trumpet sounds ! the graves restore
The dead which they contained before !
Prepare, my soul ! to meet Him.

520. P. M.

- 1 Lord ! thou hast been Thy people's rest
Through all their generations ;
Their refuge when by dangers prest,
Their hope in tribulations ;
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever Thou hadst formed the earth,
Art God from everlasting !
- 2 The sons of men return to clay
When Thou the word hast spoken,
As with a torrent borne away,
Gone, like a dream when broken :
A thousand years are, in Thy sight,
But as a watch amid the night,
Or yesterday departed.

- 3 Lo ! Thou hast set before Thine eyes
 All our misdeeds and errors ;
 Our secret sins from darkness rise,
 At Thine awakening terrors :
 Who shall abide the trying hour ?
 Who knows the thunder of Thy power ?
 We flee unto Thy mercy.
- 4 Lord ! teach us so to mark our days,
 That we may prize them duly :
 So guide our feet in wisdom's ways,
 That we may love Thee truly :
 Return, O Lord ! our griefs behold,
 And with Thy goodness, as of old,
 Oh satisfy us early !

521. C. M.

- 1 Lord ! I believe a rest remains
 To all Thy people known ;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And Thou art loved alone ;
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above ;
 Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
 Believe and enter in !
 Now, Father ! now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin !

DEATH AND FUTURITY.

- 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of Faith impart,
The Sabbath of Thy love !

522. P. M.

- 1 Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father divine !
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are Thine !
- 2 O Father ! in that hour,
When earth all succouring power
Shall disavow ;
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down ;
Sustain us, Thou !
- 3 By him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod ;
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away ;
Aid us, O God !
- 4 Tremblers beside the grave,
We call on Thee to save,
Father divine !
Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
Keep us in life and death,
Thine, only Thine !

523. P. M.

- 1 Call them from the dead,
 For our eyes to see :
 Prophet-bards, whose awful word
 Shook the Earth, " Thus saith the Lord,
 And made the idols flee :—
 A glorious company !
- 2 Call them from the dead,
 For our eyes to see :
 Sons of wisdom, song, and power,
 Giving earth her richest dower,
 And making nations free :—
 A glorious company !
- 3 Call them from the dead,
 For our eyes to see ;
 Forms of beauty, love, and grace,
 " Sunshine in the shady place,"
 That made it life to be :—
 A blessed company !
- 4 Call them from the dead,—
 Vain the call will be :
 But the hand of Death shall lay,
 Like that of Christ, its healing clay
 On eyes which then shall see
 That glorious company.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

524. C. M.

- 1 Our Father! through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave, without a fear,
Its ordering all to Thee.
- 2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care.
- 3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.
- 4 It may be it shall bring us days
And nights of lingering pain,
And bid us take our farewell gaze
Of these loved haunts of men.

OCCASIONAL

- 5 But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest ;
No fears our trust shall move ;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And Thou art perfect Love.

525. P. M.

- 1 Bless, O Lord, the opening year
To the souls assembled here :
Clothe Thy word with power divine ;
Make us willing to be Thine !
- 2 Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 3 Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from every tongue ;
Let our whole assembly prove
All Thy power, and all Thy love !

526. P. M.

- 1 While with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Finished is their earthly day,
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer stay,
But how little none can know.

AND MISCELLANEOUS.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

8 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless Thy word to young and old ;
Fill us with our Father's love ;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above !

527. C. M.

1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of Time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day ;
Welcome each closing year.

- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
 Not many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand revealed
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of Nature, speed your course ;
 Ye mortal powers, decay ;
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.

528. L. M.

- 1 Another fleeting day is gone,
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
 Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.
- 2 Another fleeting day is gone,
 Swept from the records of the year ;
 And still, with each successive sun,
 Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone
 To join the fugitives before ;
 And I, when life's employ is done,
 Shall sleep, to wake in time no more.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone,
 But soon a fairer day shall rise,
 A day whose never-setting sun
 Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.

- 5 Another fleeting day is gone,
 In solemn silence rest, my soul;
 Bow down before His awful throne
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.

529. L. M.

- 1 Our Father! bless us ere we go;
 Thy word into our minds instil;
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
 O God of Jesus! be our Light!
- 2 The day is done; its hours have run;
 And Thou hast taken count of all,—
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
 O God of Jesus! be our Light!
- 3 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
 Sweet awe, and sober liberty,
 And simple hearts without alloy,
 That only long to be like Thee.
 Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
 O God of Jesus! be our Light!
- 4 For all we love,—the poor, the sad,
 The sinful,—unto Thee we call;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad,
 Thou art our God, Thou art our All!
 Through life's long day, and death's dark night,
 O God of Jesus! be our Light!

530. L. M.

- 1 Oh! Day of days! shall hearts set free
No "minstrel rapture" find for thee?
Thou art the Sun of other days,
They shine by giving back thy rays:
- 2 Enthroned in thy sovereign sphere
Thou shedd'st thy light on all the year:
Sundays by thee more glorious break,
An Easter day in every week:
- 3 And week-days, following in their train,
The fulness of thy blessing gain,
Till all, both resting and employ,
Be one Lord's day of holy joy.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, to high desires,
And earlier light thine altar fires:
The World some hours is on her way,
Nor thinks on thee, thou blessed Day:
- 5 Or if she think, it is in scorn:
The vernal light of Easter morn
To her dark gaze no brighter seems
Than Reason's or the Law's pale beams.
- 6 "Where is your Lord?" she scornful asks:
"Where is his hire? we know his tasks;
Sons of a King ye boast to be,
Let us your crowns and treasures see."

- 7 We in the words of Truth reply,
An Angel brought them from the sky, —
“ Our crown, our treasure, is not here,
’T is stored above the highest sphere :
- 8 We watch not now the lifeless stone ;
Our only Lord is risen and gone.”
And the whole world, now Christ hath died,
Ennobled is and glorified.
- 9 ’T is now a cell, where Angels use
To come and go with heavenly news,
And in the ears of mourners say,
“ Come, see the place where Jesus lay.”
- 10 ’T is now a fane, where Love can find
Christ everywhere embalmed and shrined ;
Aye gathering up memorials sweet,
Where’er she sets her duteous feet.
- 11 So be it still : to holy tears,
In lonely hours, Christ risen appears :
In social hours, who Christ would see,
Must turn all tasks to Charity.

531. P. M.

- 1 See the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground ;
Now to thoughtless mortals calling
With a sweet and solemn sound :

- 2 " Yearly in our course returning,
 Messengers of shortest stay,
 We proclaim the solemn warning,
 ' Heaven and earth shall pass away.' "
- 3 On the tree of life eternal,
 O let all our hopes be laid :
 This alone, for ever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

532. L. M.

- 1 All, great Creator ! all are Thine !
 All feel Thy providential care ;
 And, through each changing scene of life,
 Thy never-changing goodness share ;—
- 2 Children, whose tender minds unformed,
 Ne'er raised a conscious thought to heaven,
 And men, whom reason lifts to God,
 Though oft by passion downward driven ;—
- 3 Those, too, who bend with age and care
 And faint and tremble near the tomb,
 Who, sickening at the present scenes,
 Sigh for that better world to come.
- 4 And whether grief oppress the heart ;
 Or whether joy elate the breast ;
 Or life still keep its onward course ;
 Or death invite us to our rest :

AND MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 All are Thy messengers ! and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord ! obey ;
And all are training man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer Thee.

533. 7s M.

- 1 We have pledged a solemn vow,
We are Christ's own liegemen now ;
Come or peril, woe, or loss,
We have taken up the Cross.
- 2 Never may we lay it down
Till Death bring the Victor's crown ;
And, from taint of falsehood clear,
" Bravely done ! " with joy we hear.

534. 7s M.

- 1 Ever faithful may we be,
Father, to the Truth and Thee ;
Like our Master, seeking still
Nothing but Thy perfect will.
- 2 Not for gain, and not for loss,
May we shrink to bear his cross ;
Not for pleasure, not for woe,
Trace of fear or falsehood show.
- 3 Men may hate, or men may scorn,
But the Resurrection-Morn
Every mist away will clear,
If we are but faithful here.

535. 7s M.

- 1 Light of Life, seraphic fire,
Love Divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart!
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come!
- 2 Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in!
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require;
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace!

536. L. M.

- 1 This stone to Thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, Thou, in heaven Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive!

AND MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
When children's voices raise that song;
Hosanna! let their Angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide—no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the holy Spirit rest?
- 6 That glory never hence depart!
Yet, choose not, Lord, this house alone:
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne!

537. C. M.

- 1 O Thou! whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee!
- 2 Lord! from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn,—and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

538. L. M.

- 1 The perfect world by Adam trod,
Was the first temple,—built by God:
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high,—
The broad illimitable sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,—
The sea, the sky,—and “all was good”:
And when its first pure praises rang,
The morning stars together sang.
- 4 Lord! ’t is not ours to make the Sea,
And Earth, and Sky a house for Thee:
But in Thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler Temple, “made with hands.”

539. P. M.

- 1 Christ to the young man said: "Yet one thing
more,
"If thou wouldst perfect be:—
"Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,
"And come and follow me!"
- 2 Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands, to-day, have been
Laid on a young man's head.
- 3 And evermore beside him on his way,
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm, and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"
- 4 Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair:
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain, and midnight prayer.
- 5 Oh holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon his Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

540. C. M.

- 1 O God! Thy children, gathered here,
Thy blessing now await;
Thy servant, girded for his work,
Stands at the temple gate!

OCCASIONAL

- 2 A holy purpose in his heart
Has deepened calm and still;
Now from his childhood's Nazareth
He comes, to do Thy will.
- 3 O Father! keep his soul alive
To every hope of good;
And may his life of love proclaim
Man's truest brotherhood!
- 4 O Father! keep his spirit quick
To every form of wrong;
And in the ear of sin and self
May his rebuke be strong!
- 5 And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
If e'er his faith grow dim,
Then, in the dreary wilderness,
Thine Angels strengthen him!
- 6 And give him in Thy holy work
Patience to wait Thy time,
And, toiling still with man, to breathe
The soul's serener clime.
- 7 O grant him many hearts to lead
Into Thy perfect rest;
Bless Thou him, Father, and his flock:
Bless! and they shall be blest!

541. L. M.

- 1 Pour out Thy spirit from on high ;
Lord, Thine assembled servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple, when we stand
To teach the truth, as taught by thee ;
Saviour, like stars in thy right-hand,
The angels of the Churches be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love :—
- 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night, strict guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope our charge resign ;
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God ! may they and we be Thine !

542. L. M.

- 1 Ye who your Lord's commission bear,
His way of mercy to prepare ;
Angels He calls you : be your strife
To lead on Earth an Angel's life.

- 2 Think not of rest ; though dreams be sweet,
 Start up, and ply your heavenward feet ;
 Is not God's oath upon your head,
 Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed ?
- 3 Never again your loins untie,
 Nor let your torches waste and die,
 Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
 Ye hear your Master's midnight call ?

543. C. M.

- 1 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass !
 Ye bars of iron ! yield ;
 And let the King of Glory pass, —
 The Cross is in the field.
- 2 That banner, brighter than the star
 That leads the train of night,
 Shines on their march, and guides from far
 His servants to the fight.
- 3 A holy war those servants wage ;
 Mysteriously at strife,
 The powers of heaven and hell engage
 For more than death or life.
- 4 Ye armies of the living God,
 His sacramental host !
 Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
 Take your appointed post.

- 5 Follow the Cross, the ark of peace
Accompany your path ;
To slaves and sinners bring release
From bondage and from wrath.
- 6 Uplifted are the gates of brass ;
The bars of iron yield ;
Behold the King of Glory pass ;
The Cross hath won the field.

544. L. M.

- 1 Assembled at Thy great command,
Here in Thy presence, Lord, we stand ;
The voice that marshalled every star
Has called Thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The Truth for which the Martyrs bled ;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunders of Thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist : accept our praise :
Our hopes revive ; our courage raise ;
Our counsels aid ; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come ;
Recal the wandering spirits home ;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious world around.

545. 78 M.

"To the Father, through the Son,"
Did the ancient ritual run :
So the Christian prayer was said,
So the Christian vow was paid.
Was the suppliant bending low,
Where the Nile's broad waters flow ?
Joined he in the choral praise,
Which the Seven Churches raise ?
Worshipped he in gloom and fear,
Roman soldiers lingering near ?
Still that holy prayer was one,
'To the Father, through the Son.'

Years have come, and years have gone,
And the Church no more is one ;
Broken now the bonds of love :
Flown the peace-bestowing dove :
Broken now Christ's cup divine,
Spilled the Sacramental wine.
Other prayers to Heaven arise,
Swell the new-made Litanies,
Single homage no more given
To the Father-God of Heaven.
Only, hoping, watching still,
Lonely light on lonely hill,
Scattered Churches here and there,
Echo the old Church's prayer,
Pray, as when the Church was one,
"To the Father, through the Son."

Years will come, when years have past,
 When God's Truth grows clear at last;
 When the broken links again
 Clasp in one unbroken chain;
 When to all one Grace is poured,
 From the chalice of the Lord;
 When from vast cathedral-pile,
 When from far-off coral isle,
 From the ladder angels tread,
 From the dying infant's bed,
 Rises one united prayer,
 Ringing through the ringing air,
 And that prayer — the same — the one,
"To the Father, through the Son."

546. C. M.

- 1 Thousands, O Lord of Hosts, this day,
 Around Thine altar meet;
 And tens of thousands throng to pay
 Their homage at Thy feet.
- 2 They see Thy power and glory there,
 As I have seen them too;
 They read, they hear, they join in prayer,
 As I was wont to do.
- 3 They sing Thy deeds, as I have sung,
 In sweet and solemn lays;
 Were I among them, my glad tongue
 Might learn new themes of praise.

- 4 I, of such fellowship bereft,
 In spirit turn to Thee ;
 Oh ! hast Thou not a blessing left,
 A blessing, Lord, for me ?
- 5 The dew lies thick on all the ground ;
 Shall my poor fleece be dry ?
 The manna rains from heaven around ;
 Shall I of hunger die ?
- 6 Behold Thy prisoner ! loose my bands,
 If 't is Thy gracious will :
 If not, — contented in Thy hands,
 Behold Thy prisoner still !
- 7 I may not to Thy courts repair,
 Yet here Thou surely art ;
 Lord ! consecrate a house of prayer
 In my surrendered heart !

547. L. M.

- 1 Though wandering in a stranger-land,
 Though on the waste no altar stand,
 Take comfort, thou art not alone,
 While Faith hath marked thee for her own.
- 2 Wouldst thou a Temple ? look above,
 The Heavens stretch over all in love :
 A Book ? for thine Evangile scan
 The wondrous history of Man.

- 3 The holy band of saints renowned
Embrace thee, brother-like, around ;
Their sufferings and their triumphs rise
In hymns immortal to the skies.
- 4 And though no organ-peal be heard,
In harmony the winds are stirred ;
And there the morning stars upraise
Their ancient song of deathless praise.

548. 10s M.

- 1 O Thou, the primal fount of life and peace,
Who shedd'st Thy breathing quiet all around,
In me command that pain and conflict cease,
And tune to music every jarring sound.
- 2 Make Thou in me, O God, through shame and
 pain,
A heart attuned to Thy celestial calm ;
Let not the spirit's pangs be roused in vain,
But heal the wounded breast with soothing balm.
- 3 So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
In full accord with all Thy works of Joy,
May I be nerved to labours high and pure,
And Thou Thy child to do Thy work employ.
- 4 In One who walked on earth, a Man of woe,
Was holier peace than even this hour inspires ;
From him to me let inward quiet flow,
And give the might my failing will requires.

- 5 So this great Universe,—so he, and Thou,
 The central source and wondrous bound of things,
 May fill my heart with rest as deep as now
 To land and sea and air Thy presence brings.

549. L. M.

- 1 When round Thy wondrous works below
 My searching rapturous glance I throw,
 Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
 In earth or sky, in stream or grove ;—
- 2 Or by the light Thy words disclose
 Watch Time's full river as it flows,
 Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
 Where not too deep for mortal sense ;—
- 3 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
 And all the flowers of life unfold ;—
 Let not my heart within me burn,
 Except in all I Thee discern.
- 4 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eyelids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 5 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live :
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.

550. L. M.

- 1 Great God ! and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
I but a child, — and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky !
- 2 Art Thou my Father ? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee ;
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.
- 3 Art Thou my Father ? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend ;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.
- 4 Art Thou my Father ? Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

551. C. M.

- 1 Oh say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.
- 2 Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day ?

- 3 And loved He not of Heaven to talk
 With children in His sight,
 To meet them in His daily walk,
 And to His arms invite?
- 4 And if some tones be false or low,
 What are all prayers beneath,
 But cries of babes, that cannot know
 Half the deep thought they breathe?
- 5 In Christ's own words we God adore,
 But angels, as we speak,
 Higher above our meaning soar
 Than we o'er children weak :
- 6 And yet the words mean more than they,
 And yet He owns their praise :
 Why should we think He turns away
 From infants' simple lays?

552. P. M.

- 1 " The spirit unto Thee,
 And the body to the dust ! "
 Father ! we say it mournfully,
 But we say it still in trust.
- 2 We cannot choose but weep
 For the one Thou madest dear,
 But we know that Thou wilt safely keep
 What we have treasured here.

- 3 Henceforth a shade must rest
Where he made such pleasant light,
But our faith stands sure that he is blest,
An Angel pure and bright.

553. L. M.

- 1 From year to year in love we meet;
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of children uttering sweet
The bosom-joy of every heart.
- 2 But time rolls on; and, year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hailed the children's festal day.
- 3 Death, ere another year, shall strike
Some of our number, marked to fall;
Be young and old prepared alike,
The warning is to each, to all.
- 4 This sole occasion then is ours;
This day we ne'er again shall see;
Lord God! awaken all our powers,
To spend it for eternity.
- 5 Our times, our lives are in Thy hand;
On Thee for all things we rely;
Assured, while in Thy grace we stand,
To live is Christ, and gain to die.

- 6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew ;
 Send children, teachers, in our place ;
 More humble, docile, faithful, true,
 More like Thy Son, — from race to race.

554. C. M.

- 1 The heart of childhood is all mirth ;
 We frolic to and fro,
 As free and blithe, as if on earth
 Were no such thing as woe.
- 2 Who, but a Christian, through all life
 That blessing may prolong ?
 Who, through the world's sad day of strife,
 Still chant his morning song ?
- 3 Fathers may hate us, or forsake,
 God's foundlings then are we :
 Mother on child no pity take,
 But we shall still have Thee.
- 4 We may look home, and seek in vain
 A fond fraternal heart,
 But Christ hath given his promise plain
 To do a brother's part.
- 5 Nor shall dull age, as worldlings say,
 The heavenward flame annoy :
 The Saviour cannot pass away,
 And with him lives our joy.

AND MISCELLANEOUS.

- 6 Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round the Autumnal Sun—
But there sight fails : no heart may know
The bliss when life is done.
- 7 Such is Thy banquet, dearest Lord ;
Oh give us grace to cast
Our lot with Thine, to trust Thy word,
And keep our best till last !

555. C. M.

- 1 When in the vale of lengthened years
My feeble feet shall tread,
And I survey the various scenes
Through which I have been led :
- 2 How many mercies will my life
Before my view unfold !
What countless dangers will be past,
What tales of sorrow told !
- 3 But O, my soul ! if thou canst say,
I've seen my God in all ;
In every trouble owned His hand,
In every gift His call :
- 4 If piety has marked my steps,
And love my actions formed,
And purity possessed my heart,
And truth my lips adorned :

- 5 If I an aged servant am
Of Jesus and of God,
I need not fear the closing scene,
Nor dread the appointed road.
- 6 This scene will all my labours end,
This road conduct on high :
With comfort I 'll review the past,
And triumph, though I die.

556. L. M.

- 1 Work, work to-day ! the night comes fast,
Soon will the fleeting hours be past ;
Work, work to-day ! for never more
Will Time its precious gifts restore.
- 2 Work, work ! each moment as it flies
Holds out a glory for the skies ;
Work, work ! each moment slighted now
Plucks a rich jewel from thy brow.

557. P. M.

- 1 One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.
- 2 One by one thy Duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

AND MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 One by one, bright gifts from Heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.
- 4 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armèd band ;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.
- 5 Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.
- 6 Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

558. 78 M.

- 1 Whatsoever be the seed,
Thought or feeling, word or deed,
Buried howsoever deep,
What we sow that shall we reap.
- 2 Every day and every hour,
'Mid the sunshine, 'mid the shower,
We are planting what must grow,
Yield it joy, or yield it woe.

- 3 In the past, full many a root
Have we laid for bitter fruit,
Sad regrets, and thoughts of gloom,
Ripening for the day of doom.
- 4 In the future may we sow
Only what to joy will grow,
Seeds of Truth and Holiness,
Evermore our souls to bless !

559. C. M.

- 1 Though lowly here our lot may be,
High work have we to do, —
In faith and trust to follow him
Whose lot was lowly too.
- 2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.
- 3 Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds, may be
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.
- 4 To Jesus true, to Conscience true,
However tried and prest,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

- 5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
 With rays of glory bright ;
 Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
 Into a crown of light.

560. 7s M.

- 1 Calmly, calmly lay him down !
 He hath fought a noble fight ;
 He hath battled for the right ;
 He hath won the fadeless crown !
- 2 Memories, all too bright for tears,
 Crowd around us from the past ;
 He was faithful to the last, —
 Faithful through long toilsome years.
- 3 All that makes for human good,
 Freedom, righteousness, and truth, —
 These, the objects of his youth,
 Unto age he still pursued.
- 4 Meek and gentle was his soul,
 Yet it had a glorious might ;
 Clouded minds it filled with light,
 Wounded spirits it made whole.
- 5 Huts where poor men sat distressed,
 Homes where death had darkly passed,
 Beds where suffering breathed its last, —
 These he sought, and soothed, and blessed.

OCCASIONAL

- 6 Hoping, trusting, lay him down !
Many in the realms above
Look for him with eyes of love,
Wreathing his immortal crown !

561. C. M.

FOR THE BLIND.

- 1 Father of light, and life, and love,
Thyself to us reveal,
As saints below and saints above
Thy sacred presence feel.
- 2 Not with the eye of mortal sense,
By angels round the throne,
Or happy souls, departed hence,
Art Thou in glory known.
- 3 No sun by day, no moon by night,
For this our spirits need ;
Who walk by faith, and not by sight,
They feel Thee nigh indeed.
- 4 Light in Thy light the blind may see,
No more by sin estranged ;
Light in the Lord, so let us be,
Into Thine image changed.
- 5 Since Thou Thyself dost still display
Unto the pure in heart ;
O make us, children of the day,
To know Thee as Thou art.

- 6 For Thou art light, and life, and love ;
 And Thy redeemed below
 May see Thee as Thy saints above,
 And know Thee as they know.

562. P. M.

O God ! protector of the lowly,
 Of all that trust in Thee ;
 Without whom nothing strong or holy,
 And nothing good can be !
 Guide Thou our steps to heavenly glory,
 And teach us so to choose,
 As not for pleasures transitory
 Eternal bliss to lose.

563. L. M.

- 1 O God, the Lord of place and time,
 Who orderest all things prudently ;
 Brightening with beams the opening prime,
 And glowing in the mid-day sky :
 2 Quench Thou the fires of hate and strife,
 The wasting fever of the heart ;
 From perils guard our feeble life,
 And to our souls Thy peace impart.

564. C. M.

- 1 O Thou from whom all goodness flows !
 I lift my soul to Thee :
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Good Lord ! remember me.

OCCASIONAL

- 2 When on my aching, burdened heart,
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart :
In love, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Lord ! let my strength be as my day :
For good remember me.
- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see !
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :
Hear and remember me.
- 5 If on my face, for Thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.
- 6 When in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree ;
Saviour ! with my last parting breath
I 'll cry, Remember me.

565. L. M.

- 1 Shew pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !
Let the repenting sinner live !
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not the contrite trust in Thee ?

- 2 No outward forms can make me clean,
Nor wash away the stain within ;
O God ! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true !
- 3 A broken heart, my God, my King !
Is all the sacrifice I bring :
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 4 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight :
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more !

566. 7s M.

- 1 Jesus, Saviour, sympathise
With thy servant's agonies ;
In thy life-time thou hast known
Racking pains that made thee moan —
Pain of body, grief of mind,
Shame and suffering combined.
- 2 With thy sanctifying hand
Touch me gently, and command
Some soft drops of dewy balm
To be shed with potent charm ;
Comfort was to thee imparted,
Comfort, thou, the broken hearted.

- 3 Pain ! what power within thee lies,
 Mystery of mysteries ;
 That the Holy and the Just,
 Even Christ our Saviour, must,
 Ere he gain full power to bless,
 Taste thee in thy bitterness !
- 4 Not to us the token thou,
 Of an angry Father's brow :
 Rather of His willingness
 To renew, receive, and bless ;
 Welcome, then, be thou to me,
 In thy sharpest agony.
- 5 Only, in that solemn hour,
 Let me feel, O God of power,
 That Thy gentle hand alone
 Gives the pain that makes me moan ;
 High experience let me gain,
 Fortitude in suffering pain.

567. L. M.

- 1 While sounds of war are heard around,
 And death and ruin strew the ground,
 To Thee we look, on Thee we call,
 The Parent and the Lord of all !
- 2 Thou who hast stamped on human kind
 The image of a heaven-born mind,
 And in a Father's wide embrace
 Hast cherished all the kindred race !

- 3 O see, with what insatiate rage
Thy sons their impious battle wage ;
How spreads destruction like a flood,
And brothers shed their brothers' blood.
- 4 See guilty passions spring to birth,
And deeds of hell deform the earth ;
While righteousness and justice mourn,
And love and pity droop forlorn.
- 5 Great God, whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind !
O bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.
- 6 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above,
" My creatures, live in mutual love."

568. P. M.

- 1 From foes that would the land devour ;
From guilty pride, and lust of power ;
From wild sedition's lawless hour ;
From yoke of slavery ;
From blinded zeal by faction led ;
From giddy change by fancy bred ;
From poisonous error's serpent head,
Good Lord, preserve us free !

- 2 Defend, O God ! with guardian hand,
 The laws and ruler of our land;
 And grant Thy Church the grace to stand
 In faith and unity !
 The Spirit's help of Thee we crave,
 That he whom Thou didst send to save
 May, at his second coming, have
 A people one with Thee !

569. C. M.

- 1 All hearts to Thee are open here ;
 All our desires are known ;
 And we are that which we appear,
 To Thee, good Lord, alone.
- 2 No eye of man can penetratè,
 Another's secret mind ;
 Nor well discern his own estate,
 Naked, and poor, and blind.
- 3 The entrance of Thy word gives light ;
 Let it so shine within,
 That each may tremble at the sight
 Of his unbosomed sin.
- 4 With godly sorrow make him grieve,
 Till hope spring out of grief,
 And cry with tears, " Lord, I believe,
 Help, Thou, mine unbelief."

AND MISCELLANEOUS.

- 5 As sinners to Thy house we came :
As saints may we depart,
In humbler, holier, happier frame
Of soul, and mind, and heart.

570. O. M.

- 1 O God ! by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest ;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast ;
- 2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.
- 3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do Thou Thy grace supply :
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

571. L. M.

- 1 Thy presence, everlasting God,
Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad ;
Those watchful eyes which cannot sleep
In every place Thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
When absent, happy if we share
Thy smile, Thy counsel, and Thy care.

OCCASIONAL

- 3 To Thee we all our ways commit,
And seek our comforts near Thy feet;
Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
And guard and guide us still as Thine.
- 4 Give us in Thy beloved house
Again to pay our grateful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around Thy throne.

572. P. M.

- 1 To Thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blestest all that live:
- 2 Whose goodness, never-failing
Through countless ages gone,
For ever, and for ever,
Shall still keep shining on.

573. C. M.

- 1 Almighty God! Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound!
- 2 Let not the tempting foes of man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love!

AND MISCELLANEOUS.

- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield a hundred-fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all whose souls the Truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

574. P. M.

- 1 Peace be to this congregation :
Peace to every soul therein :
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin :
Peace that speaks its heavenly Giver ;
Peace to worldly minds unknown ;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever ;
Peace, that comes from God alone.
- 2 God of peace ! be present near us !
Fix in all our hearts Thy home !
With Thy gracious presence cheer us !
Let Thy blessed kingdom come !
Raise to Heaven our expectation,
Give our favoured souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above !

OCCASIONAL

575. P. M.

- 1 Lord ! dismiss us with Thy blessing ;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

576. P. M.

- 1 To Thee our wants are known,
From Thee are all our powers ;
Accept what is Thine own,
And pardon what is ours :
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to Thy word a blessing give.
- 2 O grant that each of us
Now met before Thee here,
May meet together thus,
Where Thy redeemed appear :
And dwell with Christ, in heaven our home ;
"Even so ; amen ; Lord Jesus, come !"

577. L. M.

- 1 Come, Christians ! brethren ! ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart ;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

- 2 Christians ! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore ;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Soon, brethren ! we may meet again.

578. . P. M.

- 1 Now, Lord, we part awhile ;
But still in spirit joined,
Embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned :
And while we do Thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.
- 2 O let us thus go on
In all Thy pleasant ways !
And armed with patience run
With joy the appointed race :
Keep us, and every sinking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.
- 3 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more ;
In the new earth and heaven above, —
The world of righteousness and love !
- 4 O happy, happy day,
That calls Thy exiles home ;
When sorrows pass away,
And wanderers cease to roam :
We meekly wait the dread release,
And labour to be found in peace.

OCCASIONAL

579. P. M.

- 1 Gracious source of every blessing!
Guard our breasts from anxious fears;
May we, still Thy love possessing,
Sink into the vale of years.
- 2 All our hopes on Thee reclining,
Peace companion of our way,
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

580. L. M.

- 1 Lord! now we part in Thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work Thy will and spread Thy praise.
- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above;
Then shall we better sing Thy love.

581. P. M.

- 1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above:
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

582. L. M.

- 1 Millions within Thy courts have met :
Millions this day before Thee bowed :
Their faces heavenward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed :
- 2 But Thou, soul-searching God ! hast known
The hearts of all that bent the knee,
And hast accepted those alone,
Whose very spirit worshipped Thee.
- 3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh
Hath failed this day some suit to gain ;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh ;
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.
- 4 Thy poor were bountifully fed ;
Thy chastened ones have kissed the rod ;
Thy mourners have been comforted ;
The pure in heart have seen their God.
- 5 Yet one prayer more ;— and be it one
In which both heaven and earth accord :
Fulfil Thy promise to Thy Son ;—
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord !

583. C. M.

- 1 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
In every heart of man :
Thy peace and joy and righteousness
In all our bosoms reign !

OCCASIONAL

- 2 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove;
The perfect power of godliness,
The omnipotence of love!

584. P. M.

- 1 Part in peace! Is day before us?
Praise His name for life and light;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless His care who guards the night.
- 2 Part in peace! With deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace! Such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

585. C. M.

- 1 Soon will our fleeting hours be past,
And, as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams be gone.
- 2 May He from whom all blessings flow
Our sacred rites attend,
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end:

- 3 And, as the rapid sands run down,
 Our virtue still improve;
 Till each receive the glorious crown
 Of never-fading love.

586. S. M.

- 1 What though our bodies part,—
 To different climes repair,—
 Inseparably joined in heart
 The friends of Jesus are!
- 2 The vineyard of their Lord
 Before his labourers lies;
 And lo! we see the vast reward
 Which waits us in the skies.
- 3 O let our heart and mind
 Continually ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labours end!
- 4 Where all our toils are o'er,
 Our suffering and our pain:—
 Who meet on that eternal shore
 Shall never part again.
- 5 O happy, happy place,
 Where saints and angels meet!
 There shall we see each other's face,
 And all our brethren greet.

OCCASIONAL

- 6 We shall our time beneath
Live out in cheerful hope,
And fearless pass the vale of death,
And gain the mountain-top.
- 7 To gather home His own
God shall His angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

587. L. M.

- 1 Thou framer of the light and dark !
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark !
Amid life's ever changeful sea
We go secure, if we have Thee.
- 2 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
O Lord ! guide Thou his course aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.
- 3 Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep this night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 4 Be near and gird us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

588. L. M.

- 1 Glory to Thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings!
Under Thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord! through Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 O let my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To work Thy will when I awake.
- 4 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment-day.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow:
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him, ye heavenly hosts above!
Praise Him, my soul! for all His love.

589. P. M.

God that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light!
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night!

OCCASIONAL

May Thine angel guards defends us !
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us !
Holy dreams and hopes attend us !
This livelong night !

590. 7s M.

- 1 Slowly by Thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness : O how still
Is the working of Thy will !
- 2 Mighty Maker ! here am I,
Work in me as silently.
Veil the day's distracting sights ;
Show me Heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars. A wondrous birth !
So may gleams of glory dart
From this dim abyss, my heart !
- 4 Living worlds to view be brought,
In the boundless realms of Thought ;
High and infinite Desires,
Flaming like those upper fires !
- 5 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight !
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill !

AND MISCELLANEOUS.

- 6 Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony ;
May the perfect peace of God,
Here, as there, be shed abroad !

591. 7s M.

- 1 Source of light and life divine !
Thou didst cause the light to shine ;
Thou didst bring Thy sunbeams forth
O'er Thy new-created earth.
- 2 Shade of night, and morning ray,
Took from Thee the name of day :
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our mournful cry !
- 3 May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest ;
May no thoughts corrupt and vain
Draw our souls to earth again.
- 4 Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies ;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life !

592. 7s M.

- 1 Holiest ! whose present might
Never man invoked in vain,
Be about my bed this night ;
Vain and evil thoughts restrain ;

OCCASIONAL

Lay Thy hand upon my soul,
Lord of mine unguarded hours !
All my secret foes control ;
Bridle earth and nature's powers !

2 Jealous God, with eyes of flame !
God of spotless purity !
Thine I am : enforce Thy claim :
Consecrate my heart to Thee,
Under Thy allegiance take !
On my bed sweet musings give :
Let me sleep to Thee, and wake ;
Let me die to Thee, and live !

3 Only tell me I am Thine,
Say Thou ne'er wilt quit Thy right ;
Whisper peace in dreams divine,
Holy glimpses of Thy light !
Bid me e'en in sleep to sigh,
Ceaselessly my God desire,
Know Thy being ever nigh,
After holiness aspire !

4 Loose me from the chains of sense ;
Set me from the body free ;
Draw with stronger influence
This unfettered soul to Thee !
Lord ! in me Thyself reveal ;
Master me with glad surpriso :
Let me Thee, when waking, feel,
Daily in Thy image rise !

AND MISCELLANEOUS.

593. L. M.

- 1 My God ! how endless is Thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to Thy command ;
To Thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

594. L. M.

- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on ;
Thus far His power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home ;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

OCCASIONAL

- 4 Faith in His name forbids my fear :
Lord ! may Thy presence ne'er depart ;
And in the morning may I hear
Thy love and kindness in my heart.

595. L. M.

- 1 Hath not Thy heart within thee burned,
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power ?
- 2 And as upon the sacred page
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not a voice within thee burned ?
- 3 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart,
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.
- 4 Voice of our God, oh yet be near !
In low sweet accents whisper peace :
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in Heaven our wanderings cease

596. C. M.

- 1 O Lord ! another day is flown,
And we, a lowly band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

AND MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 And wilt Thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt ; for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 Through Jesus Thou a smile wilt deign
As we before Thee pray ;
For he did bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.
- 4 O let Thy grace perform its part,
Let all disquiet cease ;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.
- 5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led ;
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.
- 6 And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way ;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

597. P. M.

- 1 Holiest ! breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal ;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

OCCASIONAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly;
 Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
 We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
 Thou art He, who, never weary,
 Watchest where Thy people be.
- 4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom!

CHANTS,
PSALMS, AND ANTHEMS.

CHANTS

L

BENEDICTUS.

Luke i. 68.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel : for He hath visited and redeemed His people ;

And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us : in the house of His servant David ;

As He spake by the mouth of His Holy Prophets : which have been since the world began ;

That we should be saved from our enemies : and from the hands of all that hate us ;

To perform the mercy promised to our forefathers : and to remember His holy Covenant ;

To perform the oath which He sware to our forefather Abraham : that He would grant us ;

That we being delivered out of the hands of our enemies : might serve Him without fear ;

In holiness and righteousness before Him : all the days of our life.

CHANTS.

And thou, Child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare his ways;

To give knowledge of salvation unto his people: for the remission of their sins,

Through the tender mercy of our God: whereby the day-spring from on high hath visited us;

To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death: and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

II.

MAGNIFICAT.

Luke l. 46.

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For He hath regarded: the lowliness of his handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is His Name.

And His mercy is on them that fear Him: throughout all generations.

He hath shewed strength with His arm: He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek:

CHANTS.

He hath filled the hungry with good things : and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel : as He promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

III.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

Luke II. 29.

Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace : according to Thy word.

For mine eyes have seen : thy salvation,

Which Thou hast prepared : before the face of all people ;

To be a light to lighten the gentiles : and to be the glory of Thy people Israel.

IV.

TE DEUM.

We praise Thee, O God : we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the Earth doth worship Thee : the Father everlasting.

To Thee all Angels cry aloud : the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To Thee Cherubim, and Seraphim : continually do cry,

CHANTS.

Holy, Holy, Holy : Lord God of Sabaoth ;
Heaven and Earth are full of the majesty : of Thy
glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles : praise
Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets : praise
Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs : praise Thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world : doth
acknowledge Thee,

The Father : of an infinite Majesty ;

Thine honourable, true : and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost : the Comforter.

O Lord, save Thy people : and bless Thine heri-
tage.

Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints : in
glory everlasting.

Govern them : and lift them up for ever.

Day by day : we magnify Thee ;

And we worship Thy Name : ever world without
end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this day without
sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy upon
us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us : as our
trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted : let me never
be confounded.

CHANTS.

V.

BENEDICITE.

O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord :
praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord :
praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Heavens, bless ye the Lord : praise Him,
and magnify Him for ever.

O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord :
praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Sun and Moon, bless ye the Lord : praise
Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Stars of Heaven, bless ye the Lord : praise
Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Showers and Dew, bless ye the Lord : praise
Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord : praise
Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Fire and Heat, bless ye the Lord : praise
Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Nights and Days, bless ye the Lord : praise
Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the Lord :
praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Lightnings and Clouds, bless ye the Lord :
praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O let the Earth bless the Lord : yea, let it praise
Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Mountains and Hills, bless ye the Lord :
praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

CHANTS.

O all ye Green Things upon the Earth, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Seas and Floods, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Children of Men, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O let Israel bless the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Priests of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.

O ye holy and humble Men of heart, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and magnify Him ever.

VI.

ISAIAH, XLII. LXI.

The spirit of the Lord God is upon me: because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted; to proclaim liberty to the captives; and the opening of the prison to them that are bound:

To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord: and the day of recompense of our God:

To comfort all that mourn: to appoint unto them

that mourn in Zion : to give unto them beauty for ashes ; the oil of joy for mourning ; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Behold my servant, whom I uphold : mine elect in whom my soul delighteth : I have put my spirit upon him : he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.

He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

A bruised reed shall he not break ; and the smoking flax shall he not quench : he shall bring forth judgment unto truth.

He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth : and the isles shall wait for his law.

Thus saith God the Lord, He that created the Heavens and stretched them out ; He that spread forth the earth, and that which cometh out of it : He that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein :

I the Lord have called thee in righteousness ; and will hold thine hand ; and will keep thee ; and give thee for a covenant of the people ; for a light of the Gentiles :

To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house.

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord : my soul shall be joyful in my God : for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation.

CHANTS.

For as the earth bringeth forth her bud ; and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth : so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations.

VII.

ISAIAH LIII.

Who hath believed our report ? And to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed ?

He is despised and rejected of men : a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief : and we hid, as it were, our faces from him : he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows : yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions : he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon him : and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray : we have turned every one to his own way : and the Lord hath laid on him, the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth : he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him : He hath put him to grief.

When Thou shalt make his soul an offering for

CHANTS.

sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many: for he shall bear their iniquities.

VIII.

REV. IV., XI.

Hallelujah!

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

The Kingdoms of this world are become: the Kingdoms of our God and of His Christ:

And He shall reign for ever and for ever.

We give Thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty: which art, and wast, and art to come: King of Kings, and Lord of Lords: Because Thou hast taken to Thee Thy great power: and hast reigned.

Salvation unto our God who sitteth upon the throne: and unto the Lamb.

Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving: and honour, and power, and might:

Be unto our God: for ever and ever.

Hallelujah! Amen.

IX.

REV. IV., XV.

Holy, holy, holy: Lord God Almighty:

Which wast, and art, and art to come:

CHANTS.

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power :

For Thou hast created all things : and for Thy pleasure, they are and were created.

Great and marvellous are Thy works : O Lord God Almighty.

Just and true are all Thy ways : Thou King of Saints.

Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord : and glorify Thy name : for Thou only art holy.

All nations shall come and worship before Thee.

Praise our God, all ye His servants :

And ye that fear Him, both small and great.

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth : King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.

We give Thee thanks : Lord God Almighty :

Which art, and wast, and art to come :

Blessing and honour, and glory and power ;

Be unto Him, that sitteth upon the throne :

And unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen.

x.

2 CHRON. VI.

O Lord God of Israel,

There is no God like Thee in the Heaven, nor in the earth ;

Which keepest covenant, and shewest mercy unto Thy servants,

That walk before Thee with all their hearts.

CHANTS.

But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth?

Behold, Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Thee: how much less this house which we have built!

Have respect therefore to the prayer of thy servants;

And to their supplication, O Lord our God,
To hearken unto the cry and the prayer
Which Thy servants pray before Thee.

What prayer or what supplication soever shall be made of any man; or of all Thy people Israel,—

When every one shall know his own sore and his own grief,

And shall spread forth his hands in this house:

Hear, Thou, from Thy dwelling-place, even from Heaven;

And when Thou hearest, forgive. Amen.

Now, our God, let, we beseech Thee, Thine eyes be open, and let Thine ears be attent: unto the prayer that is made in this place.

Now, therefore arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting place: Thou, and the ark of Thy strength:

Let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation:

And let Thy saints rejoice in goodness. Amen.

CHANTS.

II.

LAM. III.

It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed : because His compassions fail not.

They are new every morning : great is Thy faithfulness.

The Lord is my portion : saith my soul : therefore will I hope in Him.

The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him : to the soul that seeketh Him.

It is good that a man, should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

For the Lord will not cast off for ever ; but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.

For He doth not afflict willingly : nor grieve the children of men.

Out of the mouth of the Most High proceedeth not evil and good ?

Wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins ?

Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord.

Let us lift up our heart with our hands unto God in the Heavens.

Thou hast heard my voice : hide not Thine ear at my breathing, at my cry.

Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee : Thou saidst, fear not.

O Lord, Thou hast pleaded the cause of my soul : Thou hast redeemed my life.

CHANTS.

XII.

MICAH VI, VII.

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord :
And bow myself before the High God ?
Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings ;
With calves of a year old ?
Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams :
Or with ten thousands of rivers of oil ?
Shall I give my first-born for my transgression :
The fruit of my body for the sin of my soul ?
He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good :
And what doth the Lord require of thee ;
But to do justly and to love mercy :
And to walk humbly with thy God ?

Who is a God like unto Thee ; that pardoneth
iniquity :

He retaineth not His anger for ever : because He
delighteth in mercy.

He will turn again : He will have compassion
upon us :

He will subdue our iniquities :

And Thou wilt cast all our sins into the depths
of the sea.

DOXOLOGIES.

I.

Now unto Him :
That is able to do exceeding abundantly, above
all that we can ask or think :
According to the power that worketh in us,
Unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ
Jesus :
Throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

II.

Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good :
For His mercy endureth for ever. Amen.

III.

Gloria in excelsis Deo ; et in terra Pax ; homini-
bus bonæ voluntatis.*

- * Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
And love towards men of love, salvation and release.

KEBLE.

DOXOLOGIES.

IV.

Now unto Him :
That is able to keep us from falling,
And to present us faultless before the presence
of His glory :
With exceeding joy :
To the only wise God our Saviour :
Be glory and majesty,
Dominion and power :
Both now and for ever. Amen.

V.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible,
God only wise, be honour and glory, for ever and
ever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

VI.

Glory be to the Father : through the Son : in
the Holy Spirit. Amen.

FROM
THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

First Day of the Month.

PSALM I.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly; nor standeth in the way of sinners: nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord: and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water; that bringeth forth his fruit in his season: his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment: nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM IV.

Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness :
thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress ; have
mercy upon me, and hear my prayer.

O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my glory
into shame ? how long will ye love vanity, and seek
after leasing ?

But know that the Lord hath set apart him that
is godly for himself : the Lord will hear when I call
unto him.

Stand in awe, and sin not : commune with your
own heart upon your bed, and be still.

Offer the sacrifices of righteousness : and put
your trust in the Lord.

There be many that say ; Who will shew us any
good ? Lord, lift thou up : the light of thy coun-
tenance upon us.

I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep : for
thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.

PSALM VIII.

O Lord, our Lord ! how excellent is thy name
in all the earth ! who hast set thy glory above the
heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast
thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies :
that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy

fingers; the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels: and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands: thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen: yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea: and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord! how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

Now unto the King, Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, God only wise, be honour and glory, dominion and praise, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Second Day of the Month.

PSALM XI.

In the Lord put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, "Flee as a bird to your mountain?"

"For, lo, the wicked bend their bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string: that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart.

"If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?"

The Lord is in his holy temple: the Lord's throne is in heaven: his eyes behold, his eyelids try, the children of men.

The Lord trieth the righteous: but the wicked and him that loveth violence his soul hateth.

For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness: his countenance doth behold the upright.

PSALM XVI.

Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places: yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave: neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy: at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

PSALM XVIII.

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.

In my distress I called upon the Lord; and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple: and my cry came before him, even into his ears.

Then the earth shook and trembled:

He bowed the heavens also, and came down: and darkness was under his feet.

He made darkness his secret place: his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.

The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice.

Then the channels of waters were seen, and the foundations of the world were discovered, at thy rebuke, O Lord: at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils.

He sent from above, he took me: he drew me out of many waters.

With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful: with an upright man thou wilt show thyself upright:

With the pure thou wilt shew thyself pure: and with the froward thou wilt show thyself froward.

For thou wilt save the afflicted people: but wilt bring down high looks.

For thou wilt light my candle: the Lord my God will enlighten my darkness.

For who is God save the Lord? or who is a rock save our God?

It is God that girdeth me with strength: and maketh my way perfect.

Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.

The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock: and let the God of my salvation be exalted.

Third Day of the Month.

PSALM XIX.

The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech: and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language: where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth: and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun:

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart: be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord! my strength, and my redeemer.

PSALM XXII.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me?

O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not: and in the night season, and am not silent.

But thou art holy: O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel.

Our fathers trusted in thee: they trusted, and thou didst deliver them.

They cried unto thee, and were delivered: they trusted in thee, and were not confounded.

But be not thou far from me, O Lord: O my strength, haste thee to help me.

I will declare thy name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.

Ye that fear the Lord, praise him: all ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him; and fear him, all ye the seed of Israel.

For he hath not despised, nor abhorred, the affliction of the afflicted: neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him, he heard.

My praise shall be of thee in the great congregation: I will pay my vows before them that fear him.

The meek shall eat and be satisfied: they shall praise the Lord that seek him: your heart shall live for ever.

All the ends of the world shall remember, and turn unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee.

For the Kingdom is the Lord's: and he is the governor among the nations.

Fourth Day of the Month.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord is my shepherd : I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul : he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies : thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM XXIV.

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof : the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas : and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ? or who shall stand in his holy place ?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart : who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord : and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him : that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors : and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory ? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors : and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory ? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

Fifth Day of the Month.

PSALM XXV.

Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, I trust in thee : let me not be ashamed.

Yea, let none that wait on thee be ashamed : let them be ashamed which transgress without cause.

Shew me thy ways, O Lord : teach me thy paths.

Lead me in thy truth, and teach me : for thou art the God of my salvation ; on thee do I wait all the day.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies : and thy loving-kindnesses, for they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will he teach sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in judgment; and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth: unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord: pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose.

His soul shall dwell at ease: and his seed shall inherit the earth.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him: and he will shew them his covenant.

Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord: for he shall pluck my feet out of the net.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me: for I am desolate and afflicted.

The troubles of my heart are enlarged: O bring thou me out of my distresses.

Look upon mine affliction and my pain: and forgive all my sins.

O keep my soul, and deliver me: let me not be ashamed: for I put my trust in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me: for I wait on thee.

PSALM XXVII.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face far from me: put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help: leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me: then the Lord will take me up.

I had fainted: unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

Sixth day of the Month.

PSALM XXIX.

Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty : give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name : worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters : the God of glory thundereth : the Lord is upon many waters.

The voice of the Lord is powerful : the voice of the Lord is full of majesty.

The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars : yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.

The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire.

The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness : the Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.

The Lord sitteth upon the flood : yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever.

The Lord will give strength unto his people : the Lord will bless his people with peace.

PSALM XXX.

I will extol thee, O Lord ; for thou hast lifted me up.

O Lord my God, I cried unto thee : and thou hast healed me.

Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of his : and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

For his anger endureth but a moment ; in his favour is life : weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

And in my prosperity I said : I shall never be moved.

Lord, by thy favour thou hast made my mountain to stand strong : thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled.

I cried to thee, O Lord : and unto the Lord I made supplication.

Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me : Lord, be thou my helper.

Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing : thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness :

To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.

PSALM XXXI.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust : let me never be ashamed : deliver me in thy righteousness.

Bow down thine ear to me ; deliver me speedily : be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence, to save me.

For thou art my rock and my fortress : therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.

Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.

I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee: which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee, before the sons of men!

Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man: thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Blessed be the Lord: for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.

For I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes: nevertheless thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee.

O love the Lord, all ye his saints: for the Lord preserveth the faithful, and plentifully rewardeth the proud doer.

Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart: all ye that hope in the Lord.

Seventh Day of the Month.

PSALM XXXII.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven: whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity: and in whose spirit there is no guile.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee: and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord: and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee, in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble: thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

PSALM XXXIII.

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

For the word of the Lord is right: and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made :
and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as
an heap : he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord : let all the in-
habitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done : he commanded,
and it stood fast.

The counsel of the Lord standeth for ever : the
thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord :
and the people whom he hath chosen for his own
inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven ; he beholdeth
all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon
all the inhabitants of the earth.

He fashioneth their hearts alike : he considereth
all their works.

Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that
fear him ; upon them that hope in his mercy.

To deliver their soul from death : and to keep
them alive in famine.

Our soul waiteth for the Lord : he is our help and
our shield.

For our heart shall rejoice in him : because we
have trusted in his holy name.

Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us : according
as we hope in thee.

Eighth Day of the Month.

PSALM XXXIV.

I will bless the Lord at all times : his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord : the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

O magnify the Lord with me : and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he heard me : and delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were lightened : and their faces were not ashamed.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him : and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him : and delivereth them.

O taste and see that the Lord is good : blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints : for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack and suffer hunger ; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me : I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life : and loveth many days, that he may see good ?

Keep thy tongue from evil: and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good: seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous: and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil: to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth: and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart: and saveth such as be of a contrite heart.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

PSALM XXXVI.

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens: and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

Thy righteousness is like the great mountains: thy judgments are a great deep: O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.

How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fat-

ness of thy house: and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.

For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.

O continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

Ninth Day of the Month.

PSALM XXXVII.

Fret not thyself because of evil doers: neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

Delight thyself also in the Lord: and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him: and he shall bring it to pass.

And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light: and thy judgment as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

For the meek shall inherit the earth: and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever.

They shall not be ashamed in the evil time : and in the days of famine they shall be satisfied.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord : and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down : for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have been young, and now am old : yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

He is ever merciful, and lendeth : and his seed is blessed.

Depart from evil, and do good : and dwell for evermore.

For the Lord loveth judgment : and forsaketh not his saints ; they are preserved for ever.

I have seen the wicked in great power : and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not : yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright : for the end of that man is peace.

For the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord : he is their strength in the time of trouble.

. PSALM XXXIX.

I said I will take heed to my ways : that I sin not with my tongue : I will keep my mouth with a bridle : while the wicked is before me.

I was dumb with silence : I held my peace, even from good ; and my sorrow was stirred.

My heart was hot within me ; while I was musing the fire burned : then spake I with my tongue.

Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is : that I may know how frail I am.

Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth ; and mine age is as nothing before thee : verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

Surely every man walketh in a vain shew : surely they are disquieted in vain : he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

And now, Lord, what wait I for ? my hope is in thee.

Deliver me from all my transgressions : make me not the reproach of the foolish.

I was dumb, I opened not my mouth : because thou didst it.

Remove thy stroke away from me : I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.

When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth : surely every man is vanity.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry : hold not thy peace at my tears : for I am a stranger with thee : and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.

O spare me, that I may recover strength : before I go hence, and be no more.

Tenth Day of the Month.

PSALM XLII., XLIII.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks: so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my meat day and night: while they continually say unto me, where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God: with the voice of joy and praise: with a multitude that kept holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the daytime: and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles.

Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy: yea, upon the harp will I praise thee, O God my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed: and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea:

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled: though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord: what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the

earth: he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

PSALM XLVII.

O clap your hands, all ye people: shout unto God with the voice of triumph.

For the Lord most high is terrible: he is a great King over all the earth.

Sing praises to God, sing praises: sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

God reigneth over the heathen: God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

The princes of the people are gathered together, even the people of the God of Abraham: for the shields of the earth belong unto God: he is greatly exalted.

PSALM XLVIII.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised: in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness.

Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, the city of the great King.

God is known in her palaces for a refuge.

We have thought of thy lovingkindness, O God :
in the midst of thy temple.

According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise
unto the ends of the earth : thy right hand is full
of righteousness.

Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of
Judah be glad : because of thy judgments.

Walk about Zion, and go round about her : tell
the towers thereof.

Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces :
that ye may tell it to the generation following.

For this God is our God for ever and ever : he
will be our guide even unto death.

Eleventh Day of the Month.

PSALM L.

The mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken :
and called the earth from the rising of the sun
unto the going down thereof.

Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath
shined.

Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence :
a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very
tempestuous round about him.

He shall call to the heavens from above ; and to
the earth, that he may judge his people.

Gather my saints together unto me : those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice.

And the heavens shall declare his righteousness : for God is judge himself.

Hear, O my people, and I will speak ; O Israel, and I will testify against thee : I am God, even thy God.

I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices or thy burnt offerings : to have been continually before me.

For every beast of the forest is mine : and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

I know all the fowls of the mountains : and the wild beasts of the field are mine.

Offer unto God thanksgiving ; and pay thy vows unto the most High :

And call upon me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

But unto the wicked God saith, What hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldest take my covenant in thy mouth ?

Seeing thou hatest instruction ; and castest my words behind thee,

Thou givest thy mouth to evil ; and thy tongue frameth deceit.

Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother ; thou slanderest thine own mother's son.

These things hast thou done, and I kept silence ; thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself : but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes.

Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me: and to him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God.

PSALM LI.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity; and cleanse me from my sin.

For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness: that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

Hide thy face from my sins: and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy holy spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation : and uphold me with thy free spirit.

O Lord, open thou my lips : and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

For thou desirest not sacrifice ; else would I give it : thou delightest not in burnt offering.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit : a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion : build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

Twelfth Day of the Month.

PSALM LV.

Give ear to my prayer, O God : and hide not thyself from my supplication.

Attend unto me, and hear me : I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise :

Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me : and horror hath overwhelmed me.

And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.

Lo, then would I wander far off : and remain in the wilderness.

I would hasten my escape : from the windy storm and tempest.

For it was not an enemy that reproached me : then I could have borne it : neither was it he that

hated me that did magnify himself against me :
then I would have hid myself from him :

But it was thou, a man mine equal : my guide,
and mine acquaintance.

We took sweet counsel together : and walked
unto the house of God in company.

As for me, I will call upon God : and the Lord
shall save me.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray,
and cry aloud : and he shall hear my voice.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall
sustain thee : he shall never suffer the righteous to
be moved.

PSALM LVI.

Be merciful unto me, O God :

What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

In God I will praise his word : in God I have
put my trust ; I will not fear what flesh can do
unto me.

Thou tellest my wanderings : put thou my tears
into thy bottle : are they not in thy book ?

When I cry unto thee, then shall mine enemies
turn back : this I know ; for God is for me.

In God will I praise his word : in the Lord will
I praise his word.

In God have I put my trust : I will not be afraid
what man can do unto me.

Thy vows are upon me, O God : I will render
praises unto thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death : wilt not thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living ?

PSALM LVII.

Be merciful unto me, O God, be merciful unto me : for my soul trusteth in thee : yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast.

I will cry unto God most high : unto God that performeth all things for me.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens : let thy glory be above all the earth.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed : I will sing and give praise.

I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people : I will sing unto thee among the nations.

For thy mercy is great unto the heavens : and thy truth unto the clouds.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens : let thy glory be above all the earth.

Thirteenth Day of the Month.

PSALM LXI.

Hear my cry, O God : attend unto my prayer.
From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee :

when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

I will abide in thy tabernacle for ever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings.

For thou, O God, hast heard my vows: thou hast given me the heritage of those that fear thy name.

So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever: that I may daily perform my vows.

PSALM LXII.

Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved.

In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times, ye people: pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

Surely men of low degree are vanity: and men of high degree are a lie: to be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery: if riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this: that power belongeth unto God.

Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, thou art my God : early will I seek thee : my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee : in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is :

To see thy power and thy glory : so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life : my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live : I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness : and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips :

When I remember thee upon my bed : and meditate on thee in the night watches.

Because thou hast been my help : therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

Fourteenth Day of the Month.

PSALM LXV.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion : and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer : unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me : as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation: who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains: being girded with power:

Which stilleth the noise of the seas: the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness: and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

The pastures are clothed with flocks: the valleys also are covered over with corn: they shout for joy, they also sing.

PSALM LXVII.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us : and cause his face to shine upon us :

That thy way may be known upon earth : thy saving health among all nations.

Let the people praise thee, O God : let all the people praise thee.

O let the nations be glad and sing for joy : for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the people praise thee, O God : let all the people praise thee.

Then shall the earth yield her increase : and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

God shall bless us : and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Fifteenth Day of the Month.

PSALM LXVIII.

Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered :

But let the righteous be glad ; let them rejoice before God : yea, let them exceedingly rejoice.

A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows : is God in his holy habitation.

God setteth the solitary in families : he bringeth out those which are bound with chains : but the rebellious dwell in a dry land.

O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people: when thou didst march through the wilderness;

The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God: even Sinai itself was moved at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers.

The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place.

Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits: even the God of our salvation.

He that is our God is the God of salvation: and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death.

Ascribe ye strength unto God: his excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds.

O God, thou art terrible out of thy holy places: the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Blessed be God.

PSALM LXXIII.

Truly God is good to Israel: even to such as are of a clean heart.

But as for me, my feet were almost gone: my steps had well nigh slipped.

For I was envious at the foolish: when I saw the prosperity of the wicked.

And they say, How doth God know? and is there knowledge in the most High?

Behold, these are the ungodly, who prosper in the world: they increase in riches.

Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.

For all the day long have I been plagued: and chastened every morning.

If I say, I will speak thus; behold, I should offend against the generation of thy children.

When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me;

Until I went into the sanctuary of God: then understood I their end.

As a dream when one awaketh: so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image.

Thus my heart was grieved: and I was pricked in my reins.

So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee.

Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand.

Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel; and afterward receive me to glory.

Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.

My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.

Sixteenth Day of the Month.

PSALM LXXVII.

I cried unto God with my voice : even unto God with my voice, and he gave ear unto me.

In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord.

I have considered the days of old : the years of ancient times.

I call to remembrance my song in the night : I commune with mine own heart : and my spirit made diligent search.

Will the Lord cast off for ever ? and will he be favourable no more ?

Is his mercy clean gone for ever ? doth his promise fail for evermore ?

Hath God forgotten to be gracious ? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies ?

And I said, This is my infirmity : but I will remember the years of the right hand of the most High.

I will remember the works of the Lord : surely I will remember thy wonders of old.

I will meditate also of all thy work ; and talk of thy doings.

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary : who is so great a God as our God ?

Thou art the God that doest wonders : thou hast declared thy strength among the people.

Thou hast with thine arm redeemed thy people,
the sons of Jacob and Joseph.

The waters saw thee, O God, the waters saw thee;
they were afraid: the depths also were troubled.

The clouds poured out water: the skies sent out
a sound: thine arrows also went abroad.

The voice of thy thunder was in the heaven: the
lightnings lightened the world: the earth trembled
and shook.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great
waters: and thy footsteps are not known.

PSALM LXXXII.

God standeth in the congregation of the mighty:
he judgeth among the gods.

How long will ye judge unjustly: and accept the
persons of the wicked?

Defend the poor and fatherless: do justice to
the afflicted and needy.

Deliver the poor and needy: rid them out of the
hand of the wicked.

They know not, neither will they understand;
they walk on in darkness: all the foundations of
the earth are out of course.

I have said, Ye are gods; and all of you are
children of the most High.

But ye shall die like men; and fall like one of
the princes.

Arise, O God, judge the earth: for thou shalt
inherit all nations.

Seventeenth Day of the Month.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable are thy tabernacles: O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee: in whose heart are thy ways:

Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

They go from strength to strength: every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God: than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts: blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

Lord, thou hast been favourable unto thy land :
thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.

Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people :
thou hast covered all their sin.

Turn us, O God of our salvation ; and cause
thine anger toward us to cease.

Wilt thou be angry with us for ever ? wilt thou
draw out thine anger to all generations ?

Wilt thou not revive us again : that thy people
may rejoice in thee ?

Shew us thy mercy, O Lord : and grant us thy
salvation.

I will hear what God the Lord will speak : for
he will speak peace unto his people, and to his
saints : but let them not turn again to folly.

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him :
that glory may dwell in our land.

Mercy and truth are met together : righteous-
ness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth : and right-
eousness shall look down from heaven.

Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good : and
our land shall yield her increase.

Righteousness shall go before him : and shall
set us in the way of his steps.

PSALM LXXXVI.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me : for I am poor and needy.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord : for I cry unto thee daily.

Rejoice the soul of thy servant : for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive : and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.

Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer : and attend to the voice of my supplications.

In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee : for thou wilt answer me.

Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord : neither are there any works like unto thy works.

All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord : and shall glorify thy name.

For thou art great, and doest wondrous things : thou art God alone.

Teach me thy way, O Lord ; I will walk in thy truth : unite my heart to fear thy name.

I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart : and I will glorify thy name for evermore.

For thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious ; long-suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth.

Eighteenth Day of the Month.

PSALM LXXXIX.

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever :
with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness
to all generations.

For I have said, Mercy shall be built up for ever :
thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very
heavens.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O
Lord : thy faithfulness also in the congregation of
the saints.

For who in the heavens can be compared unto
the Lord ? who among the sons of the mighty can
be likened unto the Lord ?

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of
the saints : and to be had in reverence of all them
that are about him.

O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like
unto thee ? or to thy faithfulness round about thee ?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea : when the
waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine :
as for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast
founded them.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy
throne : mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound :
they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy coun-
tenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favour our horn shall be exalted.

For the Lord is our defence: and the Holy One of Israel is our king.

Blessed be the Lord for evermore. Amen, and Amen.

PSALM XC.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place: in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world: even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction: and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past: and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up: in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee: our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and

ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years: yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days: that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy: that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us: and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants: and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

Nineteenth Day of the Month.

PSALM XCI.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High: shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler: and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night: nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness: nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold: and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge: even the most High, thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee: neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands: lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him: and shew him my salvation.

PSALM XCII.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord:
and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High:

To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning:
and thy faithfulness every night:

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy
work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy
thoughts are very deep.

A brutish man knoweth not: neither doth a fool
understand this.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree:
he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

Those that be planted in the house of the Lord:
shall flourish in the courts of our God.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age:

To shew that the Lord is upright: he is my
rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him.

PSALM XCIII.

The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty:
the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he
hath girded himself: the world also is stablished,
that it cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old: thou art from
everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods
have lifted up their voice: the floods lift up their
waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters: yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

Twentieth Day of the Month.

PSALM XCV.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving: and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

PSALM XCVI.

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name: shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen : his wonders among all people.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised : he is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols : but the Lord made the heavens.

Honour and majesty are before him : strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people : give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name : bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness : fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth : the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved : he shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad : let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein : then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord :

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth : he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

PSALM XCVII.

The Lord reigneth ; let the earth rejoice : let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him : righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

The heavens declare his righteousness : and all the people see his glory.

Zion heard, and was glad : and the daughters of Judah rejoiced, because of thy judgments, O Lord.

For thou, Lord, art high above all the earth : thou art exalted far above all gods.

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil : he preserveth the souls of his saints ; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous : and gladness for the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous : and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

Twenty-first Day of the Month.

PSALM XCVIII.

O sing unto the Lord a new song : for he hath done marvellous things : his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel : all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth : make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof : the world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands : let the hills be joyful together before the Lord :

For he cometh to judge the earth : with righteousness shall he judge the world : and the people with equity.

PSALM XCIX.

The Lord reigneth ; let the people tremble : he sitteth between the cherubims ; let the earth be moved.

The Lord is great in Zion : and he is high above all the people.

Let them praise thy great and terrible name : for it is holy.

The king's strength also loveth judgment ; thou dost establish equity : thou executest judgment and righteousness in Jacob.

Exalt ye the Lord our God : and worship at his footstool ; for he is holy.

Moses and Aaron among his priests, and Samuel among them that call upon his name : they called upon the Lord, and he answered them.

He spake unto them in the cloudy pillar : they kept his testimonies, and the ordinance that he gave them.

Thou answeredst them, O Lord our God : thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions.

Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at his holy hill : for the Lord our God is holy.

PSALM C.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: and come before his presence with a song.

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and speak good of his Name.

For the Lord is gracious; his mercy is everlasting: and his truth endureth from generation to generation.

Twenty-second Day of the Month.

PSALM CII.

Hear my prayer, O Lord: and let my cry come unto thee.

My days are like a shadow that declineth: and I am withered like grass.

But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever: and thy remembrance unto all generations.

When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory.

He will regard the prayer of the destitute: and not despise their prayer.

This shall be written for the generation to come:

and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord.

For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary: from heaven did the Lord behold the earth;

To hear the groaning of the prisoner: to loose those that are appointed to death;

To declare the name of the Lord in Zion: and his praise in Jerusalem;

When the people are gathered together: and the kingdoms, to serve the Lord.

I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days: thy years are throughout all generations.

Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:

But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

The children of thy servants shall continue: and their seed shall be established before thee.

PSALM CIII.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities : who healeth all thy diseases ;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction : who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies ;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things : so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment : for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses : his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious : slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide : neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins : nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth : so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west : so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children : so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame : he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass : as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone : and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting

to everlasting upon them that fear him: and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant: and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens: and his kingdom ruleth over all.

Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength: that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts: ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

Twenty-third Day of the Month.

PSALM CIV.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honour and majesty.

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment: who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

Who maketh his angels spirits: his ministers a flaming fire:

Who laid the foundations of the earth: that it should not be removed for ever.

Thou coveredest it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled: at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.

They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys: unto the place which thou hast founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over: that they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys: which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation: which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle: and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man: and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap: the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats: and the rocks for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night: wherein all the beasts of the forests do creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey: and seek their meat from God.

The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together: and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labour: until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea: wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

There go the ships, there is that leviathan: whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee: that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, and they are filled with good.

Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth: he toucheth the hills, and they smoke.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live : I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.

My meditation of him shall be sweet : I will be glad in the Lord.

Bless thou the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

Twenty-fourth Day of the Month.

PSALM CVII.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good : for his mercy endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so ; whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy ;

And gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west : from the north, and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way : they found no city to dwell in.

Hungry and thirsty : their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble : and he delivered them out of their distresses.

And he led them forth by the right way : that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness : and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

For he satisfieth the longing soul : and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.

Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death : being bound in affliction and iron ;

Because they rebelled against the words of God : and contemned the counsel of the most High :

Therefore he brought down their heart with labour : they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble : and he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death : and brake their bands in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness : and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

For he hath broken the gates of brass : and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

Fools, because of their transgression : and because of their iniquities, are afflicted.

Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat : and they draw near unto the gates of death.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble : and he saveth them out of their distresses.

He sent his word, and healed them : and delivered them from their destructions.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness : and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving : and declare his works with rejoicing.

They that go down to the sea in ships : that do business in great waters ;

These see the works of the Lord : and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind : which lifteth up the waves thereof.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble : and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm : so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet : so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness : and for his wonderful works to the children of men !

Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people : and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness : and the watersprings into dry ground ;

A fruitful land into barrenness : for the wickedness of them that dwell therein.

He turneth the wilderness into a standing water : and dry ground into watersprings.

And there he maketh the hungry to dwell : that they may prepare a city for habitation ;

And sow the fields, and plant vineyards : which may yield fruits of increase.

He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly : and suffereth not their cattle to decrease.

Again, they are minished and brought low : through oppression, affliction, and sorrow.

He poureth contempt upon princes : and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.

Yet setteth he the poor on high from affliction : and maketh him families like a flock.

The righteous shall see it, and rejoice : and all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things : even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.

Twenty-fifth Day of the Month.

PSALM CXI.

Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart : in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

The works of the Lord are great : sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

His work is honourable and glorious : and his righteousness endureth for ever.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered : the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

He hath given meat unto them that fear him : he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

He hath shewed his people the power of his works : that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

The works of his hands are verity and judgment: all his commandments are sure.

They stand fast for ever and ever: and are done in truth and uprightness.

He sent redemption unto his people: he hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever.

PSALM CXII.

Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord: that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous.

A good man sheweth favour, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion.

Surely he shall not be moved for ever: the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor: his righteousness endureth for ever; his horn shall be exalted with honour.

PSALM CXIII.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord : praise the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the Lord : from this time forth and for evermore.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same : the Lord's name is to be praised.

The Lord is high above all nations : and his glory above the heavens.

Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high :

Who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth !

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust : and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill ;

That he may set him with princes : even with the princes of his people.

Praise ye the Lord.

Twenty-sixth Day of the Month.

PSALM CXV.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name give glory : for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.

Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God ?

O Israel, trust thou in the Lord : he is their help and their shield.

Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

He will bless them that fear the Lord: both small and great.

The Lord shall increase you more and more: you and your children.

Ye are blessed of the Lord: which made heaven and earth.

The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's: but the earth hath he given to the children of men.

We will bless the Lord: from this time forth and for evermore. Praise the Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

I love the Lord: because he hath heard my voice and my supplications.

Because he hath inclined his ear unto me: therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

The sorrows of death compassed me: and the pains of death gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow.

Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul.

Gracious is the Lord, and righteous: yea, our God is merciful.

The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he helped me.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul: for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.

For thou hast delivered my soul from death :
mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord : in the land of the
living.

What shall I render unto the Lord : for all his
benefits toward me ?

I will take the cup of salvation : and call upon
the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord : now, in the
presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord : is the death
of his saints.

O Lord, truly I am thy servant : thou hast loosed
my bonds.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving :
and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord : now, in the
presence of all his people :

In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst
of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXVII.

O praise the Lord, all ye nations : praise him, all
ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us : and
the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye
the Lord.

Twenty-seventh Day of the Month.

PSALM CXVIII.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: because his mercy endureth for ever.

I called upon the Lord in distress: the Lord answered me, and set me in a large place.

The Lord is on my side: I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

It is better to trust in the Lord: than to put confidence in man.

It is better to trust in the Lord: than to put confidence in princes.

The Lord is my strength and song: and is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tabernacles of the righteous: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

The right hand of the Lord is exalted: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live: and declare the works of the Lord.

The Lord hath chastened me sore: but he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness: I will go in to them, and I will praise the Lord:

This gate of the Lord, into which the righteous shall enter.

I will praise thee, for thou hast heard me: and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders refused: is become the head stone of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing: it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity.

Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord: we have blessed you out of the house of the Lord.

God is the Lord, which hath shewed us light.

Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

PSALM CXXI.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord: which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day: nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in: from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Twenty-eighth Day of the Month.

PSALM CXXII.

I was glad when they said unto me: Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand within thy gates: O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is builded as a city: that is compact together:

Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord: unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones of judgment: the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls: and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes: I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God: I will seek thy good.

PSALMS CXXIII., CXXIV.

Unto thee lift I up mine eyes: O thou that dwellest in the heavens.

Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress: so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God, until that he have mercy upon us.

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say:

When the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our soul:

Then the proud waters: had gone over our soul.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

Our help is in the name of the Lord: who made heaven and earth.

PSALM CXXV.

They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion: which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem: so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth even for ever.

For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous: lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

Do good, O Lord : unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways : the Lord shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity ; but peace shall be upon Israel.

PSALM CXXVI.

When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion : we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing : then said they among the heathen : the Lord hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us : whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord : as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears : shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed : shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Twenty-ninth Day of the Month.

PSALM CXXX.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

Lord, hear my voice : let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark 'iniquities: O Lord, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee: that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait: and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord: more than they that watch for the morning:

Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy: and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel: from all his iniquities.

PSALM CXXXVI.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that by wisdom made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.

To him that made great lights: for his mercy endureth for ever.

The sun to rule by day: for his mercy endureth for ever:

The moon and stars to rule by night: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever:

And hath redeemed us from our enemies: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

I will praise thee with my whole heart.

I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy Name for thy lovingkindness and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy Name.

In the day when I cried thou answeredst me: and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord: when they hear the words of thy mouth.

Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off.

Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever; forsake not the works of thine own hands.

Thirtieth Day of the Month.

PSALM CXXXIX.

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.
Thou knowest my downsitting and mine up-
rising: thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou compassest my path and my lying down:
and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue: but, lo,
O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before: and laid
thine hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me: it is
high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither
shall I flee from thy presence?

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I
make my bed in the grave, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning: and dwell
in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me: and thy
right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me:
even the night shall be light about me.

Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the
night shineth as the day: the darkness and the
light are both alike to thee.

For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast
covered me in my mother's womb.

I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well.

My substance was not hid from thee: when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth.

Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being imperfect: and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned: when as yet there was none of them.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

And see if there be any wicked way in me: and lead me in the way everlasting.

PSALM CXLIII.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, give ear to my supplications: in thy faithfulness answer me, and in thy righteousness.

And enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

I remember the days of old; I meditate on all thy works: I muse on the work of thy hands.

I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land.

Hear me speedily, O Lord, my spirit faileth :
hide not thy face from me.

Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the
morning ; for in thee do I trust : cause me to
know the way wherein I should walk ; for I lift up
my soul unto thee.

Teach me to do thy will ; for thou art my God :
thy spirit is good ; lead me into the land of upright-
ness.

Quicken me, O Lord, for thy Name's sake : for
thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble.

Thirty-first Day of the Month.

PSALM CXLV.

I will extol thee, my God, O king : and I will
bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee : and I will praise thy
name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised : and
his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall praise thy works to another :
and shall declare thy mighty acts.

I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty :
and of thy wondrous works.

And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible
acts : and I will declare thy greatness.

They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy
great goodness : and shall sing of thy righteous-
ness.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion : slow to anger, and of great mercy.

The Lord is good to all : and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord : and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom : and talk of thy power ;

To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts : and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom : and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall : and raiseth up all those that be bowed down.

The eyes of all wait upon thee : and thou givest them their meat in due season.

Thou openest thine hand : and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways : and holy in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him : to all that call upon him in truth.

He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him : he will also hear their cry, and will save them.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord : and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

PSALM CXLVII.

Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God: for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart: and bindeth up their wounds.

He telleth the number of the stars: he calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.

The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving: sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth: who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

He giveth to the beast his food: and to the young ravens which cry.

He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens : praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels : praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon : praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens : and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord : for he commanded, and they were created.

He hath also stablished them for ever and ever : he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Fire and hail ; snow and vapours : stormy wind fulfilling his word :

Mountains, and all hills : fruitful trees, and all cedars ;

Beasts, and all cattle : creeping things, and flying fowl ;

Kings of the earth, and all people : princes, and all judges of the earth ;

Both young men, and maidens ; old men, and children ;

Let them praise the Name of the Lord : for his Name alone is excellent ; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

Praise ye the Lord.

ANTHEMS.

I.

Acquaint thyself with God, and be at peace with Him : and lay up His words in thine heart.

If thou return to the Almighty, put away iniquity from thee.

Then shall He be thy defence, and thy delight : thou shalt make thy prayer unto Him, and He will hear thee.

The Lord will deliver the righteous :

He will save the humble man.

GREENE.

II.

All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord : and Thy saints give thanks unto Thee.

They shew the glory of Thy Kingdom, and talk of Thy power : that Thy power, Thy glory, and mightiness of Thy kingdom, might be known unto men.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all ages.

ANTHEMS.

The Lord upholdeth all such as fall: and lifteth up all those that are down.

The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord: and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand: and fillest all things living with plenteousness.

WEBBE, KENT, ARNOLD.

III.

Almighty and everlasting God, mercifully look upon our infirmities, and in all our dangers and necessities stretch forth Thy right hand to help and defend us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

GIBBONS, CORFE.

IV.

Almighty and everlasting God, who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all those that are penitent, create in us new and contrite hearts, that we, worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretchedness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HAYDN.

V.

Arise! shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night, and lo! the

ANTHEMS.

Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid: and the Angel said unto them, Fear not, for behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will towards men.

Thy Throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom.

NIGHTINGALE.

VI.

As the hart pants after the waterbrooks,
So panteth my soul for Thee, O God!

MENDELSSOHN.

VII.

Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you this day is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will towards men. Hallelujah!

GREENE.

VIII.

Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I will call daily upon Thee.

ANTHEMS.

Comfort the soul of thy servant : for unto Thee,
O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

For Thou, Lord, art good and gracious : and of
great mercy unto all them that call upon Thee.

Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer : and ponder
the voice of my humble desires.

In the time of my trouble I will call upon Thee :
for Thou hearest me.

Among the gods there is none like unto Thee,
O Lord : there is not one that can do as Thou
doest.

All nations whom Thou hast made shall come and
worship Thee, O Lord : and shall glorify Thy name.

For Thou art great, and dost wondrous things :
Thou art God alone.

CROTCH, CROFT.

IX.

Blessed are the departed, who in the Lord are
sleeping, from henceforth, for evermore.

They rest from their labours, and their works do
follow them.

SPOHR.

X.

Call to remembrance, O Lord, Thy tender mer-
cies : and Thy loving kindnesses, which have been
ever of old.

O remember not the sins and offences of my
youth : but according to Thy mercy think Thou
upon me, O Lord, for Thy goodness.

FARRANT.

ANTHEMS.

XI.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He never will suffer the righteous to fall: He is at thy right hand.

Thy mercy, Lord, is great, and far above the heavens. Let none be made ashamed that wait upon Thee!

MENDELSSOHN.

XII.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

HANDEL. JACKSON. J. S. SMITH.

XIII.

Comfort ye my people, saith your God: speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low; the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

ANTHEMS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

HANDEL.

XIV.

Forsake me not, O Lord my God: for, Lord, in Thee I put my trust.

Comfort the soul of thy servant: for unto Thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

HANDEL. BOND.

XV.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and shew us the light of His countenance, and be merciful unto us! That Thy way may be known upon earth: Thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God! yea, let all the people praise Thee!

O let the nations rejoice and be glad: for Thou shalt judge them in righteousness, and govern the nations upon earth. Let the people praise Thee, O God: yea, let all the people praise Thee!

Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing. God shall bless us: and all the ends of the world shall fear Him.

CLARKE.

XVI.

God is a spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth:

For the Father seeketh such to worship Him.

E. FLOWER.

ANTHEMS.

XVII.

God is our hope and strength: a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth tremble; though the mountains shake, and the waters rage and swell.

For God is in the midst of us: therefore shall we not be moved: God is our hope and refuge.

O behold the works of the Lord. He maketh wars to cease in all the world.

He is exalted among the heathen: He is exalted in the earth.

GREENE.

XVIII.

Grant, O Lord, we beseech Thee, that the course of this world may be so peaceably ordered by Thy governance, that Thy Church may joyfully serve Thee in all godly quietness, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

MOZART.

XIX.

Hear me, O Lord, for Thy loving-kindness: turn unto me according to the number of Thy tender mercies.

I will praise the name of God with a song. Hear me, for Thy loving-kindness, O hear me, O Lord my God. Hallelujah. Amen.

NOVELLO.

XX.

Hear my prayer, O God, and hide not Thyself from my petition.

ANTHEMS.

Take heed unto me and hear me ; how I mourn in my prayer and am vexed. My heart is disquieted within me ; and the fear of death has fallen upon me.

And I said, Oh ! that I had wings like a dove : then would I flee away and be at rest.

KENT.

XXI.

He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.

He was wounded for our transgressions : he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

HANDEL. GRAUN.

XXII.

Hide not Thou thy face from us, O Lord ! and cast not off Thy servants in Thy displeasure : for we confess our sins unto Thee, and hide not our unrighteousness.

For Thy mercy's sake, deliver us from all our sins.

FARRANT.

ANTHEMS.

XXIII.

Holy, Holy, Holy
Lord God Almighty !
Thou to whom alone are
All praise and glory due !
Holy, Holy, Holy
Lord God Almighty !
Father everlasting !
Righteous, just, and true !
Bending down before Thee,
Lo ! Thy sons adore Thee,
Hand and voice declaring
Jehovah is Thy name :
Winds in tempests blowing,
Waves o'er ocean flowing,
To remotest regions
Thy might and power proclaim.
In the heavens' expansion
Thou hast fixed Thy mansion,
Clouds of endless glory
Encompassing Thy throne !
Heard but in Thy thunders !
Seen but in Thy wonders !
Through eternal ages
Thou art God alone !
'T is Thy spirit warms us :
'T is Thy breath informs us ;
If Thy face be turned,
We should cease to be !

ANTHEMS.

Height nor depth oppose Thee,
Trembling nature knows Thee,
Through the vast creation
There is none but Thee !

Holy, Holy, Holy
Lord God Almighty !
Thou to whom alone are
All praise and glory due !
Holy, Holy, Holy
Lord God Almighty !
Father everlasting !
Righteous, just, and true !

(*Roscoe.*) WEBER.

XXIV.

Holy holy, holy Lord God Almighty, who wast,
and art, and art to come. Who shall not glorify
Thy name ! for Thou only art holy ! Thou only art
the Lord !

Hallelujah ! for the Lord God omnipotent reign-
eth.

The kingdoms of this world have become the
kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ : and He
shall reign for ever and ever, King of kings and
Lord of lords ! Hallelujah !

HANDEL.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Hosts, heaven
and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory.
Glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High.

TALLIS. HAYES. CAMIDGE. GIBBONS.

ANTHEMS.

XXV.

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth! heaven and earth are full of the majesty of Thy glory!
Hosanna in the Highest.

Blest Redeemer, who comest in majesty and might; we hail thee, the Prince of peace, the Saviour immortal, the Lord of life.

Hosanna in the Highest!

MOZART.

XXVI.

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of Peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

HANDEL.

XXVII.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.

SMITH.

XXVIII.

How dear are Thy counsels unto me, O God:
O how great is the sum of them!

Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart: prove me, and examine my thoughts.

ANTHEMS.

Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me : and lead me in the way everlasting.

CROTCH.

XXIX.

How precious is Thy goodness, O God !
The children of men seek refuge
Under the shadow of Thy wings :
For Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Thou makest the outgoings of the evening
And the morning to rejoice ;
Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness ;
Thy footsteps drop fruitfulness.
Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

With Thee is the fountain of Life :
In Thy light we shall see light.
Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Thou healest the broken in heart,
And bindest up their wounds.
Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

Thou wilt not give me up to the grave :
Thou wilt show me the path of life.
For Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

I will hope continually :
I will yet praise Thee more and more.
For Thy mercy endureth for ever and ever.

E. FLOWER.

ANTHEMS.

XXX.

How still and peaceful is the grave !
There, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode ;
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

There servants, masters, small, and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment calls them forth
To meet their final doom.

(*Scottish Paraphrase.*) EBDON.

XXXI.

I bow my knee unto the Father of our Lord
Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family of the earth

ANTHEMS.

is named : that He will grant me, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man.

BECKWITH.

XXXII.

If God be for us, who can be against us ?
It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who maketh intercession for us.

PALESTRINA.

XXXIII.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.
And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever : even the Spirit of Truth.

TALLIS.

XXXIV.

I waited for the Lord : He inclined to me : He heard my complaint.

O blessed are they that hope and trust in Him.

MENDLSOHN.

XXXV.

I will always give thanks unto the Lord : His praise shall be ever in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord : the humble shall hear thereof and be glad.

O praise the Lord with me : and let us magnify His name together.

CLARKE. WHITFIELD.

ANTHEMS.

XXXVI.

I will arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto Him : Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.

CHEYGHTON. CECIL.

XXXVII.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills : from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh even from the Lord : who hath made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved : and He that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord himself is thy keeper : the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand : so that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil : yea, it is even He that shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in : from this time forth for evermore.

W. CLARKE.

XXXVIII.

I will magnify Thee, O God my King, and I will praise Thy name for ever.

Every day will I praise Thy name. Great is the Lord : great and marvellous. Great is the Lord, and worthy to be praised : there is no end of His greatness. Hallelujah ! Amen !

HAYDN. (*Shore's Col.*)

ANTHEMS.

XXXIX.

I will sing to the Lord
As long as I live.
I will sing praise to my God
While I have my being.
Oh, that my meditation
May be grateful unto Him !

E. FLOWER.

XL.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation
of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord,
my strength, and my redeemer. Amen.

SMITH.

XLI.

Like as the hart desires the water-brooks: so
panteth my soul after Thee, O God.

My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the
living God: when shall I come to appear before
the presence of God ?

My God, my soul is vexed within me: therefore
will I remember Thee.

I will say unto the God of my strength, Why hast
Thou forgotten me !

O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they
may lead me: and bring me to Thy holy hill, and
to Thy dwelling:

Even unto the altar of God, the God of my joy
and gladness.

ANTHEMS.

Why art thou so vexed, O my soul; and why art thou so disquieted within me?

O put thy trust in God: which is the help of my countenance, and my God.

GREENE.

XLII.

Lord, for Thy tender mercy's sake, lay not our sins to our charge: but forgive that is past, and give us grace to amend our sinful life; to decline from sin and incline to virtue, that we may walk in a perfect heart before Thee, now and evermore.

FARRANT.

XLIII.

Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live.

Thou hast made my days as it were a span long: and my age is even as nothing in respect of Thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity. For man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them.

And now, O Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is in Thee. Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with Thine ears consider my calling: hold not Thy peace at my tears.

O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength: before I go hence, and be no more seen.

GREENE.

ANTHEMS.

XLIV.

Lord of all power and might, Thou that art the author, Thou that art the giver of all good things, graft in our hearts the love of Thy name; increase in us true religion; nourish us with all goodness; and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen.

MASON.

XLV.

Lord, we pray Thee that Thy grace may always prevent and follow us, and make us continually to be given to all good works; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HAYDN. PATTEN.

XLVI.

O come, every one that thirsteth, come to the waters, come ye unto Him: O hear, and your souls shall live for ever.

MENDELSSOHN.

XLVII.

O come let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and shew ourselves glad in Him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

O come, let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

For He is the Lord our God, and we are the sheep of His pasture, and the people of His hand.

MOZART.

ANTHEMS.

XLVIII.

O give thanks to the God of Heaven: for His mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the Lord of lords: who only doeth great wonders.

He made the sun to rule the day: the moon and the stars to govern the night: for His mercy endureth for ever.

Who remembered us when we were in trouble: and delivered us from our enemies.

O give thanks to the God of Heaven: for His mercy endureth for ever.

God giveth food to all flesh: for His mercy endureth for ever. Amen.

NARES.

XLIX.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious: and His mercy endureth for ever.

O give thanks unto the God of all gods: for His mercy endureth for ever.

Who remembered us when we were in trouble: and hath delivered us from our enemies.

DR. W. CLARK.

L.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious: and His mercy endureth for ever.

Who can express the noble acts of the Lord: or show forth all His praise?

Remember me, O Lord, according to the favour

ANTHEMS.

that Thou bearest unto Thy people: oh visit me with Thy salvation; that I may see the felicity of Thy chosen: and rejoice in the gladness of Thy people, and give thanks with Thine inheritance.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, from everlasting, and world without end: and let all the people say, Amen!

PURCELL.

LI.

O God, the protector of all that trust in Thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy, increase and multiply upon us Thy mercy, that, Thou being our Ruler and Guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal. Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord. Amen.

CORFE.

LII.

O God, the strength of all them that put their trust in Thee, mercifully accept our prayers; and because through the weakness of our mortal nature we can do no good thing without Thee, grant us the help of Thy grace, that in keeping of Thy commandments we may please Thee, both in will and deed, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

EVANS.

LIII.

O God, Thou art my God: early will I seek Thee.

ANTHEMS.

My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee: in a barren and dry land where no water is.

Thus have I looked for Thee in holiness: that I might behold Thy power and glory.

PALESTINE.

For Thy loving-kindness is better than Life itself: my lips shall praise Thee.

As long as I live, will I magnify Thee on this manner: and lift up my hands in Thy name.

Because thou hast been my Helper: therefore under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice. Hallelujah.

PURCELL. GREENE. MOZART.

LIV.

O God, unchangeable and true,
Of all the life and power,
Dispensing light and silence through
Every successive hour:
Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane,
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.

(*Breviary.*) E. FLOWER.

LV.

O God, who hast prepared for them that love Thee such good things as pass man's understanding; Pour into our hearts such love towards Thee, that we, loving Thee above all things, may obtain

ANTHEMS.

Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire,
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CORFE.

LVI.

O how amiable are Thy dwellings: Thou Lord
of Hosts!

My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into
the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh
rejoice in the living God.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: they
will always be praising Thee. Hallelujah.

RICHARDSON.

LVII.

O Lord God of Hosts, blessed is the man that
putteth his trust in Thee.

CROTCH.

LVIII.

O Lord, have mercy upon me: for I am in
trouble. My strength faileth me.

But my hope hath been in Thee, O Lord: I
have said, Thou art my God. And with songs
I will celebrate the name of Jehovah Most High.
Amen.

PERGOLESI.

LIX.

O Lord! how manifold are Thy works; in wis-
dom hast Thou made them all. The earth is full of
Thy riches.

ANTHEMS.

I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live : I will
praise my God while I have my being :

And so shall my words please Him : my joy shall
be in the Lord.

WALMSLEY.

LX.

O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine indignation :
neither chasten me in Thy displeasure.

Turn Thee, O Lord, and deliver my soul : O save
me, for Thy mercy's sake.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak : O
Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.

My soul also is sore troubled : but, Lord, how
long wilt Thou punish me ?

PURCELL. CROFT. WELDON.

LXI.

O Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings
without charity are nothing worth : send Thy Holy
Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent
gift of Charity, the very bond of peace and of all
virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted
dead before Thee : Grant this for Thine only Son
Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

MARSH.

LXII.

O praise the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing
praises unto our God : yea, a joyful and pleasant
thing it is to be thankful.

Great is the Lord, and great is His power : yea,
and His wisdom is infinite.

WELDON.

ANTHEMS.

LXIII.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within Thy walls: and plenteousness within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sake, I will wish thee prosperity.

Yea, because of the House of the Lord our God, I will seek to do thee good.

CHILD. MORRIS.

LXIV.

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the whole earth.

Sing unto the Lord, and praise His name:

Be telling of His salvation from day to day.

Declare His honour unto all the heathen; and His wonders unto all people. For the Lord is great, and cannot worthily be praised: He is more to be feared than all gods.

Glory and worship are before Him: power and honour are in His sanctuary. Amen.

GREENE.

LXV.

Our soul on God with patience waits,

Our help and shield is He,

Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,

Because we trust in Thee.

The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,

Do Thou to us extend;

Since we, for all we want or wish,

On Thee alone depend.

MOZART.

ANTHEMS.

LXVI.

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord : Lord, hear my voice.

O let Thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint.

If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?

For there is mercy with Thee : therefore shalt Thou be feared.

ALDRICH. PRING. MOZART.

LXVII.

Out of the depths
Have I called unto Thee, O Lord ;
Lord, hear my voice ;
Let Thine ear be attentive
To the voice of my supplication.
If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity,
O Lord, who shall stand ?
But with Thee is forgiveness,
That Thou mayest be feared.
I wait for the Lord,
My soul doth wait ;
And in His word do I hope.
I wait for the Lord
More than they who watch for the morning.

S. D. COLLET.

LXVIII.

O where shall Wisdom be found ? and where is the place of Understanding ?

ANTHEMS.

Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.

It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of Wisdom is above rubies.

Whence then cometh Wisdom? and where is the place of Understanding? Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living.

God understandeth the way thereof, and He knoweth the place thereof.

For He looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole Heaven: to make the weight for the winds; and He weigheth the waters by measure.

When He maketh a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder;

Then did He see it, and declare it: He prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto Man He said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is Wisdom: and to depart from evil is Understanding.

BOYCE.

LXIX.

Plead Thou my cause, O Lord, with them that strive against me: and fight against them that fight against me.

Judge me, O Lord my God, according to Thy righteousness, and let them not triumph over me.

ANTHEMS.

I will give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, among the people, and I will sing unto Thee among the nations. For the greatness of Thy mercy reacheth unto the Heavens : and Thy truth unto the clouds.

MOZART, PRATT'S ANTHEMS. HAYDN.

LXX.

Ponder my words, O Lord ! consider my meditation.

My voice shalt Thou hear betimes, O Lord : early in the morning will I direct my prayer to Thee, and will look up.

Hear, O Thou Shepherd of Israel, Thou that leadest Joseph like a flock, unto Thee will I make my prayer.

The Lord hath heard my petition : the Lord will receive my prayer.

BECKWITH.

LXXI.

Praise the Lord, O my soul : and all that is within me praise His holy Name.

Praise the Lord, O my soul : and forget not all His benefits.

Who saveth thy life from destruction : and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness.

O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that excel in strength : that fulfil His commandment ; ye servants that do His pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His. Hallelujah.

GREENE.

ANTHEMS.

LXXII.

Praise the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me praise His holy name, who forgiveth all thy sins, and healeth all thy infirmities; who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness.

Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.

O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that excel in strength, ye that fulfil His commandments, ye servants that do His pleasure.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His. Hallelujah. Amen.

GREENE.

LXXIII.

Praise the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all His benefits.

Who forgiveth all thy sin: and healeth all thine infirmities.

Who saveth thy life from destruction: and crowneth thee with mercy and loving-kindness.

The Lord is full of compassion and mercy: long-suffering, and of great goodness.

The days of man are but as grass: for he flourisheth as a flower of the field.

Judge me, O Lord my God, according to Thy righteousness: and let them not triumph over me.

But the goodness of the Lord endureth for ever: upon them that fear Him.

ANTHEMS.

O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His :
praise the Lord, O my soul.

Blessed be the name of the Lord : from this time
forth, for evermore. Hallelujah. Amen.

MOZART, PRATT'S ANTHEMS.

LXXIV.

Rejoice in the Lord alway ; and again I say,
Rejoice.

Let your moderation be known unto all men.
The Lord is at hand.

Be careful for nothing ; but in every thing, by
prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your
requests be made known unto God.

And the peace of God, which passeth all under-
standing, shall keep your hearts and minds through
Jesus Christ. Amen.

PURCELL. REDFORD.

LXXV.

Return to thy rest, O my soul !
For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.
He hath delivered my soul from death,
Mine eyes from tears,
And my feet from falling.
Return to thy rest, O my soul !

What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits
to me ?

I will offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving,
And will call upon the name of the Lord.

ANTHEMS.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth,
Bearing precious seed,
Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,
Bringing his sheaves.

S. D. COLLET.

LXXVI.

Sing unto the Lord, ye that are His saints : and
give thanks for a remembrance of His holiness.

The Lord hath heard me, and hath taken mercy
upon me : the Lord is made my Helper.

Thou hast turned my sorrow into joy ; Thou
hast put off my sackcloth, and hast compassed me
with gladness : that my glory may sing to Thee
without grief.

O Lord, my God, I shall evermore give thanks
to Thee.

TYR.

LXXVII.

Teach me, O Lord, the way of Thy statutes :
and I shall keep it unto the end.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep Thy
law : yea, I shall keep it with my whole heart.

Make me to go in the path of Thy command-
ments : for therein is my desire.

Incline my heart unto Thy testimonies : and not
to covetousness.

Behold, my delight is in Thy commandments :
O quicken me in Thy righteousness.

ROGERS.

ANTHEMS.

LXXVIII.

The Heavens are telling the glory of God,
The wonder of His works displays the firmament.
To day that is coming speaks it to-day,
The night that is gone to following night.
In all the lands resounds the Word,
Never unperceived, ever understood.

HAYDN.

LXXIX.

The Heavens declare the glory of God: and the
firmament sheweth His handy work.

All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord: and Thy
saints give thanks unto Thee.

They show the glory of Thy kingdom: and talk
of Thy power:

That Thy power, Thy glory, and mightiness of
Thy kingdom might be known unto men!

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom: and
Thy dominion endureth throughout all ages: Hal-
lelujah.

WEBER.

LXXX.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee! The Lord
make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious
unto thee! The Lord lift up His countenance
upon thee, and give thee peace!

HAUPT.

ANTHEMS.

LXXXI.

The Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies ;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

The longing of the poor and meek
His goodness will supply :
He will revive their fainting hopes,
Who on His strength rely.

Whate'er our various wants require,
With open hand He gives ;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.

Therefore will we the righteous ways
Of Providence proclaim ;
Will sing the praise of God most High,
And celebrate His name.

W. HAYES.

LXXXII.

The Lord is my Shepherd,
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,
He leadeth me beside the still waters ;
He restoreth my soul.
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness,
For His name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death,

ANTHEMS.

I will fear no evil ;
For Thou art with me,—
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me,
In the presence of mine enemies ;
Thou anointest my head with oil ;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all
my days,
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

E. FLOWER.

LXXXIII.

The Lord is my Shepherd : therefore can I want nothing. He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.

He shall convert my soul, and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me : Thy rod and Thy staff shall comfort me.

Thou shalt prepare a table before me, against them that trouble me : Thou hast anointed my head with oil ; and my cup shall be full.

And Thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life : and I will dwell in the House of the Lord for ever and ever. Amen.

KENT.

LXXXIV.

The Lord is my strength and my song : and is become my salvation.

ANTHEMS.

The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings of the righteous: the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it.

NOVELLO.

LXXXV.

Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped: then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

Come unto him, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and he will give you rest.

Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him, for he is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

His yoke is easy, and his burden is light.

HANDEL.

LXXXVI.

Turn Thy face from my sins, and put out all my misdeeds: make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.

Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy holy spirit from me.

ATTWOOD.

ANTHEMS.

LXXXVII.

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night :

And lo ! the angel of the Lord came upon them ; and the glory of the Lord shone round about them ; and they were sore afraid.

And the Angel said unto them : " Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people : for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on Earth, good will towards Men.

HANDEL.

LXXXVIII.

Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth ; and the heavens are the work of Thy hands.

O Lord, how manifold are Thy works ! in wisdom hast Thou made them all : the earth is full of Thy riches.

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness : and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men !

Praise Him, all ye angels : praise Him, all His hosts.

ANTHEMS.

Praise Him, sun and moon : praise Him, stars
and light.

Let them praise the name of the Lord : for He
spake the word, and they were made : He com-
manded, and they were created.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord !

WEBBE.

LXXXIX.

When the ear heard him, then it blessed him :
And when the eye saw him, it gave witness unto
him.

HANDEL.

D. MARPLES, PRINTER, LIVERPOOL.

For
SONS
MADE
CENTRAL

